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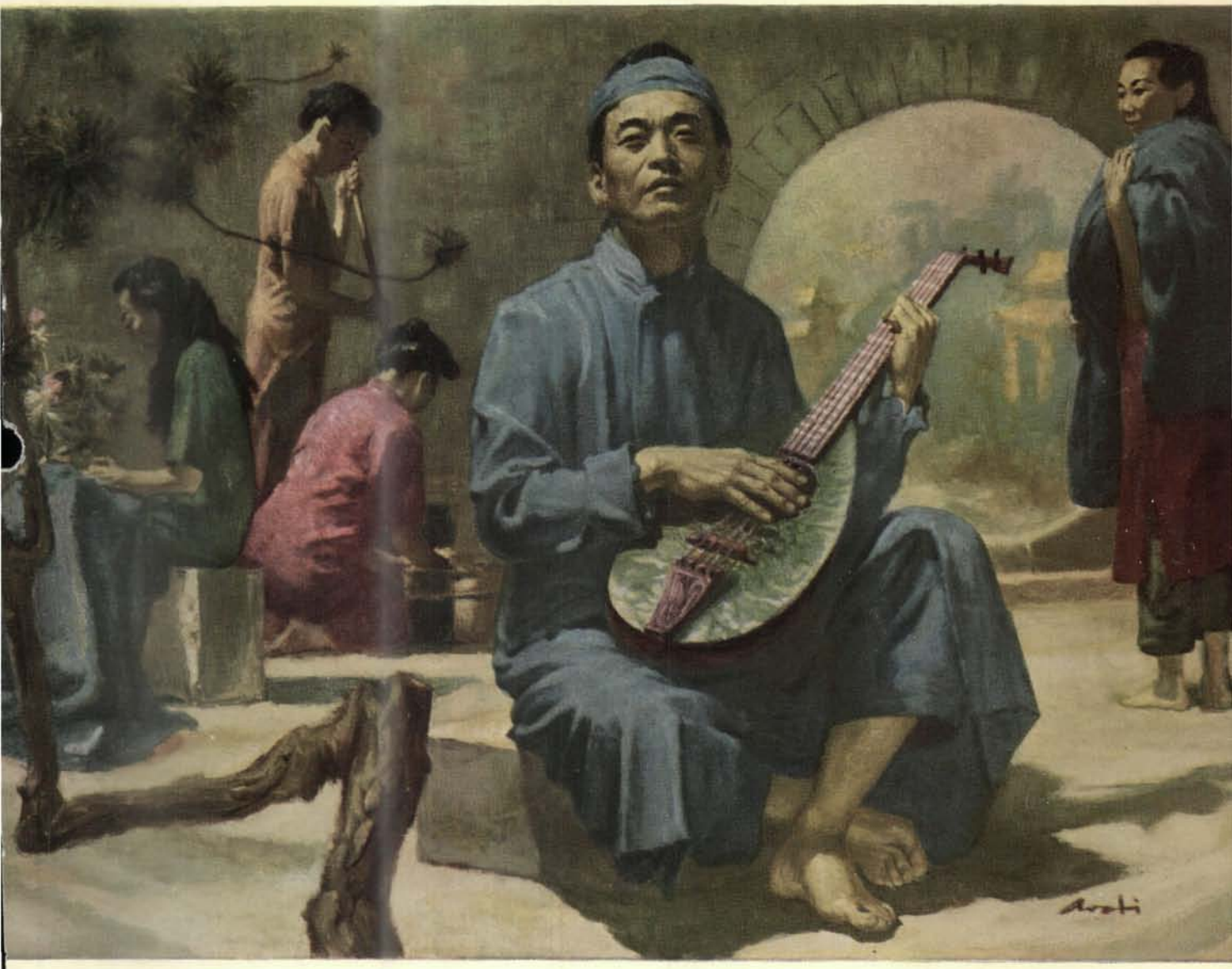

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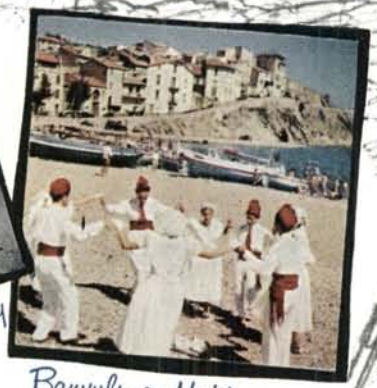

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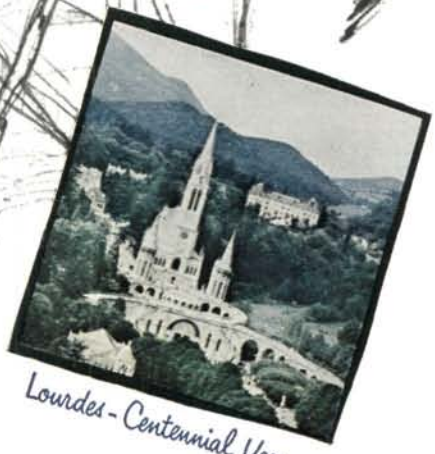

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MARCH **ATLANTIC**

1958 VOLUME 201 NUMBER 3

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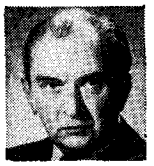

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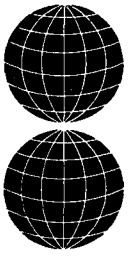
The Atlantic Report  *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

THE craving of the American people for leadership and guidance is spontaneous and nationwide. A Washington *Post* reporter whose story disclosed the alarming findings of the Gaither Report received a letter from a retired Kentucky carpenter saying, "My wife and I would so love to do something for our country. Please tell me where to inquire." And after Nelson Rockefeller appeared on a television show to explain the Rockefeller Report, nearly 100,000 requests poured in for copies of the report.

The President himself, beginning with his State of the Union address, has shown awareness of the nation's desire for leadership. There was, in truth, a bipartisan sigh of relief when he finished his address, relief that he was ready to face up to the responsibilities of the post-Sputnik age.

The crucial question now, as Washington sees it, is whether out of the welter of ideas and proposals, from both the President and the Congress, there will emerge a balanced and reasonably complete rebuilding of the defenses of America. There was a feeling of relief when the American satellite was finally launched, but the problems of missiles and our defense are still in dispute.

Citizen action

The Washington discussion is not purely a governmental affair. For the first time since William Allen White's pre-World War II Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, there has developed a major effort by various private citizens and groups to analyze the nation's problems and attempt to suggest remedies. The Rockefeller Reports, of which several will emerge by summer, are a prime example. The Council on Foreign Relations studies which led to Henry A. Kissinger's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* are another. The Gaither Committee, though commissioned by presidential order as a government study, was likewise composed of top-notch men outside the government but with broad backgrounds in government and science.

The influence of such men, whose words might have gone unheeded had not the Sputniks intervened, has been immense in the national capital. Both Nelson Rockefeller and William C. Foster (who became co-chairman of the Gaither group) were again called upon, this time to help determine a proper reorganization for the Pentagon labyrinth. Others such as John J. McCloy continue to exert behind-the-scenes influence. And many men in the scientific world, among them James R. Killian, Jr., Detlev W. Bronk, Edward Teller, Jerome B. Wiesner, Ernest O. Lawrence, and I. I. Rabi, are now either devoting full time to Washington or are going there on a regular schedule.

Education: the meager helping

While the accent of all these groups has been on the military problem, they have not neglected such matters as foreign economic policy and American education. In the latter field, so far, however, there has been no across-the-board effort to agree on needs and priorities, a vital necessity if Congress is to take any meaningful action on education. The problem has three strikes against it at the start: fear of federal control, the racial segregation issue, and the church versus state issue.

The President's recommendations for a scholarship program, discarding his earlier construction aid program and even cutting down on the limited school aid now being granted to areas with masses of governmental employees (so-called "federally impacted areas") greatly disappointed many in Washington. Actually, Eisenhower has asked for

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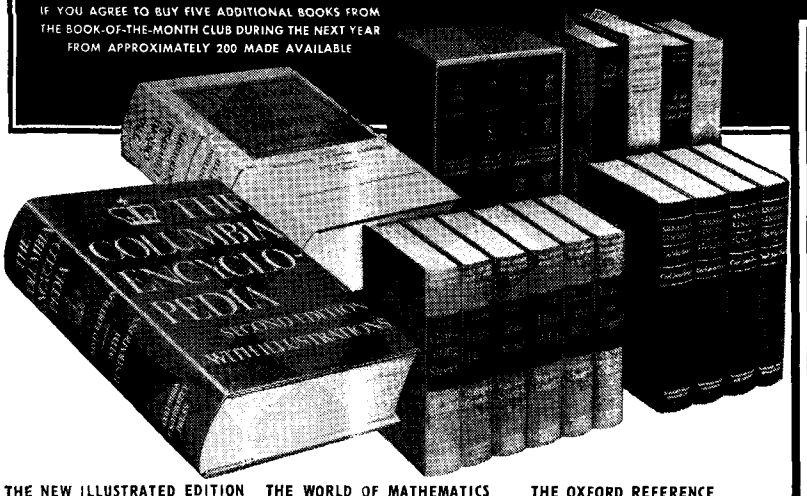

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Report on Washington

only $460 million for all forms of federal aid compared to the $533 million he sought a year ago. If Congress can agree on any program, it will boost the total of aid considerably beyond that requested figure. But it is a big "if." The current strategy of the educational aid proponents is to make a start this year in the Senate, House action having proved to be so disappointing in past years.

The pressures on Dulles

On the diplomatic front, the hopes which had grown here that Secretary Dulles would quit on his seventieth birthday were dimmed by the President's encomiums for "the wisest, most dedicated man that I know." Dulles had at least indirectly offered to resign if the President felt the world-wide criticism of him had ended his usefulness. But Eisenhower termed such reports "trash."

The pressures on Dulles from within the Administration have been twofold: to put a more positive, affirmative tone in his diplomacy and to stop talking so much about the eventual collapse of what he now calls "Communist Imperialism." The latter he refused to do, but he has switched his public posture, as first indicated in the President's reply to Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin in January and again in Dulles' National Press Club speech. This was a conscious effort to turn from a "no, but" to a "yes, provided" approach, even in the case of Communist China, without altering his basic policy.

Dulles' distaste for another summit conference, so loudly called for by the Kremlin, has been no secret. Yet he appears resigned to another conference with the Soviet Union, and Washington betting is on a foreign ministers meeting in Geneva by summer or early fall. The public haggling over the agenda is now likely to be replaced by private diplomatic arguments with some hard bargaining in prospect.

Some diplomats think the Soviets will not again meet with the American, British, and French ministers. There has been a good deal of talk, at least in Washington, of adding the Poles and the Czechs to make it a three-three conference next time, if the Soviets insist on that type of public display of their new status as an equal power. There is hope among allied governments that Dag Hammarskjöld and the United Nations may help bridge the procedural gaps.

Eager to stand pat

Dulles received some strong support from Dean Acheson for his dual position of no negotiations now and no disengagement in Europe. But what was surprising, and extremely painful to many of Acheson's faithful adherents in Washington, was the personal nature of his attack on George Kennan when he backed up Dulles. The general comment was that such conduct ill behooved a man who himself had been the victim of personal vilification and that although Kennan's disengagement thesis was certainly open to question, he deserved praise, not damnation, for at least trying to make people think.

It is, of course, easier to stand pat on a current diplomatic posture and to charge the other side with propaganda than to create new policies. Indeed, Dulles said as much when he was asked whether the Western disarmament proposals would be substantially altered in advance of any new East-West conference. No, he said, and for this reason: "It was not easy to arrive at the present disarmament proposals, representing an agreement, as they did, among 15 countries. Many of these countries had different viewpoints, different interests and different concerns. It was a task of very great difficulty to bring about agreement, and that agreement is a delicate and fragile one." And so, he added, it is now up to the Soviet Union to make some new proposals.

Dulles won Eisenhower's approval for thus standing pat on disarmament in the face of Harold Stassen's efforts to reshape the proposals. Dulles did agree to give some new prominence to the idea of control of outer space, but that proposal got nowhere in London last year and few Washington observers think the current missile standing presages any Soviet willingness to call a halt at this stage of the game. Nor is there any Pentagon enthusiasm for the scheme.

More serious is the implication of the Dulles statement on the German problem. It is true that it would be a Herculean task to shape new proposals for German reunification. It is easier to stick with "reunification by free elections," despite the many Soviet rejections. But among a number of Administration officials, as well as in foreign embassies in Washington, one hears voices of alarm; alarm that a stand-pat posture risks the time when there may be a serious switch in policy in Bonn (and this is always coupled with "you know Adenauer is now eighty-two"). There is anxiety lest the result would be a policy that America, Britain, and France would have to

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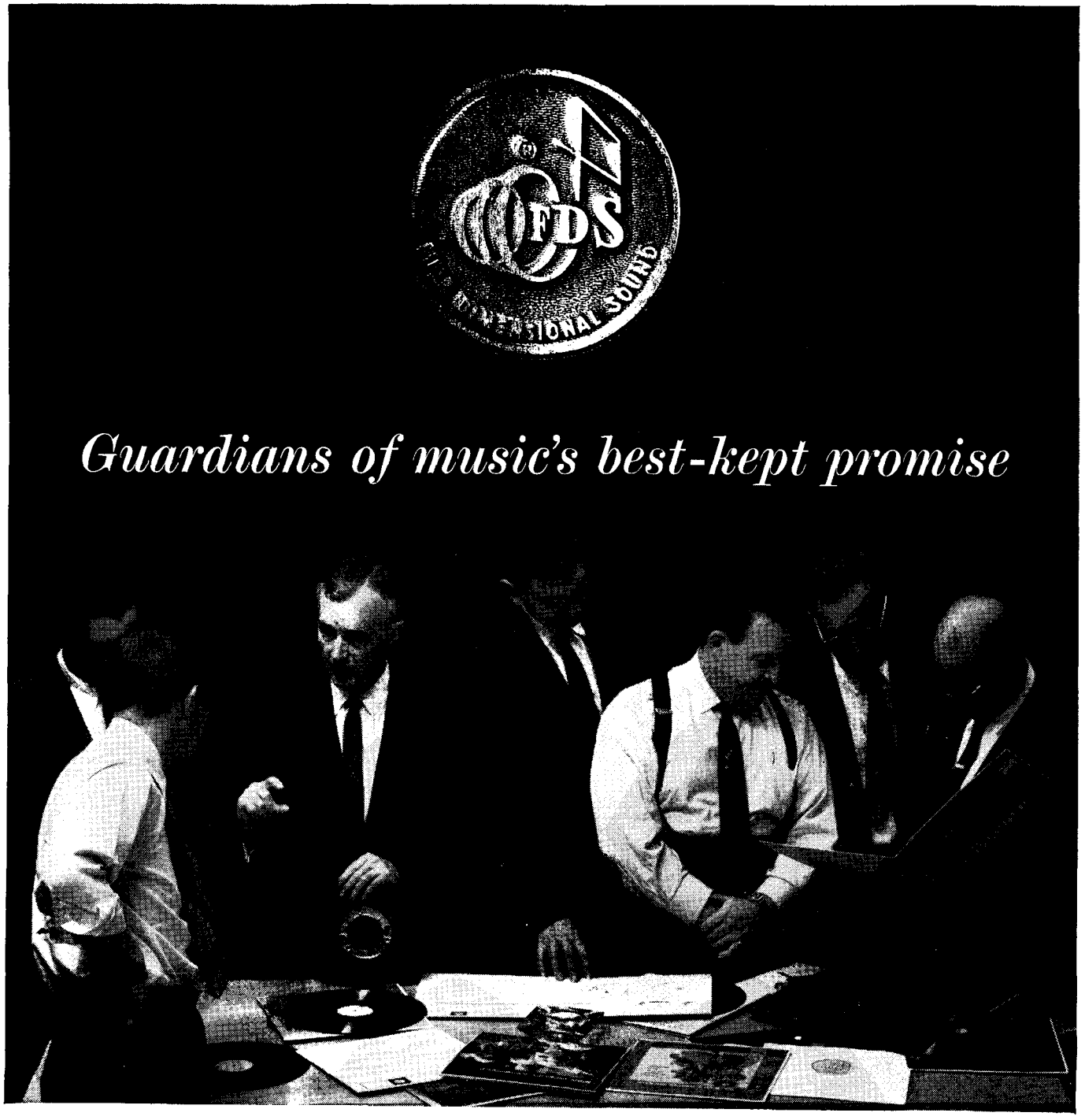

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Neil McElroy became Secretary of Defense at the most critical moment in Pentagon history since the initial unification of the services. His first public appearances were marked by a refreshing candor, good humor, and an evident determination to master his job. Those who have sat in conferences with him report that he hears them out and then makes his decisions, usually on the spot, a rarity in a building where "I'll take it under advisement and let you know later" is a commonplace.

But McElroy's toughest assignment is Pentagon reorganization, not only of the myriad assistant secretaries and the complex committee system but of the Joint Chiefs of Staff setup. Despite reports that the President himself was going to take command of that job, the fact is that it was tossed to McElroy, though of course Eisenhower in the end will have to assume the responsibility. Entrenched service opinions, with each service having its powerful allies in Congress, will make any meaningful changes very hard to accomplish. Something can be done by executive order, but the outmoded, pre-hydrogen-bomb roles and missions of the services were largely written out by Congress, and it will require legislation to change that situation.

Much will depend on whether there is any unity of view among those outsiders McElroy has called in for advice, on whether McElroy himself takes a firm stand, and on whether there is some new demonstration of interservice rivalry at the cost of national defense.

A corollary problem which is even harder to solve concerns the proper role of senior officers who are called on by congressional committees to

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give their opinions of Administration military policies. The Congress can hardly reach conclusions without knowing such views; yet the general or admiral who talks frankly and critically is very likely to be shipped out of the country, as was Admiral Radford some years ago; or to be publicly branded "parochial," as was General Ridgway by Eisenhower; or to end up by resigning, as did General Gavin after refusing to give lip service to Army manpower and research policies.

Mood of the Capital

Along with this mass of major issues related to national defense, Washington — Congress especially — is deeply concerned over the course of the domestic economy. The rapid economic downturn last winter with unemployment spiraling up to the four million range not only affects the budget in terms of lower tax revenues but also in congressional reluctance to cut any work-making programs in an election year.

The Democratic strategy amounts to saying that the Administration should have a chance to prove its belief that the economic tide will turn by mid-1958 without further legislation and largely by changes in monetary policies and new defense spending. But the President's own Council of Economic Advisers has not been entirely happy with the Federal Reserve Board's slow turnabout on credit.

The auto industry is always considered a harbinger of the times, good or bad. The union-management negotiations this spring appear to be headed for deadlock and a strike, and the Administration is determined to stay out of such collective bargaining sessions.

If the Capital's recent auto show was any example, the public is far more interested in the small, imported cars than in new mountains of chrome. In fact, the industry might do well to take a tip from Republican Senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut, who has said that unless the American firms start making smaller cars, the number of imported cars will reach a million a year within five years, thereby increasing unemployment here and bringing calls for tariff protection from the long-time free-trade auto industry.

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The Atlantic Report FRANCE

SOME years ago in the salons of Paris one often heard it said that England is sinking in order, while France is rising in anarchy. Like all epigrams, this observation was a smooth cocktail of truth and exaggeration. But as a summary estimate of the present state of France, it is still not altogether inaccurate. For the supreme paradox in the current situation of the Fourth Republic is the evident contrast between the steadily rising wealth of its citizens and the anarchy of its politics.

The simplest way to appreciate this phenomenon is to watch how the chaos of French political life seems to have inundated the boulevards. Whether it is on the great, sycamore-lined avenues, across the broad, lamp-studded plain of the Place de la Concorde, or on the bridges that span the tranquil Seine, there is now a never-ending stream of cars, buses, trucks, and motor scooters.

Along the vast sidewalks of the Champs Élysées, once reserved for the unhurried ambling of pedestrians, cars now prowl in vigilant search of a parking place. Beneath the chestnut trees along the Avenue Gabriel, Citroens, Simcas, and Peugeots are parked two deep. And even along the left bank of the Seine, the *quais*, once the serene haunt of fishermen and lovers, have been transformed into a two-lane motorway. France's capital is ceasing to be a city of strollers; it is turning into a city of motorists.

"Buy French"

The metallic hustle and bustle of Paris streets provides noisy and tangible evidence of the remarkable industrial boom through which France has just been passing. This boom represented an industrial expansion in 1957 of 6 per cent in volume and 10 per cent in value.

The substantial advance in national production has been a legitimate source of French pride, but it has at the same time exacerbated France's most persistent and seemingly incurable economic woe: its chronic shortage of foreign, and particularly dollar, exchange. The significant increase in internal consumption which has marked the last two or three years has forced the country to import raw materials faster than it could export finished products to pay for them.

For this chronic plight there are two principal reasons. The first has to do with the hitherto sluggish state of French exports. Until the recent 20 per cent devaluation of the franc, French export efforts were handicapped by production costs which priced most French goods out of the market. The devaluation of the franc has put many French enterprises on a competitive footing once again.

The average French manufacturer has little interest in markets beyond the geographical limits of metropolitan France or the French Union. It is only lately that French manufacturers have begun to realize that they cannot hope to go on receiving foreign raw materials needed to keep their machines running and their workmen employed unless they can divert to foreign export markets a certain proportion of the articles they make.

Until recently the path of least resistance was simply to flood the home market. This easy approach reached its grotesque apogee under the benevolent stewardship of Paul Ramadier, who was finance minister in Guy Mollet's government from February of 1956 to May of 1957. His answer to the problem of an ever-growing trade deficit was to launch the slogan "Buy French" — a slogan which evidently reflected his naïve belief that an article marked "Made in France" must have been manufactured with domestic raw materials.

The effect of devaluation

The devaluation of the franc which Felix Gaillard engineered last autumn has put an abrupt end to this policy by simultaneously making raw material imports more expensive and foreign markets more attractive. The price which the French have had to pay for this has been a leveling off in industrial production and a rise of about 9 per cent in the cost of living, which has been cushioned for workers by sliding-scale increases in

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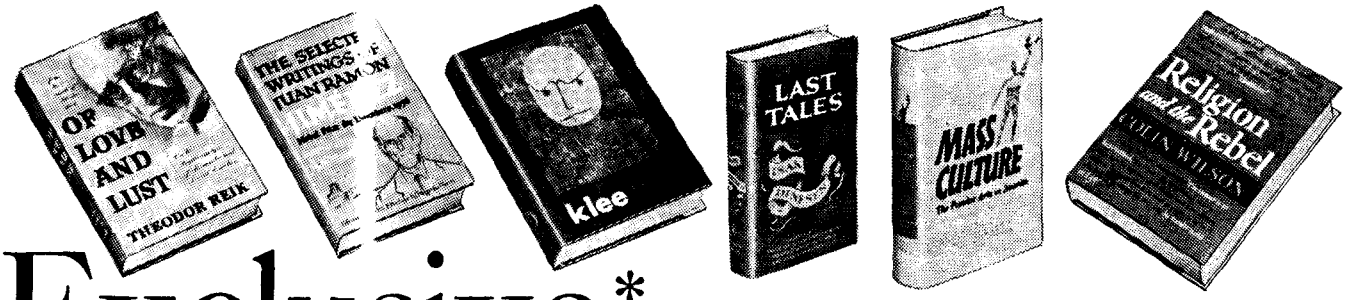

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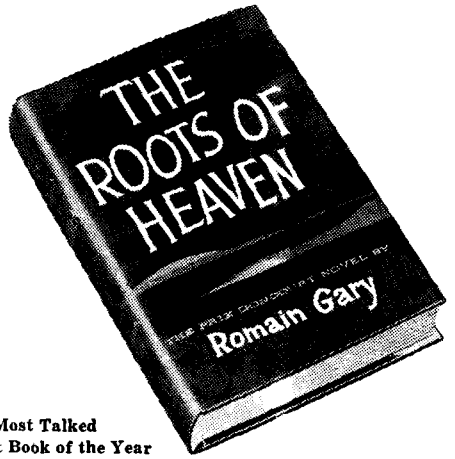

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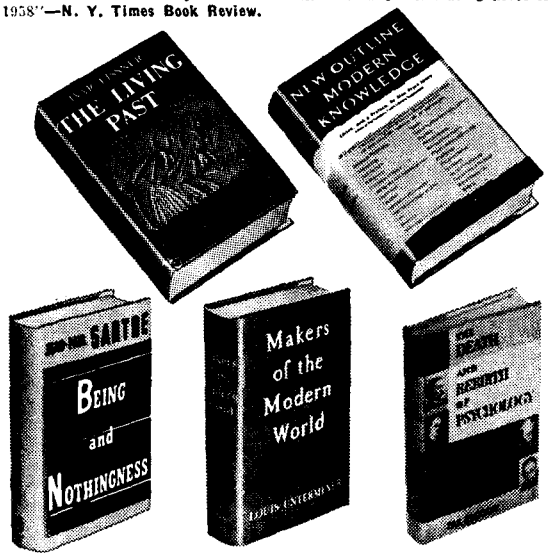

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wages. But the beneficial effects on France's balance of payments are already obvious. Between October and December France's deficit within the European Payments Union dropped from $38.8 million to $20 million.

It still remains to be seen, however, how much of a real effort French manufacturers are prepared to make now that the rate of exchange has shifted in favor of exports. The effort will almost certainly have to be greater than that belatedly called for by Ramadier, who in March, 1957, got the five leading automobile companies of France together to form a "sacred union" pledged to devote two thirds of any increase in production to exports.

In fact, they seem to have developed a new awareness of their opportunities and responsibilities abroad. In 1957 the five companies succeeded in exporting 180,000 vehicles out of a total output of 840,000. This year they hope to do even better. To date, the most sensational advances in this field have been registered by the nationalized Renault company, which increased its sales in the United States from 3124 in 1956 to 30,781 in 1957. Its shining white hope for the American market is the neat little Dauphine which, with a more powerful motor, a lighter weight, and a more attractive silhouette, is beginning to look like a serious challenger to the Volkswagen.

Shortage of coal and oil

The other principal reason for France's current trade crisis is its growing shortage of vital energy-giving raw materials. The happy days are past when France, with coal from the Pas de Calais and the Cevennes, was virtually self-sufficient. Last year the French coal industry made a strenuous effort to raise coal production from 57 to 59 million tons — a rise of some 3 per cent and the only one recorded with-

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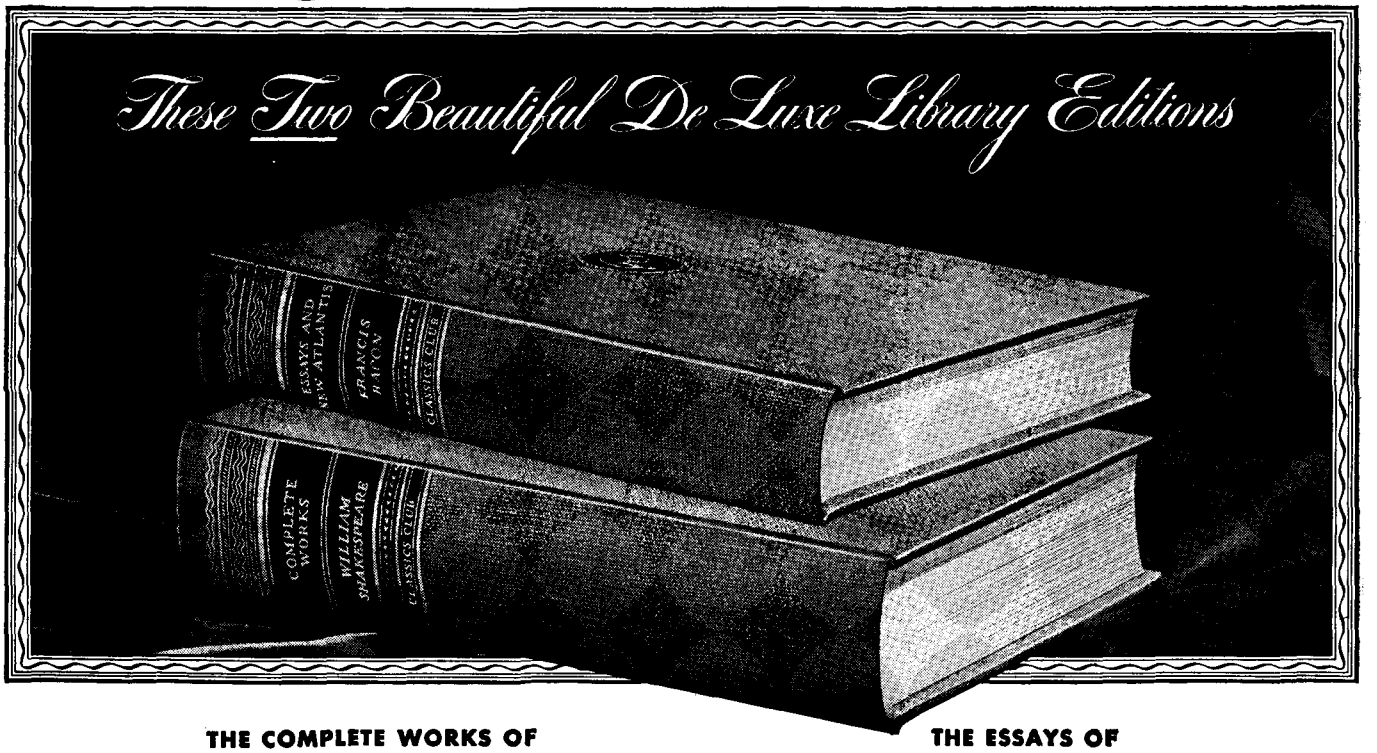

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in the European Steel and Coal Community. Even so, France was forced to import 20 million tons, 7 million of which came from the United States, at a cost to the French Treasury of close to $100 million.

The other fuel on which France is increasingly dependent is petroleum, and here the shortage is even more drastic. From the oil wells sunk in the vicinity of the great natural gas deposits south of Bordeaux the French were able to extract some 1.5 million tons of petroleum last year. But to cover the rest of their needs they had to import over 23 million tons from abroad. In normal times — if such an expression can be used at all these days — 92 per cent of French oil imports come from the Middle East, and in particular from the Iraq Petroleum Company, in which the French Compagnie des Pétroles has almost a 24 per cent interest. A large part of these imports can be paid for in francs or sterling.

But 1957 was an abnormal year. With the blocking of the Suez Canal and the blowing up of several Iraq Petroleum Company pumping stations in Syria, France was obliged to turn to Aramco, Texas, and Venezuela for its oil. Sixty per cent of the oil furnished by Aramco and all of the oil coming from Texas and Venezuela had to be paid for in dollars, to the tune of about $300 million.

A French government pledged to heroic austerity might have tried to face this situation by imposing a drastic reduction in oil imports until the I.P.C. pipelines had been fully repaired. (They were repaired by last April after almost six months of complete stoppage.) But both Premier Guy Mollet and his successor, Bourgès-Maunoury, were heavily implicated in the Suez fiasco, and for questions of prestige alone they were loath to clamp a tourniquet on French imports of petroleum. Besides, any drastic reduction in oil imports would have necessitated a prolonged period of gasoline rationing at home, and rationing among a people of sharp-witted individualists like the French has never been a conspicuous success.

A severe cut in gasoline sales, furthermore, would have precipitated a marked drop in government revenue, since the tax on gasoline (now set at 300 per cent of the basic price) is one of the French Treasury's most important sources of income. This is a luxury which a semi-solvent state can hardly afford, even though it engenders an economic vicious circle in which financial solvency at home can only be bought at the price of insolvency abroad.

The Monnet loan

Breaking out of this vicious circle was one of the major problems facing the Gaillard government when it came into office early last November. Something had to be done quickly to keep France financially and economically afloat at least for a few more months, by which time it was hoped that the remedial measures would have had time to bear full fruit. The way out of the impasse was found by Jean Monnet, who had no difficulty in persuading Gaillard to send him on an expedition to Washington to ask for one more loan.

The long-term calculations upon which the Monnet loan is based are fairly clear, even though the figures used to bolster the arguments in favor of it are subject to controversy. What the Gaillard government has been doing is to play for time; for that time, a good two years hence, when France will no longer be dependent on foreign fuel sources for its domestic power needs. To reach this economic promised land, the French have set out to harness the latent power of two great natural resources — the natural gas deposits of Lacq and the oil of the Sahara.

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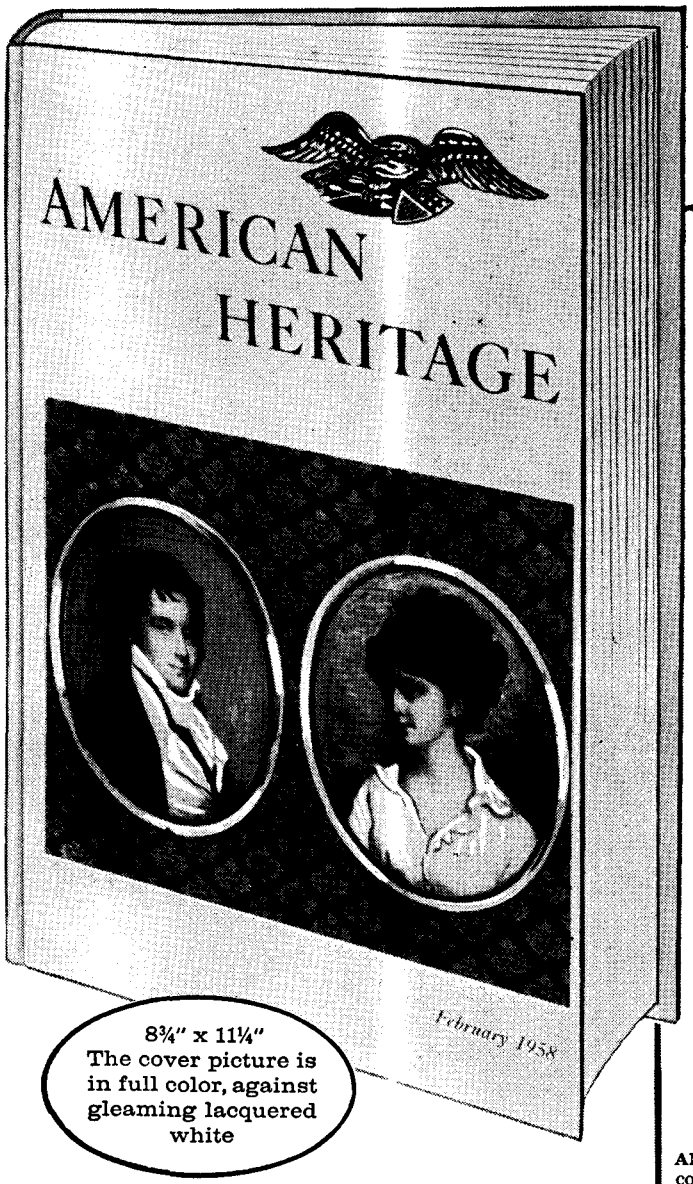

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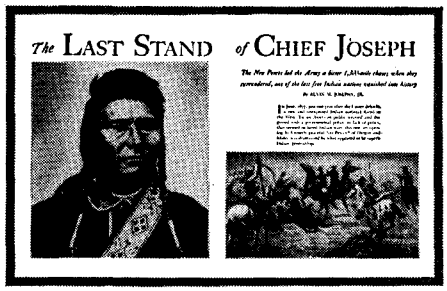

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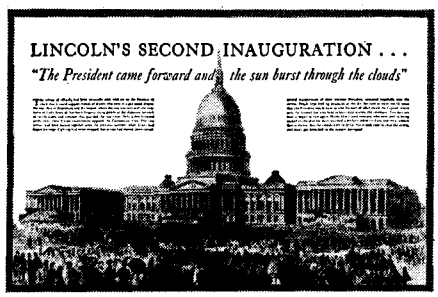

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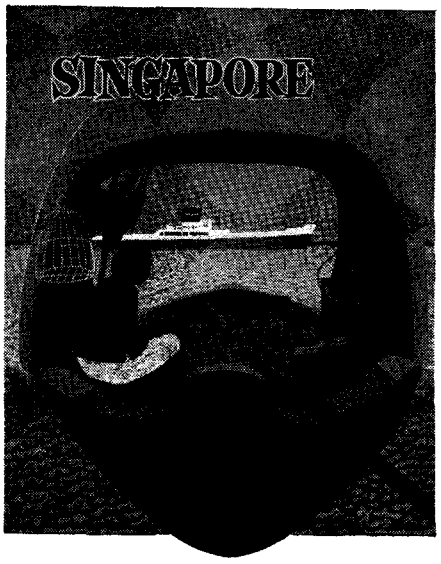

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Report on France

Literally thousands of newspaper and magazine articles have been devoted in recent months to describing the fabulous store of black gold which is said to be buried beneath the burning sands of North Africa. For many Frenchmen this precious liquid has made its miraculous appearance, like manna from heaven, just at a moment when the nation was most sorely pressed, and it has been seized upon as a universal panacea for all of France's economic problems.

Those skeptics who used to talk disparagingly of the "Sahara myth" have recently changed their tune, and according to the latest and most optimistic estimates, the oil reserves of the Sahara may well amount to one billion tons — enough to satisfy French needs until 1975, by which time European atomic energy will have come into its own.

The problem of Algeria

Over these sanguine calculations there hangs, of course, one great question mark: the problem of Algeria. The intransigency of the Algerian National Liberation Front in holding out for full independence makes it as doubtful as ever that it will soon sue for peace. On the other hand, the momentary success which the French army has unquestionably scored in its campaign of "pacification" has made the French, particularly in the right wing and *colon* circles, more reluctant to enter into serious negotiations with men who have been described in so many official communiqués as "traitors and bandits." Meanwhile the endless war of attrition goes on.

Like its immediate predecessors, the Gaillard government made no attempt to initiate a bold new policy calculated to break the impasse created by the implacable opposition of two intransigent camps. But even if it had had the will, it is no longer certain that it could succeed in finding a just and equitable solution for a situation which seems to grow more hopeless with each passing month. The seizure of the Suez Canal Company and of other foreign assets in Egypt, the recent expropriation of Dutch properties in Indonesia, the raids of Moroccan irregulars into Spanish territories, and the flamboyant claims of Moroccan demagogues to Mauretania and vast stretches of the Sahara have caused many liberally inclined Frenchmen to wonder what fate lies in store for them in North Africa the day they grant Algeria its independence.

To meet this agonizing problem head on will require far more decisive and dynamic political leadership than that which the recent governments of France have displayed. In the last two years no French ministry has made any really serious effort to deal with the North African situation beyond living from day to day and improvising makeshift legislation wrapped up in oceans of rhetorical tissue and administrative pink ribbon. The recently passed "framework law" for Algeria was a typical example. Even supposing that it ever be seriously applied, it is so self-contradictory and ambiguous in its phrasing that it can hardly do more than eternalize the status quo.

Confronted with this spectacle of parliamentary irresponsibility in the face of their country's most formidable political problem, an increasing number of conscientious Frenchmen have begun wondering if anything can be expected from an elected Assembly, many of whose members seem to be more interested in making flashy headlines and lining their own pockets than in attending to the interests of their country. Once again there has been much talk of reforming a constitution which has made the French Assembly politically irresponsible because of its total supremacy. Efforts have been made to persuade Charles de Gaulle to raise once more the banner of constitutional reform, but the General has so far declined to do so.

Whether or not this refusal will fatally inhibit what is at present no more than a subterranean current of discontent remains to be seen. But if and when it bursts into the open, it will be led, for the most part, by men who are not members of the present Assembly and who are determined to put an end to its impotence.

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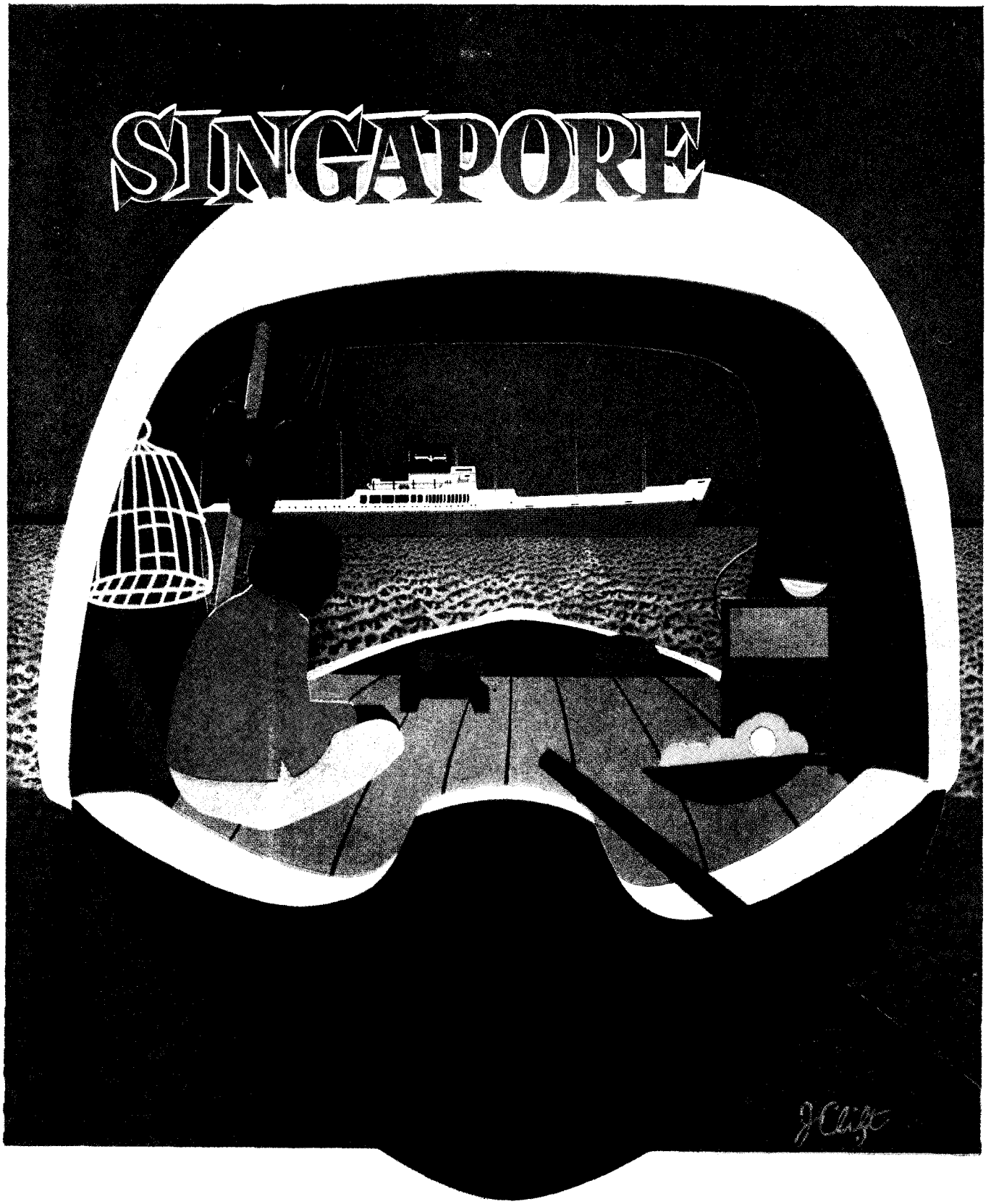

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◄ ***How to find this patio in old San Juan.*** *Ask for the City Hall. They call it the Ayuntamiento, in Spanish. Walk straight through this 17th Century building and there is your patio. Our photograph was taken by Elliott Erwitt.*

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The Atlantic Report INDONESIA

INDONESIA is a nation of about three thousand islands spread over an area larger than the United States. Java is overpopulated and must import both food and consumer goods. The outer islands are underpopulated but have almost all of the oil, rubber, copra, tobacco, tin, and other products that earn the foreign exchange needed to support Java. The culture is far from homogeneous; some authorities count as many as fifty ethnic groups and about two hundred languages and dialects.

The complicated social, geographic, and economic structure demands a political formula that de-emphasizes the diversity of the parts in favor of the unity of the whole, but unfortunately Indonesia has had just the opposite, and the result has been stagnation and government by indecision. Under a modified system of proportional representation, voters cast their ballots for parties instead of individuals. The parties are assigned a quota of seats based on their percentage of votes, and they then appoint men to fill these seats. Because of this, politicians tend to give their primary loyalty to a party rather than to a constituency, and the parties tend to represent religious, class, or professional groups rather than any large cross section of society.

There are six Muslim parties, and no one can state exactly what is the ideological difference between them. There is also a Catholic party and a Protestant party and even a Policemen's party, as well as parties such as the Proclamasi, which is a combination of five parties. In the twelve years since proclaiming its independence, Indonesia has had seventeen cabinet changes. Many of these came during the four years preceding the formal transfer of sovereignty by the Dutch in 1949, a good indication that Indonesian politicians could not sink their differences even during the patriotic war against the Dutch.

Of all the major capitals of Asia, Djakarta remains the most unchanged from what it was in 1940. New buildings are few. The most obvious new structure is a sports stadium, which spoils the appearance of the huge Independence Park in the center of the city. Every third day the electricity is turned off from 6 to 9 P.M. for sections of the city on a rotation basis. Water is also scarce and most of the people bathe and wash their clothes in the muddy canals that drain the city.

The squeeze on the Dutch

Foreign companies, especially the Dutch ones, have controlled the nation's economic life, and Indonesian hatred of these companies runs deep. Dutch colonial rule was perhaps the most unrelenting of all of the colonial governments of Asia; Indonesia was simply a place to be exploited. The Dutch ruled indirectly through minor princes and village headmen, whose main responsibility was to get as much wealth out of the people as possible. The peasants were forced to deliver almost all of their produce beyond their own needs and were dragooned for service on the plantations, roads, and irrigation canals.

After the granting of sovereignty, the first impulse of the Indonesians was to throw all foreigners out. But this was impossible, since there were almost no trained Indonesians to replace them. Instead there developed a policy of squeeze — a sort of reverse imperialism designed to deny the foreign companies almost all profits short of bare subsistence.

Taxes have multiplied, and government mediation boards have granted wage increases and, at times, fantastic fringe benefits. Indonesian oil workers get a 45-day paid furlough with travel allowance every six years, in addition to the normal two-week annual vacation in the intervening years. This was granted in reply to their demands for something comparable to the home leaves of foreign employees. In some of the rubber estates of north Sumatra, the foreign companies must supply workers with a soccer field and equipment.

Before the war, Indonesia supplied three fifths of the demand for petroleum products in the Asian market east of Burma. The market has more than doubled since then, and Indonesia now meets only one third of the demand. The main reason is that

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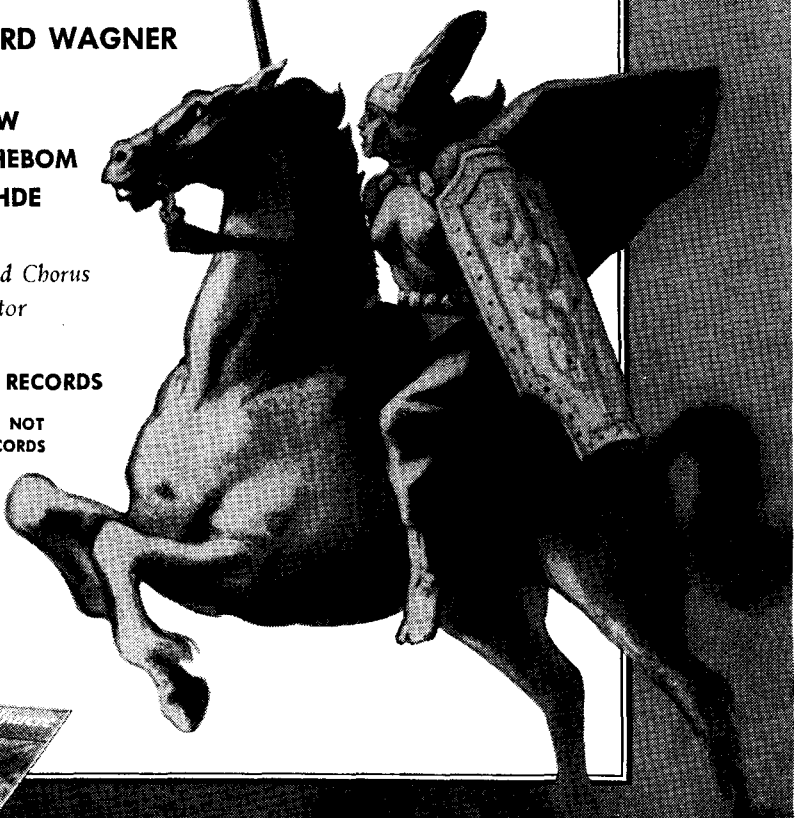

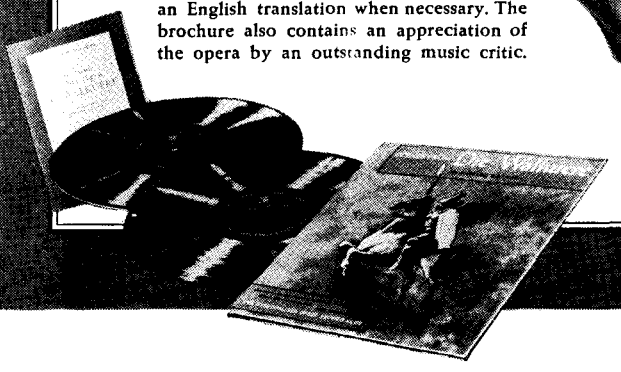

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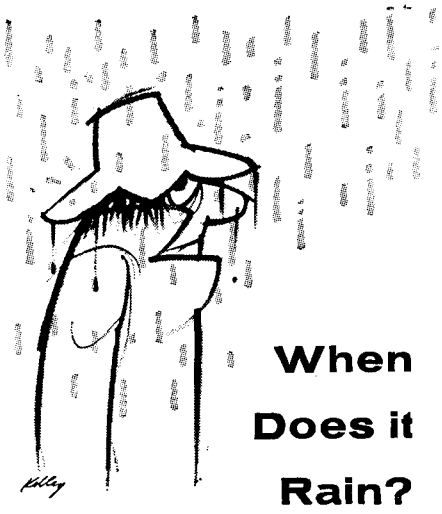

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To investigate this phenomenon and other mysteries of atmospheric electricity, one of them went aloft in free balloon flights. (He had helped develop the polyethylene balloon and holds the first U. S. license for polyethylene balloon flights.) With him he carried charge-recording instruments built at ADL, while ground radar scanned the clouds for rain.

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Report on Indonesia

a ban was imposed in 1951 on new exploration for oil fields and new development of known resources. This was supposed to be temporary, pending the enactment of a new mining law. But the effect has been to hamper Indonesian production.

Since the oil companies earn about 25 per cent of the nation's foreign exchange and pay about 10 per cent of the country's entire tax revenue, many Indonesian leaders realize that a long step toward easing financial troubles would be taken merely by allowing the oil companies to expand. However, since the foreign companies are equated with imperialism, it would be near political suicide for a party to advocate something that could be construed by its opponents as favoring the foreigner. The result is indecision.

Divided country

No real solution of the economic troubles is possible until Indonesia first solves its political problems. These are personified by President Sukarno and former Vice President Mohammad Hatta. Both are in their middle fifties, both believe in socialism, and both spent about nine years in exile because of their leadership of the struggle against the Dutch. But there are marked differences between them.

Sukarno was born in Java and educated entirely in Indonesia. He never personally experienced democracy and saw only the autocracy of the Dutch. Sukarno has undoubtedly been the most popular man in Indonesia; to the Indonesians he is the living symbol of Indonesian nationalism.

Hatta was born in Sumatra and educated in the Netherlands, where he learned that democracy has real meaning even though the Dutch failed to practice it in Indonesia. Hatta draws his political strength mainly from the outer islands, which fear "Java centralism."

Sukarno says democracy has failed in Indonesia. In a speech he delivered on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of Indonesia's declaration of independence, he said, "It is obvious that we have neither become stronger nor more secure under a system that we have called democracy. . . . The Indonesian nation and people have been misused by their leaders in the rock and roll of unrestrained chatterbox democracy which does not recognize discipline or guidance."

Much has been made of the fact that Sukarno began talking of a guided democracy after touring Russia and Red China. The Communists undoubtedly had a strong influence on him, but he is primarily a man of his own culture. The Indonesians, especially the Javanese, do not admire what they consider the coldly materialist and individualist life of the West. Their ideal society is expressed by the phrase *gotong rojong* — a society of mutual assistance.

A casual traveler driving through the Javanese countryside sees a dozen men, the sun glistening on their bare backs, working together preparing a field for cultivation. Obviously they all do not own the tiny plot; they are men who have come together to help a neighbor. This is the only indigenous tradition of government; a communalistic tradition in which a man's primary responsibility is to serve a group rather than himself.

How much guidance?

When Sukarno says democracy has served the nation ill, he is speaking the truth. Even Hatta admits that democracy in Indonesia needs guidance. The point on which they disagree is this: In which direction will Indonesian democracy be guided? And this is where the Communists discolor the picture.

The Communists are led by able and energetic Dipa Nusantara Aidit, who became secretary general of the Indonesian Communist Party in 1954 at the age of thirty-one. He hitched his party to Sukarno's coattails and enthusiastically supports the idea of a guided democracy. The Communists got about six million votes in the 1955 parliamentary elections and ranked as equal among the four largest parties.

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In her own way, the American housewife is as sensitive to values as a professional economist. So, it is no coincidence that whenever trading stamps are attacked, her voice is among the strongest coming to their defense. And, it is also no coincidence that more than 30,000,000 families, alert to the discomforts of inflation, collect trading stamps as a means of securing extra savings.

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REFERENCE: "Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

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Sukarno then tried to force a coalition government that would include the Communists. When he could not get his way, he began advocating an extraparliamentary "national council," to be composed of all classes and parties, including the Communists. Hatta resigned as vice president in December, 1956, saying, "I refuse to cooperate further. Let the President pursue his own policies. We will see what happens."

Growing strength of the Army

The results were not long in coming. Army colonels set up full-scale autonomous governments in central and south Sumatra and in north Celebes, while other colonels established semi-autonomous commands in the Atjeh region of north Sumatra, the Tapanoeli area of east Sumatra, and at Amboina in the south Moluccas. These Army movements are as confusing as everything else in Indonesia.

The Indonesian Army, like Topsy, just grew during the struggle against the Dutch. There was little unified command; the local units represented regional interests and fought isolated guerrilla actions. When the outer regions complained of economic neglect, the local garrisons were in full sympathy.

As early as 1954 there were reports that the Army was smuggling copra out of north Celebes, and as economic conditions deteriorated throughout the country, smuggling became more open and more widespread. The colonels used the money to buy military and civilian goods and also began building barracks, schools, and roads. Hatta's resignation was not the cause of the Army movements but rather the final nudge to a series of complicated developments that had long been in the making.

It is an exaggeration to call these movements revolts. The colonels and their troops remain on the regular Army payrolls and swear allegiance to the principle of a united Indonesia, which they admit is represented by the person of President Sukarno, however much they disagree with his political philosophies. And they do disagree; they are strongly anti-Communist and have suppressed the Communists in their areas. The colonels insist mainly on an end to corruption, more governmental efficiency, and more foreign exchange to buy imports for their areas. They are increasingly having their way.

Army censorship

The Army has cloaked its activities behind a strict censorship. Under an emergency order, newspapers may not print news about military activities except from official sources — and official statements are always brief and vague. Newspapers which have defied the order have been closed down and their editors detained without trial. Because of the tight censorship, it is impossible to get a clear picture of most day-to-day developments. Even Indonesians are not told what is happening. The attempt on Sukarno's life is a case in point. The Army made some arrests but would not say who was arrested.

Meantime, the Indonesians reserve their threats of violence for the Dutch and let off steam by staging demonstrations to protest the continued Dutch hold on West New Guinea. Ethnically, the Indonesians have no more natural right to rule the Papuans of New Guinea than do the Dutch. But the Indonesians fear that the Dutch may someday use New Guinea as a springboard to jump back into power in Indonesia. The Dutch themselves have done little to mitigate Indonesian fears. The Indonesians cannot hope to drive the Dutch out of West New Guinea by force, but they can confiscate Dutch property in Indonesia.

None of the major groups has anything to gain by Sukarno's death. The Communists need him as a shield against the orthodox Muslims and the anti-Communist Army leaders in the outer islands. In turn, the outer island leaders know they cannot exist independently and need Sukarno as a link with the masses of Java. Many responsible Indonesians wish Sukarno had less power, but they also know that the choice may be between Sukarno and chaos.

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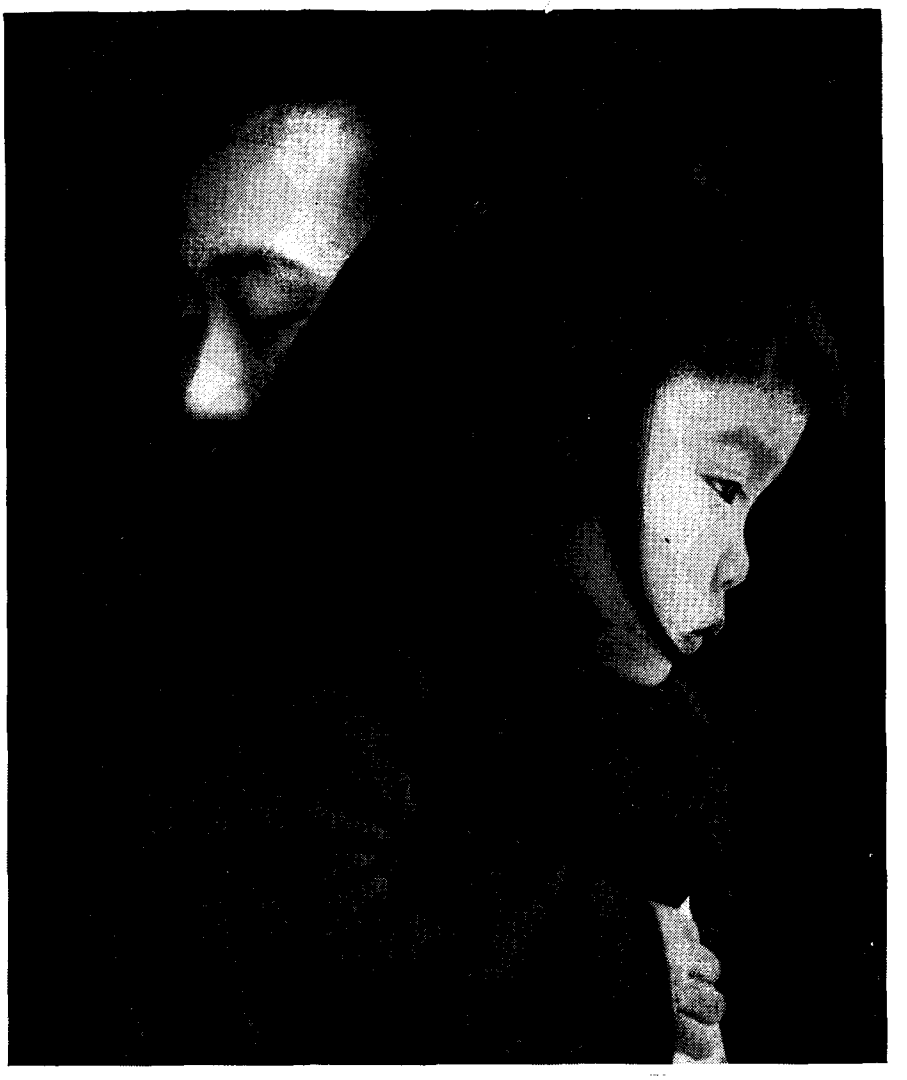
Pamela and the Press



"PAMELA AND HER MOTHER" PHOTOGRAPH BY HAL ADAMS

Actually Pamela created the urgency, although she hadn't yet been born. It was especially because of Pamela that Major Samuel Lee, soon to be discharged from the United States Army, was looking for a good house to buy. But he wasn't finding it easy. He wasn't even finding it possible.

Certainly, there were plenty of houses for sale. Billboards offered them all along the freeway to Orange County, where Major Lee wanted to buy a home and practice his profession of medicine. But they just weren't available to Sammy Lee.

Not that Major Lee wasn't a man of character and substance. He had grown up in nearby Los Angeles, became a physician, served with distinction in his country's army.

The problem was something else entirely. The real estate men were polite but firm. Nothing personal, you understand, but business was business. They couldn't—or wouldn't—sell a home to a person of Korean ancestry.

Major Lee tried moderate-priced homes; he tried the more expensive "custom-styled" homes. The answer was the same. Nothing personal, though.

But it *felt* personal to Sammy Lee on the plane all the way to Washington, where he and other noted guests were to dine with the President and plan a campaign against juvenile delinquency.

Sammy Lee was one of the President's guests because he had twice won Olympic diving championships for the U. S., because he had just completed a tour of Southeast Asia nations as the President's Sports Ambassador and would soon become one of the members of a team of Olympic champions to attend the Australian Olympic Games as the President's personal representatives.

When he returned to his base at Fort Carson, Colorado, he spoke to his friends of the irony of his position, and his letters to his many friends abroad reflected his bitter disappointment.

A foreign correspondent in Tokyo—a man who had known Sammy—heard the story and telephoned one night. Over six thousand miles of telephone wires and undersea cables, the newsman covered a story somewhat off his beat.

After a long talk with Sammy, the correspondent telephoned an editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* who the next day sent a reporter to Santa Ana. The facts were checked, the story run. West Coast metropolitan papers carried the story of Sammy's fruitless search for a home. Television and radio newsrooms picked it up. The *Santa Ana Register,* biggest hometown newspaper for Orange County, went to work editorially. So did the *Long Beach Press-Telegram,* which isn't quite in Orange County but is widely circulated there.

The press, once described by Thomas Jefferson as more vital than government itself, was on the job.

The *Press-Telegram* wired funds to Sammy in Fort Carson to come again to Orange County to meet the real people, the real spokesmen. Sammy came.

He met the Mayor of Anaheim. He met the President of the West Orange County Board of Realtors. Together they took Sammy and his family—which now included young Pamela—through the area until they found the home and the physician's office that they wanted.

When the Lees moved in, Orange County threw a big, official party, with all sorts of heart-warming overtones. Banners said "Welcome Sammy Lee!" Newspaper and television cameras clicked and ground. Speeches were made by the Mayor of Anaheim, the President of the County Medical Association, the State Senator, the Congressman and the United States Senator.

Best of all, the neighbors were there. From blocks around they came—and Sammy's disappointment and Sammy's asking were answered, in the best American tradition.

What happened to Sammy Lee in his quest for a home provides another example of the endless ways in which American individuals and institutions are constantly renewing their faith in the principles of Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln and other great Americans in this, the 20th Century.

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The Atlantic Report WEST INDIES FEDERATION

THOSE who live outside of the Caribbean often think of the British West Indies as a single unit, a cluster of islands set so close that the visitor on vacation can swim from one palm-fringed strand to another. There are, in fact, ten separate units for purposes of government, though imperial and local action has brought them together with increasing frequency for a wide variety of purposes.

The establishment of the Federation of the West Indies is the most important event in the history of these territories since their emancipation from slavery in 1833. It signifies that a new nation has come into existence on the southern frontier of the United States, a partner of that older dominion which was established on the northern frontier ninety years ago.

Geographically the new federation is the only one of its kind in the world, for its people do not share one territory but live in thirteen widely scattered islands. If Jamaica, the largest of these, were to be put where Minneapolis is, the Leeward Islands would straddle the state of Vermont, the Windward Islands would fall around the mouth of the Delaware River, while Trinidad, the most southerly of the group, would lie off the Atlantic coast in the direction of Cape Hatteras.

The three million people of the West Indies, like the three million people of the United States nearly two centuries ago, face the challenge of distance, and in addition the challenge of geographic separation. Washington and Madison of Virginia and John Adams of New England were three weeks away from one another in the horse and buggy days, but they knew that their scattered states formed part of the same country. West Indians, in contrast, know that the sea separates them from one another, and that only within living memory have their scattered islands come to be prized for their own sake.

Their sea has been more of a corridor than a meeting place. The gravitational pull of Europe to the east was balanced by a corresponding pull to the west. For most of their history the islands have been valued not as citadels and dwelling places, not as a new England or a new Spain, but as the outlying fortifications of a gate to great empires.

In our own time the establishment of American bases in the islands has driven home the fact that they are a part of the American defense system. The Caribbean waterways have linked Europe with Latin America and Spain with the Philippines, but they have divided the islands from one another. It is the airplane and not the ship that has made West Indian federation possible.

A blend of three continents

Four centuries ago Spaniards and Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English jostled and fought their way through the corridor of the Caribbean, bringing with them their languages, customs, and creeds; soldiers of fortune, scholars, priests, pirates, buccaneers. Then the cultivation of sugar transformed the islands from pirates' nests into plantations. The estate swallowed up the small holdings that Englishmen had established in Barbados and Antigua. Sugar drove the European to hunt for labor through the coastlands of West Africa. It tore the Iho, Ashanti, and Yoruba peoples by hundreds of thousands from the accustomed security of family and tribe to labor in the Caribbean under harsh conditions of servitude.

The story is one of shame and cruelty, but it is also one of achievement, for it was African labor that sent the plantations spreading across the plains and deep into the valleys and up the sides of the mountains. After the African, in the last century, came the East Indian and in smaller numbers the Chinese. So, in the space of four centuries, people from three continents established themselves in the Caribbean. This explains the variety and contrast in West Indian society: the Hindu temples and Muslim mosques next to country houses in the colonial Georgian style; the soft clipped French patois that peasant folk speak in the valleys of Dominica and St. Lucia; the distant drums at night, bringing back memories of Shango, the Yoruba god of thunder.

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A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN

A message from Dr. Mortimer J. Adler,
EDITOR, THE SYNTOPICON

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."

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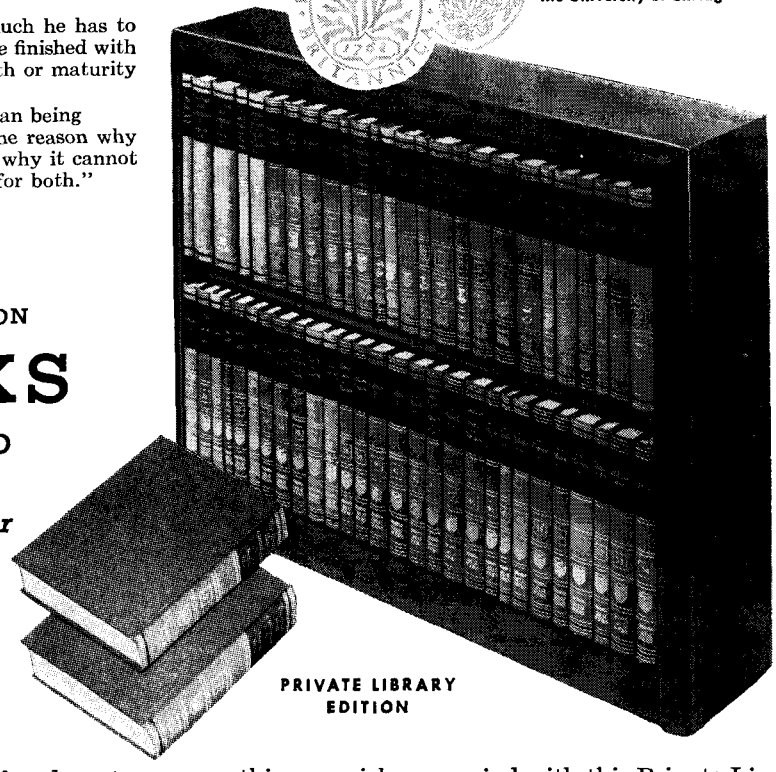

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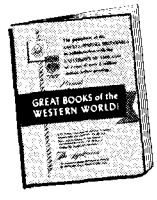

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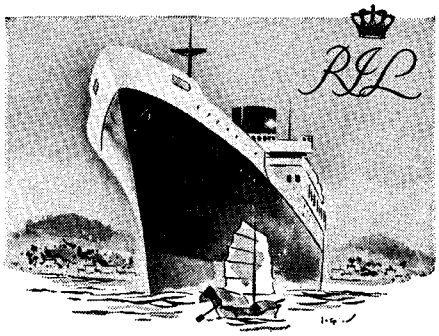

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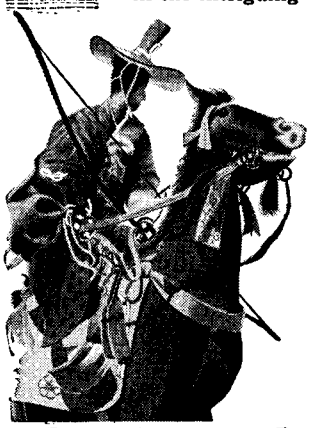

JAPAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION

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West Indies Report

It explains why in the British island of St. Lucia some land is held under the provisions of the Code Napoleon, and in British Guiana under Roman-Dutch law; why in a small remote Caribbean island people of African descent dance the Scottish hornpipe; and why headmen in compact Maya villages on the mainland carry out the functions of British local government officers under the Spanish title of alcalde. It points to dichotomy as well as difference: to institutions and regulations, European in form, that run contrary to African or Indian folk custom; to revivalist bands with a Christian ritual and African mythology; and to the legal provisions for the individual ownership of property in a peasant society deeply committed to the African concept of "family land."

Unity in diversity

Distance means difference. Alongside the richness of diversity there are the conflicts and tensions of a multi-racial segmented society in which social and economic differences have in the past been underlined in color. Yet, with all this, there is more cultural and social homogeneity in the West Indies today than existed in Canada at the time of its federation or in the United States of the 1780s.

The clashing economic differences which made relations between states so difficult in North America at that time have not yet developed in the West Indies. Instead, the islands have found it necessary to unite in order to protect West Indian products in commonwealth and world markets. Common economic interests, the bond of a common language, and common patterns of education and of administration have enabled these scattered people to find unity in diversity.

In these respects the new federation has an advantage over much larger and wealthier countries like Ghana and Nigeria, where there is no common language and where problems arise from the introduction of British parliamentary institutions alongside the traditional systems of tribal rule. These factors have encouraged cooperation, and the dynamic of nationalism has transformed cooperation into federation. The development of national sentiment has given a new feeling of status, of belonging together and to a region.

The result has been an outburst of creative energy that has vitalized West Indian society, giving it new directions and a new form. Painters and sculptors, poets, novelists, playwrights, and dancers in increasing numbers have been expressing themselves through West Indian themes and in patterns recognizably West Indian, while the politician has cast off the old colonial ties and, with the assistance of Britain, has put the center of government in the West Indies.

The pressure from within

This driving force has been given still greater power by economic necessity. West Indian unity owes nothing to the centripetal force of the threat from outside. In a world dominated by armed might, the West Indians have no power. With them the compelling threat is not from without, but from within, from the pressure of an expanding population upon limited resources and diminishing land space.

The trouble is not that the federal territories are islands, but that they are small. Population pressure reaches the fantastic figure of over 1200 to the square mile in Barbados, with the result that the main exports of that island of one hundred and sixty square miles are rum, sugar, and Barbadians. This basic problem of economic development is dramatized in a Caribbean triangle with its three points resting on Haiti, Puerto Rico, and Jamaica.

Haiti, with its proud nationalism and desperate poverty, shows that political independence is not enough. Puerto Rico, where a child is born every seven minutes, has shown how trained and devoted intelligence can transform a slum into a lively progressive society that takes full advantage of the substantial benefits it gains from political association with

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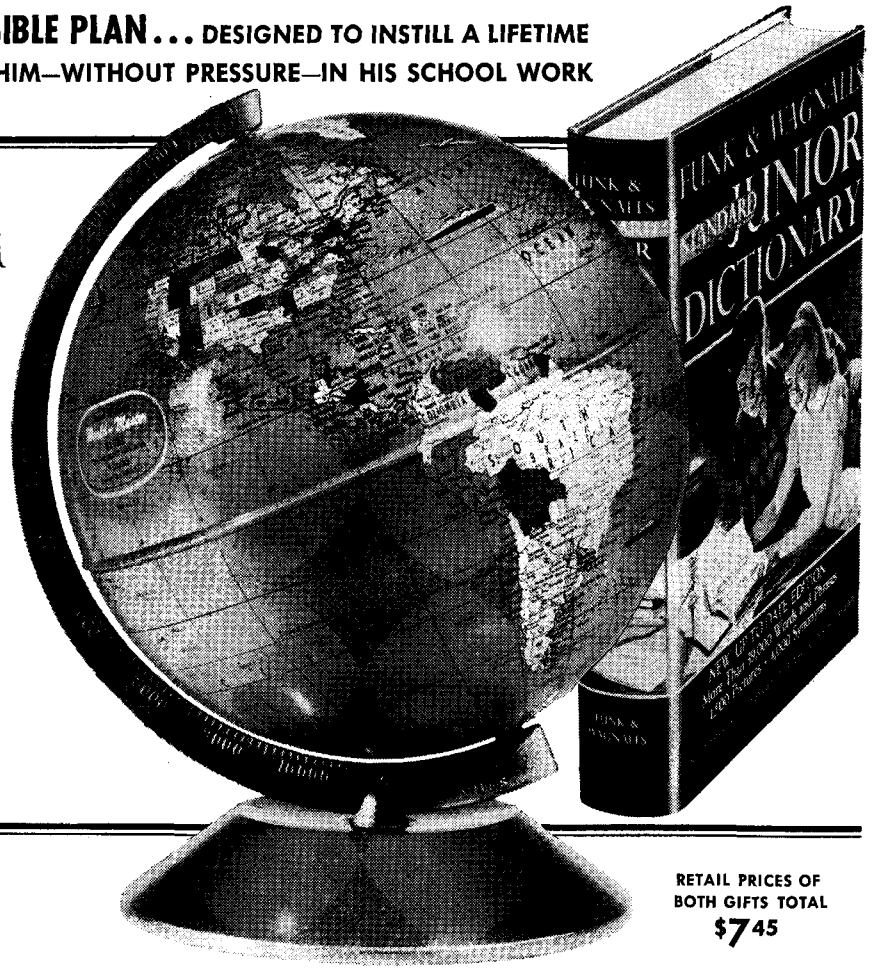

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West Indies Report

the United States. Jamaica, unlike Puerto Rico, has no free entry into the internal market of the United States, but by the carefully planned development of all its resources it has pushed up its national income to just about $280 a head, as compared with about $130 in 1950. Much remains to be done, but both Trinidad and Jamaica have made a strong beginning.

It was once true that the West Indies were picturesque slums on America's doorstep. They are still picturesque, but West Indians hope that those who visit them will see beyond the calypso and the formal beauty of coconut palms to their efforts at social reconstruction and economic development.

This kind of understanding means much to the West Indian. The dynamic for change comes from the national movement, and this has been singularly free from bitterness and hatred. Britain has been a partner in progress, while Americans are making an increasingly important contribution as technical advisers.

Situated as they are between Western Europe and North America, and heirs to Western civilization, West Indians believe that their federation can make a contribution to world ideas. They believe that they demonstrate how differences of race and culture can enrich human society. Their federation is built on the creative use of diversity.

There have been other periods of rapid social change in West Indian history, but the present period is unlike earlier ones because for the first time the West Indian community itself has the power, through its local and federal governments, to influence the process of change and of development. The new federal government is, therefore, an instrument for development, an expression of national unity, and an affirmation of the brotherhood of man.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Race and the schools

SIR:

I should like to congratulate you on printing such a fine article in the January *Atlantic*, "Race and the Schools" by Agnes E. Meyer. It is good to hear for a change that we are doing something for the Negro rather than beating him down. The author's word of caution on too hasty an integration is well put. She has a good insight into the whole problem and knows how to express it in writing. She takes into account all aspects — cultural, psychological, economic — and the rights of *all* people.

MARGARET MCGORY
Newton, N. J.

SIR:

I wonder if Mrs. Meyer realizes the logical implication in her repeated comparison of Puerto Ricans with the "white" race?

Since according to recent statistics over 80 per cent of the population of Puerto Rico is classed as white of European origin, about 3 per cent as Negro, and the remainder as mixed Negro, white, and Indian, it would be interesting to know what ethnic characteristic justifies prejudice inciting differentiation.

FRANK A. WATLINGTON
San Juan, Puerto Rico

SIR:

Mrs. Meyer makes a telling argument for the go-slow policy in desegregation, but her criticism of the NAACP is unfortunate and, I think, unfair. Unfortunate, because it seems to countenance the deep South's shameless effort to choke off legal action by discrediting the NAACP. (The laws hamstringing the NAACP in five states are only the worst excesses of this effort.) Unfair, because the charges made by Mrs. Meyer tend to distort the facts.

No one can disagree with her assertion that overaccelerating desegregation regardless of the effect upon schools will injure the Negro's cause and hamper the education of all children. But to say that "The teachers and Negro parents are keenly aware of these psychological problems, but the leaders of the NAACP ignore them in deciding their policies" is to posit a hiatus between the NAACP and the Negro people which does not exist in fact.

MRS. ALBERT E. HUSSEY
Alexandria, Va.

I personally —

SIR:

Yesterday I reread "Jukebox on Wheels" by Raymond Loewy in your April, 1955, issue, kept because it expressed my own opinions exactly. Couldn't you have him and others do repeats often — even more emphatically?

To me and many of the people I know, the cars then were bad enough, but today they are blatantly lacking in good taste and design — no lines, just barges on wheels.

LOUISE P. MEALEY
Wayzata, Minn.

SIR:

I have read Fairfax M. Cone's defense of the advertisers, with his haughty challenge ("Advertising Is Not a Plot," January *Atlantic*). He names "Our ten largest mass-circulation magazines" and asks "just which of their editors and publishers are held in advertising bondage, or, better still, tell us *one* who has ever brought up for advertiser or advertising agency discussion an editorial item or feature that he himself questioned, pro or con, on principle."

Permit me to inform Mr. Cone, who is somewhat too young, that back in the days of the amiable President Taft one of us "muckrakers" made the profound remark, "There are horses that stand without hitching."

UPTON SINCLAIR
Monrovia, Calif.

SIR:

"Advertising Is Not a Plot" offers a stabilizing effect in the advertising-gone-overboard arguments. The real reason for the furor is probably that we have been subjected to such overdoses of political salesmanship that we are unknowingly shifting the blame to advertising in general.

I suspect there are many, like myself, who take an almost fiendish delight in not responding to advertising tripe. And I suppose I'd miss the sport if I didn't have a chance at it.

RAY SOUTHWORTH
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

The *Atlantic* is to be congratulated for publishing the unpopular home truths in "Hospital Ward" (Anonymous, December *Atlantic*). A sickening amount of misleading "inspiration" is proffered or sold to polio victims, among others. However, as one who spent seven months in three hospitals because of this disease and who observed a good many other polio patients, I have one demur to

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SHE STEPPED from a SLUM into a KING'S VILLA

Little Nathalie in the two years of her life has known desertion, cruel poverty and hunger. Her mother and she were abandoned by her father. Handicapped by Nathalie's need of her, the mother could not find work. Penniless, the landlord threatened to evict them from their miserable one room in the slums of Paris. Distracted and not knowing where to turn, hungry and with no food for her child, the mother begged shelter for Nathalie in a CCF-affiliated Paris orphanage. It was filled to capacity and money was very short, but pity won over prudence and she was admitted. She thereby stepped from a slum into a king's villa, for the orphanage occupies what was once a summer home erected for Henry the First of France. Here in this quaint and beautiful old place, Nathalie now lives with 100 happy and charming children.

There are many little Nathalies in France—helpless infants, sickly from bad and insufficient food, children of the streets, children of lost or indifferent parents, all deplorably in need of help and a friend. They can be "adopted" like Nathalie is, and have a safe and wholesome home in France—or in any of the countries listed below. The cost to the contributor is the same in all of these countries—$10 a month. The contributor receives the child's name, address, picture and story and may correspond with his child.

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Anonymous — that he passes too quickly over the role of the will.

The will cannot bring dead muscles to life, but it can have an effect on how well the remaining muscle fibers are used. Between two patients who get the same grades on muscle tests there can be remarkable differences in performance. In marginal cases, whether one gets around, and how, can be decided by will and skill.

EDWARD LE COMTE
New York City

The Atlantic "Firsts"

SIR:

Let me congratulate you on your "First," Betty Andrews Blunt's "The Honeymoon" (January *Atlantic*). For some time I have been reading hopefully the Atlantic "First" authors and have always been somewhat disappointed for one reason or another. Not this time! She is superb and I do hope to see more of her work.

Indeed, after reading it, I actually felt I understood myself a little better as a woman — a rare experience within the confines of the short story.

MRS. JAMES E. KEHR
Somerville, Mass.

Space travel and Carl Rose

SIR:

Having just read Carl Rose's "Space Travel and I" (January Accent on Living), I submit the following for his education:

My dear Mr. Rose
Do you really suppose
That the Lorentz-FitzGerald length preference
Is observed with the eyes
Of one's fellow space guys
In the same, as we say, frame of reference?

To conform to the view
Which you illustrate too
Is a dastardly threat to the nation
At this time of discords
In our R and D boards
And this year's Senate Investigation.

By George, man, I say
It's been many a day
Since I've read an essay so sophistic
It ignores science lore
From the wheel to the Thor
And it's downright un-Relativistic.

ROBERT BERINGER
Physics Department, Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

SIR:

The *Atlantic* is the best magazine in the world. I ought to know; I

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have read everything in it for over thirty years. I find it stretches my mind. Sometimes it bothers me, but it never bores me; not even the pieces about fishing.

The last time I went fishing was with my father and his friend Will Allen in a rowboat for perch on a still lake on a hot day, when I was six years old. After two hours of blistering tedium I landed with the conviction that I had been the only adult on board, and the resolve that there would be no more such foolishness for me.

Yet through all those pieces about fishing I wade like a lamb. I don't swim; I might get hooked. In the shallows I nibble the English as crisp as watercress.

But there ought to be a law against articles like Carl Rose's "Space Travel and I." It is disastrously funny. Coming back from New York to Hartford on the New Haven the other night I struck that article at Meriden. I tried to put it down, but I couldn't. I gurgled and shook. I rocked and rolled. I choked and wept. Stern ladies sitting near me, knowing well that there is never anything to laugh at on a New Haven train, showed by their faces that they thought I must have been drunk or crazy.

They probably recognized me. I hold a public post in a sober calling. If they talk, I shall be ruined, and it will be all your fault, Mr. Editor, yours and Mr. Rose's. I wonder whether I could recover at law? I doubt it. I have not yet recovered my sobriety. Whatever happens to my good name, perhaps it was good for my nature to be pulled this way and that so irresistibly.

RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD
The Hartford Seminary Foundation
Hartford, Conn.

A biography of "Copey"

SIR:

I am at work on a biography of Copey of Harvard (Charles Townsend Copeland), which is to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. I should appreciate any material for this project, including the loan of any correspondence which may be in the hands of *Atlantic* readers. I can be addressed either at the New York *Times*, or, preferably, at my home, 444 East 57th Street, New York 22, New York.

J. DONALD ADAMS
New York City

The Answers To Life's 4 BIG QUESTIONS

Man has split the atom and aims rockets at the moon. He compounds a drug that halts an epidemic . . . invents missiles that can destroy a city oceans away. He finds ways to make men grow taller . . . live longer . . . enjoy comforts once not even imagined.

But with all our gains in learning . . . all our progress in science . . . life's four most important questions remain to be answered in the mind and conscience of each individual.

Sooner or later, every man must ask himself: What am I? Whence have I come? Why am I here? Where am I bound?

These, of course, are questions which the physical sciences do not even pretend to answer, for such questions deal with something beyond the physical . . . something that cannot be seen or heard or touched—man's spiritual soul.

As with people of other faiths, Catholics also instinctively ask themselves these four most vital of all questions. And, like anyone else, they would be lost in bewilderment and fear if they depended on their own reasoning alone for the answers. But the answers become clear . . . and convincing to their human understanding . . . in the light of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

With only reason to guide us we might conclude, as some do, that man is merely a creature with a higher IQ than other creatures. We might conduct our lives, as some do, with the evident conviction that this life is the only one we will live, and that we should get all possible material pleasures from it. We might contend, as some do, that we are merely a composition of chemical elements and not the product of divine creation, and that we owe no obligation to a Creator.

But if reason alone cannot answer these four most perplexing questions, it should at least warn us that these questions do demand an answer. Catholics find the consolation of completely credible answers in the age-old teachings of the Church, expounded by Our Lord and perpetuated by the Apostles and their successors.

Even though you may not want to be a Catholic, it will be a help and inspiration to you to understand what the Catholic Church teaches and what Catholics believe concerning man's origin, purpose and destiny. It will help you, we are sure, to answer satisfactorily in your own mind, the questions: What am I? Whence have I come? Why am I here? Where am I bound?

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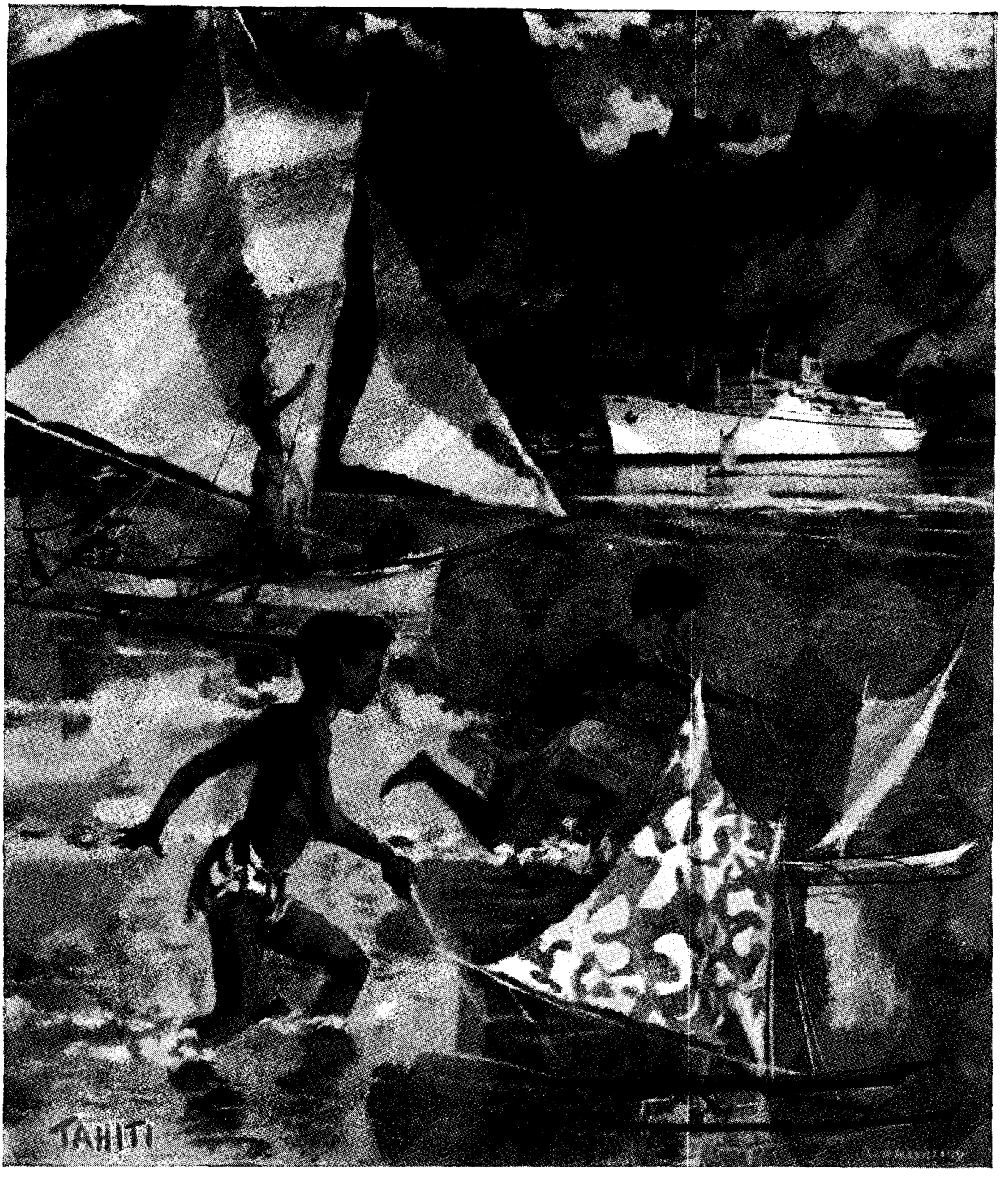

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THE ATLANTIC

THE SINGER FROM NOONDAY REST

A True Story of China Today

BY NORA WALN

In 1921 NORA WALN, *a Quaker brought up in the Grampian Hills of Pennsylvania, became the adopted daughter of an ancient family then dwelling in their large cantonment known as the House of Exile in Hopei Province. She lived within the family walls for more than two years, an experience which she recaptured in her oft-printed book* THE HOUSE OF EXILE, *and during her days there she made friends with a blind ballad singer whose art and whose fate in Red China she now depicts.*

THE strings from his lute are in my hand. Seven pages of neat brush writing tell me in Chinese characters of one who is my friend. His clan name is Chao. For thirty-five years I have been associated with him as one of his story writers.

The Chinese Communist Party Tribunal, called the People's Court, has found him guilty of heresy. The letter writer with his fine furred brush has used seven pages to explain his crime. I translate it with one word. He is sentenced to death. While he still lives there is an opportunity for his pardon.

I am told in detail how to come. Because I married an Englishman, formerly a commissioner in the Chinese postal service, at Shanghai it should be easily possible for me to acquire a British passport. After that there will be no bother. All will be arranged for me to fly from London Airport to the airport at Ulan Bator — the Red Gate. "Come back to visit the land that is your second homeland, where the people sing your songs," the letter says.

On each neatly balanced page of my letter is written this: "Mao Tse-tung ten thousand years! The sun is rising in the east. China has brought forth a Mao Tse-tung." When I first met Mao Tse-tung we were all young. It was in Changsha. He came with his two brothers to listen to the Singer from Noonday Rest in a program in which the blind young minstrel used two songs written by Mao's brother, Mao Tse-ming.

Since the elimination of brutal members of the Chinese Communist Party, Mao Tse-tung has adopted a policy traditional in China. People convicted of a crime are no longer beheaded, shot, or strangled. They are banished to work out the death sentence. This leaves the way open for return home should the prisoner repent. The Singer from Noonday Rest has been sent to Outer Mongolia. He is to be used at hard labor until life leaves his body. He is a man of sixty-three or -four with unusual vitality. Although he is blind he has been assigned as an earth carrier to the labor corps of a master builder, toiling somewhere beyond the city of white felt tents and magnificent Lama temples, which we used to call Urga and which has been renamed Ulan Bator.

The fate of the Singer from Noonday Rest is not unique. He is one of twelve thousand Chinese men, women, and children — prisoners and volunteers — who are a gift from the Chinese Communist Party to the Mongolian Communist Party. The Singer's wife and two of their many grand-

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sons, the identical twins, are virtuous volunteers to the gift to Mongolia. She is in her sixties. The boys are not yet fourteen. The three are counted one. They have been generously accepted as one man, or one woman, although the labor master had doubts that they would be equal in strength to one person at the prime of life. In China, we count labor in *ku-li* — lifting strength. There is nothing strange to me in the labor count which makes the number sent to the Red Gate twelve thousand.

The job of the twelve thousand is to help build a mighty plant for the production of atomic energy. This plant is one of many to be raised by Communist cooperation in Asia. I will be able to read about the great plan for further Eurasian unity in my newspapers, because it is on the agenda for discussion while Mao Tse-tung is at Moscow, on his second journey abroad.

As I read my letter I have the same feeling I always have about my second homeland. I am through the looking glass in Alice's Wonderland.

THE SINGER from Noonday Rest took his working title from the name of the walled town, Noonday Rest, beside the Grand Canal in Hopei Province where he met the girl he loved and married. By stamina and the earnest development of his talents, the blind minstrel rose to the top in his profession as an entertainer. He asked high prices and got them when he was free and successful. I well remember a practice he followed, when fame and fortune were his. At the close of each engagement, before he traveled to the next place of work, he took from his earnings what he estimated he would need until paid again. The remainder he divided in two. He sent a postal order for half to his wife for use in their household at Noonday Rest. Then he searched for needy children, maimed soldiers far from their kin, and neglected elderly people. He invested his surplus for their benefit. He told me that he did not start this practice until he had a family homestead clear of debt and the endorsement of his wife, his foster father, his sons, and his daughter to this system of showing Heaven gratitude for his success.

In his personal expenditures, the Singer from Noonday Rest usually was frugal. His daily meals were simple. He often bought dinner from the cooks who go about with their charcoal kitchens swinging from a shoulder pole. His favorite garb was loose-fitting trousers and a long gown, both of blue cotton cloth, padded in winter, unlined in summer, such as is generally worn by workers in China; and even in quite cool weather he had straw sandals on his narrow bare feet.

He never bought himself silk garments. He would put on silk for New Year and other festival occasions at home when his wife insisted and when she had fine clothes ready for all her household; and he often was required to use gorgeous garments when he performed at parties given by rich merchants, before the Communists came to power, and later when the Communist government hired him to entertain visitors to China from neighboring lands. He did work for Communists and anti-Communists alike before attempts were made to dictate a rewriting of his story material. He was sometimes told to keep the embroidered silks for his work, but he left them in the dressing rooms. He traveled light, with no change of clothes, carrying his lute cradled in his left arm. He washed his garments in wayside streams or he stayed in a bathhouse while he had his garments laundered. He was a clean-looking, tidy man.

In the era when people were unafraid of one another, his warm nature attracted friends. He loved children, flowers, and gay companions. Feeling lonely when out on a work circuit, he might hire a room in a restaurant and fill it with congenial men for a merry evening. He collected plants, cuttings, seeds — jasmine from Kansu, sweet-smelling pinks from Shensi, wild peonies from Yunnan — fetching them home to plant in the garden. One of his delights was to visit Buddhist orphanages and give the little ones a surprise party. He used to take candy and a tiny gift for each child and nun. Frequently he was accompanied by other roving entertainers who were his friends — a clown, a magician, or a man with a clever question-answering pig. They performed and he told children's stories.

When I am with my friend, I am seldom conscious that his soft brown eyes cannot see what I see. He stands tall and he moves like a confident man. I never knew him to employ a guide or use a walking stick. Striding out sometimes causes him to tumble. He jokes about his clumsiness. I have noticed him stop and listen in unfamiliar places. Occasionally, he would whistle, wait for the sound's vibration, then go on. Once he told me that getting readjusted to life after he lost his sight was not easy, but when he had done it he knew that any other blind person could do as much, by wanting to.

The Singer calls himself a wife-made man. However interesting the wonderful places he visited in his work, he always was eager to get back to his wife. They have an extraordinarily happy marriage. They delight each other when together and they trust each other when apart. She was a drummer girl traveling with a roaming theatrical company when they met. They tell that they fell in love immediately. Neither had

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any money saved. Both had to go on working. As often as possible their paths crossed.

They were married in a Buddhist temple at Sian-fu, then had to part. They had a son, and the minstrel did not meet the child until it could walk. They had a second son. The babies traveled with their working mother. Both husband and wife have generous yet thrifty natures. She managed their family affairs, and when they could afford for her to settle, the wanderers chose to have their home in Noonday Rest.

In the period of their prosperity they bought a charming homestead. I often stayed in this home, working for the blind minstrel at making ballads. I have not seen the place since it was taken as a People's Government Re-education Center for farmers. When I knew it, the homestead was high-walled. The only entrance from the Big Horse Road, which runs south to north through the town, was a wide door of solid planks, painted bright red, which was for centuries the color for joy in China. This entrance was called the To-and-from-the-World door. Within the door I found modest comfort and much happiness.

Across the entrance, inside the homestead's outer court, there was a gay dragon screen of porcelain-faced brick in bright green and blue and gold, put there to give privacy to the family when the To-and-from-the-World door was open. They owned two courtyards, each with four small houses. The houses faced in on the courtyards, which were paved in part and had insets of trees, shrubs, and flowers. In each court a lovely stone lantern was lit with a fat candle, when there was no moonlight. A round opening called a moon gate connected the courts, and a second moon gate opened into a plot at the rear where vegetables and fruit were grown. Chickens were kept in a wired yard; fish were in a small pond and ducks swam on its waters. Beside the pond, the Singer built an arbor, planted roses to climb over it, then made a table and benches. The family often sat there in pleasant weather.

As soon as they had a home large enough to share, the Singer and his wife began taking in those they loved. When last I stayed at Noonday Rest, they had in their household the Singer's foster father, a retired actor; their two married sons and their families; their married daughter and hers; three aged minstrels who have no known kin; and a boy named Yen who lost his family and home in a bombing at Chungking. Amid the rubble, Yen had latched on to the minstrel, who bought the little boy a wash and a meal, and left him at a restaurant table. Next morning he woke to find Yen asleep, curled up beside his lute, on a Yangtse River steamer which was homeward bound. The vessel had come many miles downriver on the swift current during the night. What could the Singer do other than bring Yen home with him?

Both sons and the son-in-law were roving minstrels. They sent money home by postal orders. The foster father gave lessons. He had his school in a corner of the Temple of the Town Gods, where there is a fine wall against which learning actors can resound their words. The three aged minstrels gave lessons in storytelling to music. They had their school in the west house of the outer court.

The Singer and his wife have many darling grandchildren, growing up talented and lively, all musical. The household was a place where actors, minstrels, and we who wrote for the Singer and his sons were welcomed as beloved kin. Alas, Yen is tone-deaf. It is difficult to comprehend, yet true, that Yen cannot recognize the plainest melody, or tell a story in key with an instrument. But he is a born genius with the writing brush. He now has a job in Peking, and it was he who wrote the seven-page letter to me.

The magic of Yen's writing brush is not the only magic which was in this homestead. The general sitting room was in the south-facing house of the inner court. This room had a curtained-off recess with a shelf where a small wooden bowl was kept. The bowl was blessed by a Taoist priest and given to the Singer's wife. It was called the magic bowl, and was named for the wooden bowl in a popular children's story of a bowl which was never full and never empty unless greedy hands destroyed its power.

Near the bowl, on the same shelf, a pot of tea was kept warm in a padded tea basket, with cups for the thirsty. The recess was curtained so that a person going in for a casual cup of tea could take money out of the magic bowl, or put money in, without the embarrassment of being seen. Many visiting actors, minstrels, and other roving entertainers used the bowl. Theirs is a profession in which luck is not steady. I saw its contents go up and go down. I never knew this little wooden bowl to be either full or empty.

When first I became acquainted with the Singer from Noonday Rest it was winter, the winter of 1922. He was hired for two months in the Lin homestead, where I am an adopted daughter, to lessen the tedium of our work with his music and stories. There was much weaving to be done. The family had planted cotton seed from Egypt in fields previously used for other crops. The weather

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favored its growth, and civil war hampered its transport to Tientsin for sale.

Local merchants viewed our long-staple cotton with doubt. They would buy it only if woven into good cloth and dyed with native indigo. Lin men wanted to make a profit. The family council met. Lin women and girls, assisted by neighbors, would undertake the job on condition that a minstrel be provided. Uncle Keng-lin recommended the young Singer recently settled at Noonday Rest, whose name had been given him by a friend.

A messenger was sent to bring the minstrel and his wife, who would weave, and two small sons. As was then the custom in big families, the newcomers were settled in the Lin homestead; their children cared for, when the parents were busy, in the garden of children with ours. The Singer's wife was an excellent worker. Making no mention that she was a musician, she spun and wove and helped steep indigo plants for the dye. The minstrel was in the great hall of family gathering, which had been prepared for our workroom.

We were thirty or forty that morning. Several women and girls queried the minstrel on his story material. It was agreed that he open with a fox legend or two. These are allegories in which women change into foxes and foxes change into beautiful women, often able to help men by magic. His voice carried amid the noises of our labor, without irritating loudness; but his *yue-ch'in* — shaped like a half apple — was poor. The four strings all screeched.

Several women slipped off and complained to our family elders. Uncle Keng-lin came and listened. He beckoned to me, and he sent me to his study to bring a special four-stringed *p'i-p'a* lute from his collection of fine musical instruments. Uncle spent his years from twenty to sixty in trade at Tientsin, dealing successfully in jute, cotton, pig bristles, and such commodities. After he returned home with a fortune, he made minstrels his life interest. I returned to our workplace with the lute. My uncle took the worthless guitar from the Singer and put into the blind man's hands the pear-shaped *p'i-p'a*.

"I am lending you a partner," he said.

Surprise flushed the minstrel's sensitive face. He was given a while to examine the beautiful instrument with fingers and ears, then Uncle Keng-lin asked him to play. Nobody was working. We waited tensely. He started with chords, six notes to the octave, tribal music from the hills of Hunan. His fingers were strong on the rose-red strings, yet he plucked them gently. Harmony was in every note. My sister Mai-da smiled at Uncle Keng-lin and started her spinning of thread. In a few minutes the minstrel played seriously, his scale the ancient five notes with half notes and quarter notes interposed, his nostrils flaring to the music's keening. He had felt our displeasure, and now his fear of us left him. We were perhaps cruel, yet we had reason. Thread breaks in the making when the minstrel is not capable.

He gave us *Flowing Water* without words, and *High Mountain*. Our minds knew peace. We in the great hall were industriously silent except for the steady whir of our spinning. He sang *Wild Geese Alighting on a Sandy Beach*, a charming folk song. My hands were moving to the faster rhythm, and I saw that others were working fast. Without asking for tea to rest his throat, he did a *pien-wen* narrative, in prose and verse, in the form called *tai-yen-t'i*, which means that he impersonated two characters. It was a dialogue that set us laughing.

Our family matriarch came to the door and looked in on us. She joined our laughter, and waited. At the story's end, she called a halt to our toil by making a sharp noise with her clappers, the *pan-ts*, tied with gold cord. It was time for a refreshment break. Servants brought hot tea and tiny pastries, warm from the stove, filled with savory or sweet, steamed or deep-fried; and as they served us they inspected our work and gave advice. The Singer had three cups of tea, but refused to eat and began to strum the theme music to a fox legend.

"Content?" asked Uncle Keng-lin, turning slowly, searching us all, women and girls over the big room. "Satisfied with my minstrel?"

We were. Never did any of us, ever again, find fault with the Singer from Noonday Rest. His partner, the lute, suited him. Our helpers from neighboring homes spread the news about our entertainer, who could amuse and charm with his music and stories. Every day the number of our helpers grew. At the start of the weaving we were nearly a hundred women and girls.

In North China, the winter of 1922 was very cold. We had below-zero weather and hard driving winds. Our high-ceilinged workplace had no heat other than braziers can give. Our town did not have electricity then, nor does it yet. Our power had to come from ourselves. We were dependent upon the sun and moon for light. Candles would have been dangerous amid all that cotton. Plain weaving is monotonous. But it was a time to recall with pleasure. We were lively and gay. Without the Singer we could not have worked so cheerfully.

Dyeing and drying was begun as soon as cloth piled up. As fast as material was finished, the local merchants started coming in to view the blue cloth, feel it, measure, and fold. Lin men were well satisfied with the prices paid for the good long-staple cotton. And the Singer from

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Noonday Rest did business. The merchants listened to him tell his stories and the town committee hired him for the Spring Plowing Festival.

Near the end of the cloth-making, Uncle Keng-lin told Mai and me to take, unnoticed, enough blue material to make a traveling dress for the lute. In the safety of Uncle's room we cut and sewed the stolen stuff by candlelight. We finished as much of it as we could without a fitting. Then, the last day, the minstrel was asked to give the lute back to its owner that evening. Through the night Mai and I stitched. Uncle Keng-lin helped with the shaping. We lined the cover so that it would give double protection. It fitted neatly, snug but not too tight for easy putting on and off.

The final lot of material was ready for delivery to the buyers on the contracted date, the season called *Ching Che* — "the awakening of insects" — when people make their spring clothes. The morning after we were done, the minstrel was paid his promised fee. Then he and his family, dressed in their travel clothes, went to the ancestral altar and gave thanks for the comforts of the house. Next they went to the three eastern courtyards, where the family elders were gathered, and *kowtowed*. They were requested to stand up quickly, reminded that these were new times; and they were given ample blue cloth to make new clothes for the Singer's family. Then they came to the outer court, where we lesser ones were waiting to bid them farewell.

Mai made a dramatic stir with the littlest child. She held him close in her arms while he cried to stay and she cried to keep him. We hugged and cried and laughed and begged the Singer and his wife to put off leaving until tomorrow. In two months they had become our friends, in a relationship that has tied our hearts closer and closer with every passing year.

The great double doors of our homestead had been opened wide for their departure. Rickshaw runners were ready. Down through the town, out beyond the Red Bird gate, at the Grand Canal wharf, the Lin-owned boat carrying freight and passengers could not start until the Singer from Noonday Rest and his family were aboard. That was our elders' order to the captain.

Uncle Keng-lin came. He had the lute in its travel cover, looking chic. "Time to go," said he firmly, putting the enchanting lute into the cradle of the Singer's left arm. "I am lending you a lifetime partner."

THE SINGER from Noonday Rest was twenty-eight or -nine when he helped us make good cloth, dyed a clear blue. In the years since then he has been in and out of the Lin homestead, hired many times to hasten work or help celebrate great occasions; and he had many other patrons in our town. He usually could be hired in the second moon of the moon calendar year. Wherever he traveled he tried to get home to his family at Noonday Rest for the New Year month; and as that month advanced, Uncle Keng-lin would send a messenger to ask the Singer to come to us. Before we were married, my sister Mai and I, under Uncle Keng-lin's guidance, worked for the Singer from Noonday Rest as craftswomen. Our job was to fit stories he wished to tell to the lute's music, breaking the narratives he gave us into verse and prose, interposed with useful tunes.

We did not need to be with the Singer to be his craftworkers, but we found it helpful when we could be. He used professional letter writers to send us his story and instructions. In later years, when he was at home, Yen wrote the letters. Mai and I were lucky in that after our marriages we lived close together for ten years, at Nanking, Canton, and Tientsin; but even while I lived fifteen years in France, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and England, the Singer from Noonday Rest employed me; and when I returned to Asia in 1947, I felt I had never been away.

Because I worked for him, I know where the Singer traveled. He set himself the task, after he had been staying with us in our homes at Nanking and at Canton, of visiting every one of the eighteen provinces of China, so that he could become acquainted with his land and its people. It was 1928 when he started this task. It took him twenty-three years. He revisited his birthplace and he traveled over again to places where he had been as a boy actor.

He carried no passport other than the charm of his lute's music, the enchantment of his stories. He sold entertainment to war lords and civil governors, to merchants and to villagers; he sang in motion picture theaters and once performed standing on the wing of a fallen airplane, when his audience was a crowd of gathered farmers, their wives, and children. He was welcomed by anti-Communists and Communists, and he met no hindrances of importance during the years when parts of China were under Japanese occupation. He felt no shame when he performed, for pay, to please Japanese who spoke Chinese. By long tradition a minstrel is not a bearer of information a spy might carry. And roving entertainers look on all men as brothers.

Everywhere he went he sold his stories and he collected experiences and folk songs. He went by foot over the narrow paved ways along which the bulk of Chinese merchandise is transported by pack carriers, called *ku-li*. He used boats on rivers

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and canals, paying his fare with songs. He traveled by railway, in passenger cars and up front with engineers. He even got free lifts in airplanes.

He had an opportunity to travel with Chinese merchandise sent to Katmandu in Nepal and return with the goods for which it was exchanged. He took the offer. As a joke, the Tientsin merchant who did the business labeled the Singer exactly the same as a package. He went by the ancient pack road into Tibet, across the wonderful land where mountains touch the sky; on and on in the Himalayas, down into Nepal.

The merchant to whom he was sent in Katmandu took the Singer to places of scenic and historic interest. He learned through this man's glowing words how the shops, the pagodas, the temples, the palaces, and the dwellings of ordinary people look. He met the minstrels of Nepal. They could not converse with words. They could talk through their musical instruments. He gathered fascinating music.

When he returned to China, he gave his story writers much work. The tales of his trip became instantly popular. He always began with the strange, beautiful, entrancing music, then he would say, "Wherever a person travels, friends await his coming. In every land live the friendly, the kind, the good."

His lute responded to the music of Nepal as if made for it. The Singer kept his partner near him at home and abroad, day and night. He never stood it in a draft, let it burn in the hot sun, or failed to dry it carefully after traveling through rain. If the weather was extremely cold, he warmed the lute before he played. The wonderful beauty of the pear-shaped instrument was dramatic when he took off the plain cover of blue cotton cloth. Audiences used to lean forward astonished, and draw in their breath, "Ah-yi."

Often I have seen his listeners sit as in a trance when he ended, and come to motion as from far away. He never felt himself successful with a tale unless he made his hearers live it. My sister Mai and I used to be commissioned to make for him blithe tunes to play at the moment of a hero's right decision; gradually dwindling fragments of music for a fallen soldier's soul to be carried to heaven on; and bitonal pieces in remotely related keys for his story characters who had a dual nature.

Sometimes he used music to frame his story, more often in the story to break it, giving his voice a rest. He always told or sent us the straightforward narrative he wished to use. For instance, in his *Songs of the Long March*, he sent to me at Castle Veseli in Czechoslovakia the facts about the crossing of the burning bridge, and I made it into the ballad *Brave Youth*, with lute music.

Every minstrel has to cultivate his powers of suggestion so as to present fiction as real; ghosts must walk naturally among ordinary people, good and evil spirits be believable, the marvelous and fantastic seem a true happening during the telling. The Singer from Noonday Rest used fewer and fewer gestures as he perfected his art. He would look up and speak, and there was a castle, a river, a star in the sky. His timing amazed me. It must be intuitive. He could not see his audiences, but he kept pace with their expectancy. He improvised during each story's telling, lengthened or shortened, built to a climax, according to the "feel" of his listeners.

For the Singer from Noonday Rest, heroes and heroines must be men and women just and honorable and kind. Children must learn good from evil; therefore a storyteller teaches morals. He used many romantic love stories. In his treasury are stories of love between men and women, child and adult, friend and friend. He defined love to us carefully. Love enjoys, delights, enriches, is warm and faithful. That which tries to dominate, to change, to improve, or is jealous is not love. He sang again and again the famous, popular love stories which brighten the pages of Chinese history.

The Singer is a Taoist. In his storytelling violence never conquers the soul. Untruth, however powerful, does not destroy truth. He used stories from Chinese history in which emperors have boiled people in vats of oil, buried them alive, banished them to toil at digging canals or building the Great Wall until dead; through these tales he taught that the truth these people died to defend lives on. Often he employed us, for pay, to make these stories farcical with added music and ballads.

"Life for those who gather to hear an entertainer is grim enough," he said. "I prefer to induce laughter rather than tears. There is no harm in ribald jokes which give healthy belly-shaking laughter, but the best seller, in China, is *huei hsin ti wei hsiao* — the humor which evokes the smile of meeting hearts."

Fame and fortune will be his again if the minstrel will change his mind about the road he has now chosen to follow. His household are scattered, some gone here, some there. If he repents he can have a fine home in Peking, or Sian-fu; comfort for his family, honor and acclaim. If he wants to do so, he can return to China and be a star on Peking radio, or a professor at the school for training minstrels, which the People's Government opened last year. As it is, he is forbidden to sing or play.

I can never forget the Singer from Noonday Rest.

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The author of several books, including AMERICAN CAPITALISM, A THEORY OF PRICE CONTROL, *and* THE GREAT CRASH, 1929, JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH *is professor of economics at Harvard. He spent his boyhood on the Canadian border close to Detroit and within range of the legends which have overlaid the stubborn genius of Henry Ford.*

Detail from a cartoon by J. M. Darling

THE MYSTERY OF HENRY FORD

BY JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

HENRY FORD built the most famous car of all time, certainly the greatest manufacturing enterprise of its day; he would still be selected by a majority of literate people of the world as the most successful industrialist so far. No other American of this century, Roosevelt doubtlessly excepted, has been of such interest. This interest, in turn, has sustained a vast literature. Yet despite all that has been said and written, no man remains quite such a mystery to the historian as Henry Ford. Was he indeed a genius, and if so why did he do so many foolish things — things that were damaging to himself and his company no less than to others? Or was he ignorant and wrong-headed, even insane? In that case, how account for the phenomenal enterprise he created?

Henry Ford died of a cerebral hemorrhage eleven years ago at the age of eighty-three. In the decade since his death these questions have remained unanswered, and perhaps before they are answered men will cease to ask them. Still the matter is worth a try, and thanks to the memoirs of Ford subordinates, the labors of skilled and diligent historians, and the good sense and responsibility of the Ford family in making their record available for study, there is now more to go on than ever before.

The literature of Ford and the Ford Motor Company has passed through three distinct phases. Ford and his company became nationally and internationally famous in 1914, the year of the five-dollar day. For the next fifteen years the Ford literature was composed in a mood of nearly unalloyed wonder. Authors visited Highland Park, where the moving assembly line was born and which was the main center of manufacturing until the close of World War I, and thereafter the vast plant on the River Rouge. Their only problem was to find adjectives. For many authors the wonder was unquestionably heightened by the fact that these were the first manufacturing plants of any kind that they had seen.

And if the plants were marvelous, so must be their owner, for no American businessman was more intimately identified with his enterprise than Ford. From almost the beginning he owned a majority of the stock, and after 1919 he owned the whole company, lock, stock, and barrel. Until he was eighty, Henry Ford remained the most powerful figure in the company he founded.

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Ford was himself, at least nominally, one of the largest sources of this approving literature. Although nothing in the Ford legend is better established than his rustic contempt for the man of words, he authored three books in the twenties and early thirties. Together they had a large circulation, and all spoke exceedingly well of Ford's accomplishments and intentions. And perhaps immodesty should not be hinted, for they were written to the last paragraph by Samuel Crowther. A few samples of Ford's writing have survived in the form of letters. His syntax and spelling have the unpredictability of the planetary transmission.

One may add that these books, apart from glorifying Ford, showed a virtuosity both in rewriting history and in devising a rationale for earlier decisions that would today seem impressive even to a biographer of Mr. Dulles. Thus it was that Ford's ideas on the importance of keeping clear of the banks, on how to run a railroad, on mass production, the moving assembly line, and the five-dollar day were formed and retrospectively issued. Ford used to say: "We go forward without facts and we learn the facts as we go along." Charles Sorenson (not a hostile witness) has said that he should have added: "I have a hunch; and I'll have it put into words if it works out."

But this was a long time later. In the great years Ford's view of Ford was widely accepted at face value. One inquiring journalist was not surprised at learning from Ford (presumably on the basis of some briefing) that he was the twentieth-century Leonardo da Vinci. When Ford promised to rebate every cent of his profits on World War I production, the whole country applauded. When he thriftily reneged later, few noticed.

These years were not without their sour notes. Ford's political adventures inevitably brought attack. The peace ship of 1915 was enthusiastically ridiculed, although possibly it was one of Ford's better ideas. To hope that men and women of good will might mediate a conflict in which the generals had been reduced to marching their men in masses against machine guns was natural if maybe optimistic. In any case, no one had a better plan.

In these years, also, Ford tangled with Colonel McCormick. The *Tribune* was angered by Ford's pacifism in a war which the Colonel was destined, by his subsequent rescript, to win virtually single-handed. It called Ford an "anarchist" and an "ignorant idealist." Ford then made the hideous mistake of suing for libel, and the *Tribune* lawyers undertook gleefully to prove their point at least about the ignorance. When questioned about the American Revolution, Ford remembered imperfectly that there had been one in 1812. He apparently confused Benedict Arnold with one Horace L. who had written a book about the company's shop practices. But these misfortunes did not seriously dim the image of Ford as a great man. Nor did his later adventures in anti-Semitism.

In the depression the Ford literature changed. In 1929 Charles Merz had published his *And Then Came Ford*, a generally factual story of the company and man and the first such history. After 1930 there was no more of Crowther's talented fiction. In the twenties Ford had regularly promised either the incredible or the impossible — flivvers that would fly, pastoral factory towns, a magic wand over Muscle Shoals, farms devoid of drudgery and made prosperous by the sale of soybeans and straw. These things did not happen; but people were willing to believe they might, and so possibly was Ford. In the thirties these visions became less frequent, although they did not entirely cease. As late as 1940, when the country was worriedly assessing its defenses, Henry Ford readily promised a thousand bombers a day.

In the world at large Ford and the Ford Motor Company were vigorously criticized. Men who were knowledgeable in the automobile business said that Ford was not progressive — he had remained frozen to the obsolete Model T. The company was obviously losing ground to G.M. and Chrysler. The good executives had been purged. Harry Bennett and his private army were moving in.

In the years of the proletarian novel and the New Deal, when Ford was anti-union, much of the critical literature was naturally of the Left. But with time the criticism spread. Conservative journals were heard from. So were former Ford executives. For a while during World War II, instead of the thousand bombers a day from Willow Run, it looked as though there would be hardly any. It became known that the government was thinking of taking over. This was damaging, although eventually the bombers came. In 1948 Keith Sward published *The Legend of Henry Ford*. The author's sympathies were plainly with Local 600 of the United Automobile Workers and not with Ford. But it was no shallow partisan tract. Sward documented in detail Ford's shortcomings as an employer, a manufacturer, and as a man. Friendlier observers who followed Sward felt obliged to refute his charges. In the process an almost equally dismal truth often emerged.

The legend of Ford benevolence also received a severe pummeling. And so, toward the end, did the legend of Ford omnipotence. However, no

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one, not even Sward, denied Ford the credit for building the greatest industrial establishment of its day or suggested that in doing so he was less than an industrial superman. The reputation of Ford the great entrepreneur — the man who was capable of first glimpsing opportunity and pioneering where others imitated — remained intact. He was a genius or at least an ex-genius.

Moreover, by the thirties and forties Ford was becoming a folk figure. He helped with his unbelievable promises and also his impenetrable epigrams. ("I never made a mistake, and neither did you.") More important, Ford the man was becoming the beneficiary of the nostalgic affection that was felt for his machine, the immortal Model T. The car was by now a keystone of American humor. Ford joke books were sold. They recounted the yarn about the man who asked that his Ford be buried with him. It had never failed to get him out of a hole. The car and the man had much in common. Both were spare, unadorned, and utilitarian. They were individualists with more than a touch of eccentricity, and in both the eccentricity increased notably with age. In his *Farewell to Model T*, Lee Strout White said in 1936: "The car is fading from the American scene — which is an understatement because to a few million people who grew up with it, the old Ford *was* the American scene." And so, by now, was Henry Ford.

Last of all in the literature of Ford have come the memoirs and the efforts at objective history. Numerous former Ford executives have been encouraged to tell what they remembered of the great days. Even Harry Bennett has published his recollections. In 1956 the memoirs of Charles E. Sorenson (*My Forty Years With Ford*) made their appearance. Sorenson, Cast-Iron Charlie to the trade, had survived longer in Ford's confidence than any other man. He was an able engineer and organizer and a superlative hatchet man. Although he dealt somewhat sketchily in his book with this latter talent, other Ford executives whose careers he ended have gone into it in respectful detail.

However, nothing on Ford compares in significance with the detailed history now being written by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill. The first volume (*Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company*, Scribner's, 1954) told the story up to World War I. The second volume (*Ford: Expansion and Challenge, 1915–1933*), which appeared last year, deals with the years in which the Ford Motor Company reached its zenith and then began to lose ground to its rivals. Another is to come. The second volume covers the period about which there has been the most controversy and on which the public has been provided with the greatest amount of misinformation. This book is superbly researched, and the writing is infinitely superior to the tendentious drivel in which the ordinary company history is offered. The authors are determined to be fair to Ford, yet they deal candidly with an inordinate amount of highly unflattering material. The picture of Ford which they leave is not wholly plausible. But if an acceptable view of Henry Ford ever gains currency, it will owe the most to Nevins and Hill.

The problem is that the authors, like others, are certain that he was a genius. The proof is in the car and the company he built. But can a genius be obtuse and even stupid? Can he be a man of uniformly limited ability, talent, and judgment? There is a mass of evidence, most if it uncontroverted, to show that Ford was all of these things.

Consider the following deficiencies on which the Ford literature is substantially agreed.

As a public figure Ford was untutored, erratic, and incompetent.

This was amply demonstrated. In 1918 he ran for the Senate on the Democratic ticket; and in 1924 he was, for a time, unquestionably bitten by the presidential bug. Neither of these forays did anything to disprove his own exceptionally candid observation that "About politics as a business I know nothing at all," or the acid suggestion of the New York *Times* that his election in 1918 "would create a vacancy both in the Senate and in the automobile business."

Ford made no speeches because he could not speak. His most memorable contribution to political thought was the hint that, if elected Senator, he would take the Ford organization to Washington to help him. When he was reminded during the senatorial campaign of an earlier boast that he had rarely bothered to vote, he let it be known that in 1884, at the age of twenty-one, he had gone promptly to the polls and on his father's advice marked his ballot for President Garfield. That was three years after Garfield had been assassinated.

In his campaign Ford was for Wilson and the League of Nations. But anyone who is impressed by this alignment with the angels must bear in mind his later flirtation with such unrewarding figures as Father Coughlin, Fritz Kuhn, and Gerald L. K. Smith. Nor would any man of political wisdom or even of ordinary political shrewdness have had truck with the Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, a known forgery, or the rest of the racial rubbish that month after month appeared in the *Dearborn Independent* along with

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Ford's own page and which blamed the Jews for virtually every misfortune ever experienced by man. When, in the end, the objection to this farrago became overpowering, Ford set a new standard for audacious falsehood by explaining that someone had put it all in the paper when he wasn't looking. (Previously he had defended it as "eminently fair, temperate, and judicial.")

Ford's much-touted economic and social philosophy was a fraud.

His fame here rested principally on his presumed vision of the rewards of mass production and the importance of high wages. There is complete agreement with Sorenson that Ford's larger ideas on these matters were worked out well after the fact and mostly by the able Samuel Crowther.

Mass production — elaborately synchronized fabrication, flow, and assembly of parts and components and product — was no doubt carried further at Highland Park in the second decade of the century than in any other plant in the world. But this was a development, not an invention. Ideas were borrowed from dozens of other establishments of the day. The Ford engineers and managers were forced to improvise and experiment because of the relentless demand for cars. Ford's own role in this development was certainly no greater than that of several others. The most spectacular of the Ford contributions to mass production was the steadily moving assembly line. Of this, Sorenson avers, Ford was very skeptical.

A number of the more critical authors like Sward, and even Roger Burlingame in his short but thoughtful biography, attribute the five-dollar day to James Couzens. He was seeking, they argue, by one brilliant stroke to stop an excessive labor turnover and to get out more cars. On the weight of the evidence this is at least doubtful. The idea was apparently mooted at a conference at the plant held either on New Year's Day, 1914, or the following Sunday, and it is sensible to believe both that the proposal came from Ford and that he was encouraged to offer it because of the profits the company was making. (In 1913 the company had netted $27 million on sales of around $100 million.) In any case, Ford was in charge, and this kind of decision, as distinct from a general engineering development like mass assembly, must be credited to the boss.

However, it doesn't matter, for Ford continued to be a high-wage employer for only a few years. World War I came and with it inflation. Ford wages for a long while remained the same. By the early twenties the rest of the industry had caught up with Ford (where the minimum had gone to six dollars a day) and for skilled workers others were paying more. Meanwhile, Ford's car had become obsolete, but Ford was still convinced that people would buy if only the price were low enough. The price was low — a Ford roadster cost $290 F.O.B. Detroit in 1926 — and so were costs. They were brought down by taking it out of the men. Sorenson and his associates became the masters of the speed-up. In 1914 the Highland Park plant was no doubt a pleasant and remunerative place to work. By the mid-twenties the River Rouge, from even the most friendly evidence, was a machine-age nightmare. Recalling the early twenties William C. Klann, one of the ablest of the older Ford executives, has said: "Ford was one of the worst shops for driving the men." The driving continued until 1941, when the United Automobile Workers CIO finally organized Ford — the last of the auto makers to yield. By then wages, and more particularly working conditions, in the home of the five-dollar day were definitely substandard. Ford Local 600 would long be a focus of turbulence and left-wing influence. Its members had experienced at first hand the tangible fruits of Ford's wage philosophy.

Even hostile narrators conceded that in the early years of the five-dollar day Ford's welfare programs for his workers had merit. The famous Sociology Department helped immigrant workers to learn English and to protect themselves from the innumerable sharks who sought to appropriate their pay checks. But paternalism degenerated into petty interference and even tyranny. Ford was greatly opposed to his workers having male boarders in their houses. Evidently no wife is really to be trusted. He conducted a relentless crusade against alcohol and tobacco. In the twenties a Ford deliveryman in Omaha, when offered a cigarette for some courtesy, asked with obvious embarrassment if he could keep it until evening. He dared not smoke on duty. When the depression came and the bread lines lengthened, Ford said that it was "wholesome" and that "these are the best times we ever had."

Henry Ford was not a businessman.

On this the evidence is decisive. Ford paid no attention to questions of company organization — there was little after Couzens left — or to administration, costs, marketing, customer preference, or (at least by his own assertion) profits. The older executives at the Ford Motor Company agree that power was not delegated but was appropriated. In the latter years Harry Bennett carried this technique to its logical conclusion by basing his authority on armed force. Balance sheets and cost accounts meant nothing to Henry Ford. Neither did his dealer organization, although when Model T ceased to sell he blamed it on the dealers. One of his contributions to mer-

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chandising Ford cars was to ban advertising for several years. Some will suggest that he had the greatest of all business talents: a sure feel for what the customer wanted. In his greatest day, Ford did; he saw the demand for a durable, cheap car. But in the twenties he failed to see that people, new car buyers at least, were beginning to want something more. He stuck with Model T and surrendered the leadership of the automobile industry to General Motors. He is remembered for saying that the customers could have Model T in any color "so long as it is black." This was refreshing individualism but also supreme indifference to those he served. A good businessman doesn't tell the customer to go to hell.

A considerable part of Ford's business reputation dates back to his success in 1919 in buying out (for a total of $105,820,894.57) the minority stockholders, and then in 1920–1921, when the post-war depression came, saving the company from the influence of the bankers from whom he had borrowed to buy the stock. Ford had received a credit of $75 million, not all of which was used, from Chase Securities Corporation, the Old Colony, and Bond and Goodwin of Boston.

These transactions were shrewd. To some sensitive souls they might also have overtones of coercion. Whether they were good business is much less clear. The stockholders were first softened up for the sale by cutting the dividends on their Golconda to a nominal amount. Then when the courts, in a spectacular decision, ordered Ford to resume dividend payments, he let it be known that he was leaving the company and would soon, through another firm, bring out a new, better, and much cheaper Ford. After this disquieting news had had a chance to sink in, Ford representatives came along with an offer. (This was handsome. Most of the Ford stock was purchased for $12,500 a share, an increase, in a matter of fifteen years, from $100.) Then no more was heard of the new company or the new car.

The company was saved from the bankers by equally compelling methods. When car sales fell off in 1920 and left Ford with his debt and a heavy inventory of materials and parts, he had the latter converted into Model T's. These were then consigned in volume to the dealers, who had the choice of getting the money to carry them or getting out of the business. Most of them got the money. Ford's debt was transferred from himself to his thousands of dealers.

But what did Ford gain? The company could probably have had its loans extended; it is hard to believe that it would have gone bankrupt, for the slump was soon over. Everyone has since believed that the banker influence would have been inimical, but few have paused to consider that General Motors did not suffer because of such influence. On the contrary, in the immediately ensuing years this banker-ridden company (by Ford's standards) forged far ahead of the Ford Motor Company. Actually the notion that the bankers would be disastrous was the invention of Henry Ford, who propagated it sedulously to the whole world.

What Ford won by these coups was the autocratic power which was nearly to ruin him. And it brought the final parting with a genuinely talented businessman to whom his debt was enormous, James Couzens.

Until 1915 the Ford Motor Company, as a business, was run by Couzens. He set up the dealer organization, managed sales, bought materials and parts, approved capital outlays, enforced cost discipline, kept the books, watched the earnings, and held and paid out the money. He was a superb organizer, and he had a brilliant sense for large issues and small. His later career in politics — as a Roosevelt Republican he eventually got the Senate seat for which Ford was defeated — showed that he was a man of many talents. He was not Ford's man. Couzens was a part owner and junior partner. Though he admired his senior partner, he once said that he would work with Henry Ford but not for him. One clue to the Ford mystery lies in the fact that the company ran into its first serious troubles within a short time after the departure of Couzens.

Ford was not a good judge of men nor did he build up a loyal force of executives to compensate for his own shortcomings.

A visitor to Ford's office in the twenties was interested to observe a half life-size picture of the Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor. "I met him twice when he was over here," Ford told his visitor. "I think he is the hope of England." Ford's judgment of local talent was no better. The most damaging of his selections, of course, was Harry Bennett. The latter, along with his satellite prize fighters, punks, strong-arm men, and assorted baccalaureates of the Michigan penal institutions, eventually made the Ford Motor Company into something approaching an industrial charnel house. And Harry was Henry's boy. Everyone, including Bennett himself, agrees that Ford, so far from treating him like his own son, treated him far better.

But more noteworthy than Ford's disposition to select the wrong man was his penchant for firing the good ones. Under his leadership the history of the company became one of endless purges and resignations. On the whole the ablest went first. Couzens, Knudsen, Wills, Hawkins, Rockelman, the Lelands of Cadillac and Lincoln, Klingensmith, Kanzler — the list goes on and on.

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These were not superannuated company bureaucrats. Most of them were in their prime, and with rare exceptions they were grabbed up by General Motors, Chrysler, or by one of the smaller rivals. Those who went to Chrysler and General Motors had the pleasure of helping their new employers end Ford's leadership of the industry.

As time passed, Ford took delight in speeding his departing help with devious sadistic gestures. Men discovered they had been fired when they learned that their office furniture had been moved out or, as on one occasion, when their desks were chopped up with an ax. However, quite a few were given the bad news with unadorned bluntness by Charles E. Sorenson, who in the end, like Robespierre, knelt under his own guillotine. By then any display of ability was dangerous.

Ford had appalling shortcomings as a mechanic.

This will be the most difficult to swallow and not alone by those unlearned in the Ford lore. Nevins and Hill say flatly that "as a mechanical genius [he was] perhaps the greatest of his time." Even the most hostile commentators agree on this point. But those who use these phrases do not reconcile them with Ford's actual performance as a mechanic, which they also chronicle.

Ford seems to have had no knowledge of chemistry, physics, or mathematics. On the contrary, he was given to wild fantasies on scientific matters, such as his conviction that meals should be so ordered that starches, proteins, and fruit acids should not be mixed. He was not even qualified in the simple techniques of the engineer's and designer's trade. Few things have been more debated than whether Ford could read a blueprint. But it is agreed that he wouldn't. The Ford method was utterly empirical — to cut and try.

Until nearly the last Model T came off the line, Ford took a resolute stand against the most elementary improvements. By then Sears Roebuck and like concerns were offering (in addition to endless gadgets) numerous substitute parts designed to improve the performance of the Model T. Many of them — the Sears carburetor, for example — did. Model A was a monument to the tenacity and deviousness by which Ford subordinates managed to get agreement to a selective slide transmission, hydraulic (or even adequate) brakes, and better tires. Model A was greatly delayed because Ford had no research or engineering organization worthy of the name. His laboratories, all agree, were an empty shell partly because Ford was suspicious of college-trained men. A man of modest mechanical perception, let alone a mechanical genius, would have seen the need for a trained research and engineering organization in the country's largest manufacturing enterprise in one of its most aggressively competitive industries. When, after much trouble and uncertainty, Model A was finally in production, Ford resisted improvements in that.

Nor were these mechanical crotchets confined to cars. Ford worked at the Detroit Edison Illuminating Company in the days when direct current was still in use. By the time the great plant at River Rouge was under construction, DC had given way to AC. The latter had formidable advantages in efficiency, economy, and technical adaptability. Ford, nonetheless, insisted that the generators at the Rouge and also the myriads of individual motors which by now had replaced the shafts and pulleys be on DC. His engineers knew he was wrong but did not dare oppose him. Eventually the plant had to be changed to AC at a cost of some $30 million.

Many more examples could be cited. Indeed, it is not going too far to say that between 1920 and his death Ford's resistance to mechanical innovation and on occasion to mechanical common sense cost the company hundreds of millions of dollars in sales, cost it the leadership in the automobile industry, and even threatened its survival. If this was genius, it was good for General Motors.

No one can debunk Ford. His accomplishments are there for all to see. The question is: How did a man with such grievous shortcomings do (or become identified with) so much?

I should not pretend to offer a final answer, but there are explanations which help to reconcile Ford's shortcomings with his accomplishments. Seven of these seem to me important:

1) Because the Ford was the first car most people knew, Ford has been long awarded honors as an innovator that he never entirely earned. He built and drove his first horseless vehicle in 1896, but by that time dozens of boys and men had done or were doing the same thing. And some had done far more than Ford. The automobile, as Merz and doubtless others have said, was not invented. The vehicle and the engine that powered it were developed over a period of years. Ford was, on the whole, a late-comer. Four years before he made his midnight run in Detroit, the firm of Panhard & Levassor in Paris had issued a catalogue of their line of gasoline-powered cars and soon thereafter were publishing testimonials from satisfied customers. Things were less advanced in America — the gasoline buggy which the Duryea brothers drove in 1892 in Springfield, Massachusetts, was far more primitive than the French vehicles — but they and others were far ahead of Ford.

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2) Ford, nonetheless, did build several of the early cars, and for a brief period he made a name for himself as an automobile racer. These achievements, substantial if not unique, were accomplished in a city which was rapidly becoming enthralled by the automobile and in a country where many people saw that the automotive age was about to dawn. Ford's reputation attracted a talented nucleus of men who saw these prospects, shared Ford's interests, and deferred to his public name. Ford (initially) welcomed these men — Couzens, Wills, the Dodge brothers — and for this he should have all credit, but one can reasonably infer that they were not selected by Ford but that they selected Ford.

3) With one quality Ford was massively endowed, and no one can deny it to him: He was immovably stubborn. For a time in his early career this promised to commit him to racing and rather high-powered vehicles. Eventually this prospect came to seem unpromising even to Ford. Like other companies Ford was assembling a variety of models which were changed each year. He saw it was the cheaper ones that sold. So he turned with inflexible determination to the notion of a light, durable, and, above all, inexpensive car. So far as the record shows, this decision was entirely Ford's. So, evidently, was the decision to fight the Seldon patents and the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers and thereby to win the freedom to produce whatever car he pleased.

And having reached his decision he stuck to it with unequaled tenacity. This time he was sticking to a decision that — until the competition of the used-car market developed — was magnificently right. The whole country wanted an automobile it could afford. This decision was the open sesame to greatness. With the same fanatical tenacity Ford later clung to the light, cheap model after it was no longer the right car.

4) The able mechanics who had joined up with Ford helped him make a good cheap car — the Model T. Mechanically it was not ahead of its time. But it was sound, simple, and inexpensive. And ready to organize the production and sale of this vehicle was James Couzens. We may grant that unless Ford had decided that the immediate future lay with a cheap car there would have been no Model T. But although Ford conceived of the Model T, Couzens made the Ford Motor Company. Ford's mechanical ability may be challenged. Couzens' business ability cannot.

5) The world has always assumed that it took a great man to build the Ford Motor Company. Considering the enthusiasm with which men greeted the automobile age, perhaps not. From the first year of its existence — five years before Model T — the Ford Motor Company made handsome profits, yet some of its cars were of exceedingly erratic performance. Given this eagerness, the stellar decision to go in for a cheap car, and a magnificent manager in Couzens, maybe success was almost automatic.

6) Ford was one of the most skillful and avid self-advertisers of the century. On this all contemporaries, from the most friendly to the most critical, agree. Only the world was unaware of the effort which Ford all but instinctively devoted to building the Ford myth. He seemed such an unassuming man.

7) Ford was born in 1863. He emerged as a national figure in 1914, the year of the five-dollar day, when he was fifty-one. Most of the mistakes which contradict his claim to stature were made after that. Any reasonable view of Ford must reckon with the fact that, in the years when the light beat hardest upon him, he was past his prime. Perhaps success itself served to freeze what had been an untutored and wayward but restless mind. Of the closing chapter — that of the harried Edsel and the ascendant Bennett — there seems no question. Ford was an old man who had held on too long.

THE ANIMAL

BY GEORGE ABBE

That March had a neck like an animal;
its pussy-willow eyes watched me approaching.
O the snow in the tops of my boots, the
melting water
cold through the rubber to my shins!
I think the taste of sky was threads of scarlet
cut round my body like glittering fever;
and I was breaking out my bones like steel
to reach and rake the last ice out of hills.

Over, over the meadows hiding their hair
under death till the whipping wind of June,
alone I dashed, approaching the wood I knew.
And there was that different animal, March,
meek with its pussy-willow eyes,
its neck of alder brown outstretched
to ask me to be merciful. I took
fewer than my sister had told me to. I hate
to break the body of March, to kill the living.

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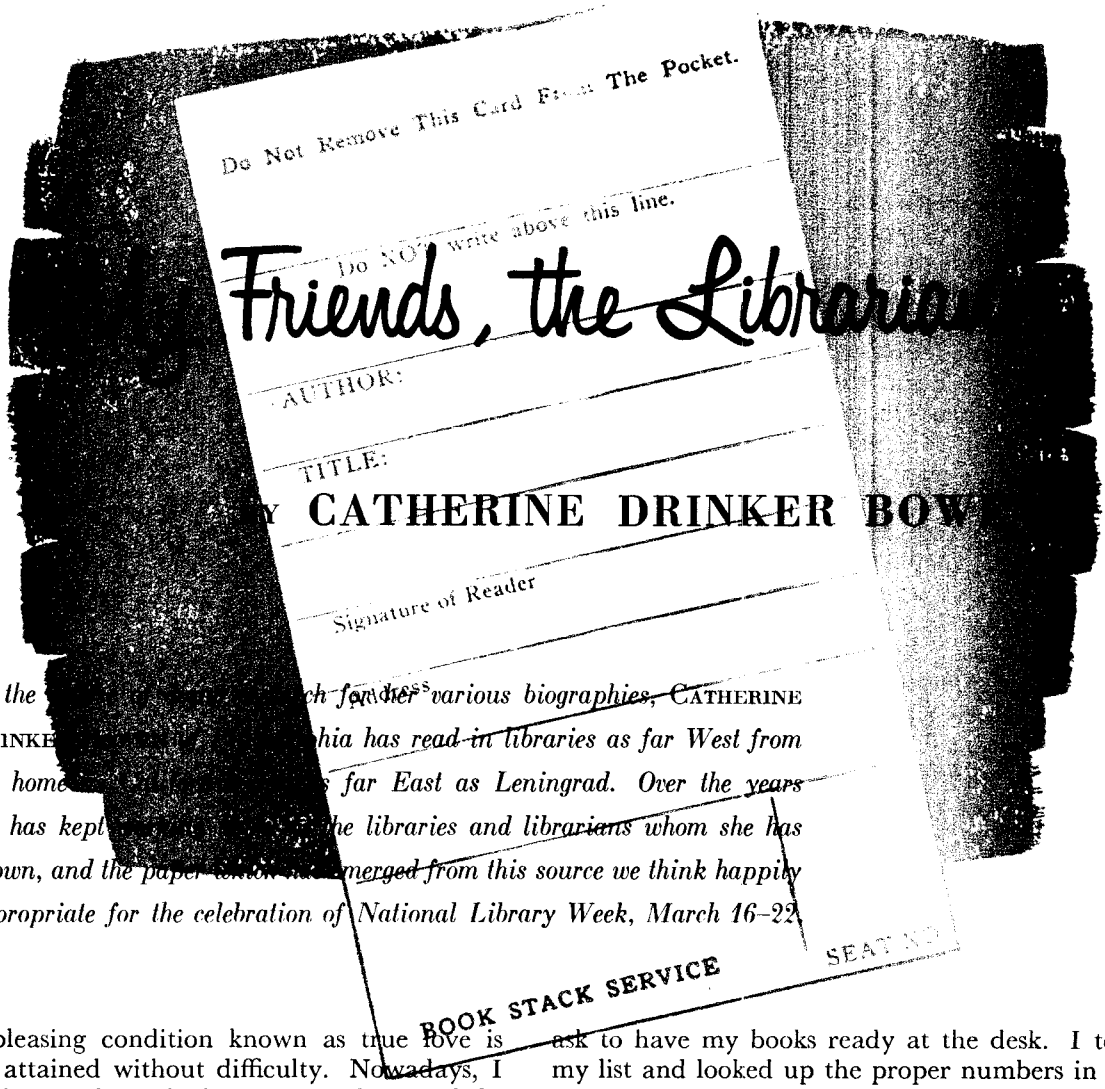

Friends, the Librarians

In the [illegible] for her various biographies, CATHERINE DRINKE[illegible]hia has read in libraries as far West from her home [illegible] far East as Leningrad. Over the years she has kept [illegible] the libraries and librarians whom she has known, and the paper [illegible] emerged from this source we think happily appropriate for the celebration of National Library Week, March 16–22.

THE pleasing condition known as true love is seldom attained without difficulty. Nowadays, I can declare with truth that I am in love with librarians — engaged in a perpetual, delightful affair of the heart with all public custodians of books.

But in my early twenties, struggling in library basements with bound volumes of newspapers or shuffling through a jungle of card catalogues, I was convinced that librarians existed solely to keep people from reading books. It is natural for young readers to experience shyness in big city or university libraries; the presence of so many books is at the same time exciting and intimidating. The young scholar longs for introduction, a knowledgeable hand to reach, point, act as intermediary between herself and all those riches.

In early days, I tried not to give librarians any trouble, which was where I made my primary mistake. Librarians like to be given trouble; they exist for it, they are geared to it. For the location of a mislaid volume, an uncatalogued item, your good librarian has a ferret's nose. Give her a scent and she jumps the leash, her eye bright with battle. But I did not know this. All unaware I used to make my way to those block-long municipal buildings, hope in my heart and in my hand a list of ten or fifteen books. Not books to read in the library but to take home, where I could copy at length, with time to think about what I was copying. I did not telephone beforehand and ask to have my books ready at the desk. I took my list and looked up the proper numbers in the card catalogue, rechecked each one, and carried the cards to the desk. The young woman would glance at the cards, and then she would say, "Only two books at a time can be taken from the circulation department, Miss." Black hatred would then well up in a heart that had been ready to love.

"*Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries.*" Walt Whitman had said it and the words gave comfort, letting me know the great had their troubles, too, in libraries. But I was puzzled. Why should there be a conspiracy to keep anyone away from books? The fault must lie with myself, perhaps in my lack of systematized training in research. Had I possessed a Ph.D. in history, I would have before me a blazed trail, a path straight to the heart of my subject. (How was I to know that such a path cannot be found, and that the Ph.D. discipline can distill a poison as fatal to writers as the deadly nightshade?)

In the year 1936, Professor E. J. Dent of Cambridge University, the British musicologist, was a guest in my brother's house. I admired Mr. Dent's books about musicians; I was at work on the life of Tchaikovsky, my first full-length biography. Surely, so famous a scholar could tell me how to proceed. His experience would show me short cuts, a magic formula for libraries, open sesame

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to those tall imperious doors. I asked Mr. Dent point-blank how he went about his research. (I was too inexperienced to know this is not a question one asks of scholars.) "Have you a system?" I said. "How do you start, for instance?"

Mr. Dent smiled. "How do *you* start?" he asked. "How do you do your research?"

"Me?" I said. "Oh, I just plunge around in libraries."

Twenty-three years and five books later, I know that Mr. Dent answered me in the only way he could. On that tortuous long journey there is indeed no sure trail, no short cut. I went ahead, plunging and bucking my way through libraries or slinking defeated from some municipal encounter. I do not know how it is with other students of history. But looking back, it seems my every forward movement derived not from success but failure, from some humiliation suffered, inducing anger, the stubborn resolve to find what I knew was on the shelves and use it in my own way for better or worse.

One day in the New York Public Library, I received a crushing rebuff. That the incident was due to my own ineptitude made it, as usual, no easier to bear. I had walked into the Slavonic Division and told the learned curator that I was writing a life of Tchaikovsky. Might I look around, not at the cards but at the shelved books, the titles? "You speak Russian, of course?" the curator asked, with a fine roll of the R. His question took me by surprise. Actually I knew enough to read titles and find my way about. But I gave a cautious negative. No, I didn't speak the language.

The curator shrugged. "No Russian?" he said. "Then of what use to come to this room? What use to write a life of Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky?"

I turned tail and fled, too flustered to stop and explain that I had a Russian collaborator, and that we both knew quite well what we were doing. At Penn Station I boarded the train for home. By the time we reached Princeton Junction I had recovered. People I thought, should be thrusting books at me, not snatching them away! Moreover, at thirty-seven years of age it was high time I did something to resolve this feud between me and the charge-out ladies and gentlemen behind the desks. The train pulled into North Philadelphia, and it came to me with a redeeming flash that what I needed to study was not books, systems, "disciplines," but *librarians*.

I bought a large notebook, something I am apt to do in moments of stress. Perhaps every student does it; a clean, untouched notebook invites the bravest plans. On the outside of this one I wrote, "Librarians and Libraries," and then I began making lists of the librarians I had encountered. After each name I wrote a brief and useful characterization. The lists were continued for years, they were made in all seriousness, meant only for business, and they far overflowed that first notebook. I have them today and reproduce some samples, unchanged except for the exclusion of one proper name:

Library of Congress	Mr. Shaw Mr. Cole	Can find anything. God's sakes don't forget your library number.
Harvard Archives	Mr. Lovett, wears glasses. Bright. Mr. Elkins, seventh floor, Widener. Head man. Cannot understand what I am trying to do, but helpful. Said, "You don't want *printed* material, do you?" No use telling him why I want it. Just give him the numbers.	
Widener Library downstairs	Mr. X . . . Old curmudgeon. Hates women. Keep away from him. Find out name the little short one, desk, head of stairs. Sweet.	
Massachusetts Historical Society	Mrs. Hitchcock, the nice one who knows Mr. Henry Adams. When he comes in the basement she will notify me upstairs. Says better not let him catch me downstairs near the Adams Papers. Says he takes off his hearing aid to make it harder. Says don't be put down by this. Says just yell.	

This last was written in the late 1940s, before the Adams Papers, a superb repository of historical material, were thrown open to scholars. Mr. Henry Adams was custodian of the Papers, and only an occasional favored student was permitted a glimpse inside the room. Mr. Barnes's famous arcanum of paintings, near Philadelphia, was never more difficult to penetrate; I was forewarned to failure. Already, there had been much correspondence by mail and by messenger. At Mr. Adams's instance I had reduced my requests to specific queries. There were eight of these, carefully worded and typed; I had delivered them to Mr. Adams's office on State Street. What I wanted from the Adams Papers was modest enough; it had to do with John Adams at college, between 1751 and 1755. Adams's *Autobiography* had been printed nearly a century ago in what its editor called "fragments," opening with the year 1775; the Massachusetts Historical Society had printed a brief and still earlier "fragment" in which John Adams told of taking his entrance examinations to Harvard. It seemed to me there must be more, somewhere. Adams

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was deeply interested in education. Surely, he would mention his teachers, his tutors. I counted on one more meeting with the curator of the Papers, here in the Historical Society. A last chance and I knew it.

I had been at work in the library for perhaps a week, when one morning Mrs. Hitchcock sent word that Mr. Henry Adams had entered the building and was on his way up in the elevator. The second floor of the Massachusetts Historical Society is a succession of handsome, open rooms that echo, with lofty doorways and marble floors. I stood perhaps ten steps from the elevator. Mr. Adams got out, took a startled look at me, and snatched a hearing button from each ear. My instinct was for retreat but I advanced, and there in the open room gave tongue for a full half hour. Mr. Adams had my list; I had a carbon. We stood, and I shouted. Finally Mr. Adams seized me by the elbow. "Mrs. Bowen," he said, "I don't want to block your work. I don't want to be the cause of destroying your chapters, as you say I will. But you cannot have this material. It has never been printed. You know very well it has never been printed. *How do you know it is in the Adams Papers?*"

I told Mr. Adams I did not know, but that I had studied his ancestor for a long time, and such studies permitted one to infer that John Adams might have mentioned these matters in his *Autobiography*. I said that inference was the business of a biographer.

Mr. Adams's voice rose to a pitch of real distress. "Mrs. Bowen," he said, "I wish I had never laid *eyes* on you."

Something in the desperate pronunciation of the noun softened me; plainly, Mr. Adams's suffering was worse than mine. I gave up, and we parted in a mutual rush. Downstairs in the little retiring room I threw myself on the couch; the sound of my voice still rang in my ears. The entire Historical Society had been apprised of my work, hopes, ambitions; right now I desired nothing so much as dignified anonymity. A Japanese girl was standing by the mirror, arranging her hair. "Excuse me," she said, "but are you writing a life of John Adams?"

I told the young woman she must know that, by now. Everyone in the building must know it.

She smiled politely, but her next words startled me. "What was the old gentleman afraid of?" she said.

I went home to Philadelphia and fidgeted. How could I complete my chapter without that material? I was genuinely worried, in a condition of frustration, and I could not proceed. At the end of three weeks, on the day before Christmas, an envelope came in the mail, postmarked Boston. Inside, typed laboriously by Mr. Adams, was everything I had asked for. Plainly, he had entered that sacred room, had found what I wanted, taken it down, and copied it line for line. What alchemy melted that New England heart I do not know. I know only that a surge of relief and joy came over me; I can feel it now, some ten years afterward.

Credit for this happy event belongs largely to Mrs. Hitchcock. Without her canny advice I would have been crushed at the outset by that telling gesture with the hearing aid buttons. Nor would I have had courage to stand my ground, overheard by the entire Massachusetts Historical Society, and yell.

Since those hazardous days, matters have begun to run smoothly for me in libraries. Confronted by fifty thousand books I have not lost my diffidence; perhaps it has increased. But I am not at all abashed in the presence of librarians. I can remember the day the tide began to turn. It was in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, at Thirteenth and Locust Streets, in Philadelphia. I was three quarters through my life of John Adams and needed some eighteenth-century broadsides to brighten my chapters on the Continental Congress. Research for my preceding book, on Justice Holmes, had been done in Boston and Washington; I was unfamiliar with the Pennsylvania Historical Society and no one there knew me. I walked into the building and upstairs to the library, signed my name in the ledger, and went to the card catalogues by the window.

I had not gone through the A's when I felt a tap on my shoulder, and the librarian from the desk handed me a folded slip of paper. It was a note from the director, Richard Norris Williams. "Mrs. Bowen," it said, "would you like a quiet room to work in upstairs?"

I kept that message tacked above my desk for weeks. It cheered me, though I had not accepted Dr. Williams's kind offer, because I like the genial commotion of the card catalogue room, the silent companionship of other readers, and the nearness of the books. In research libraries, one hesitancy remained, however, to plague me. It was brought on by the repeated question, put first to me by Mr. Elkins on the seventh floor of the Widener Library, "You don't want *printed* material, do you?" That query, always phrased negatively by research librarians, still had power to put me down. Yet even this bogy was shortly due for exorcism. Again, I recall the day.

Let me explain, first, that the biographer finds

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her material, at times, in unlikely places, for the reason that she is hunting for detail. In the life story of a famous man — Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Adams — the big things are known. The statesmanship, the grand philosophies, the historic cases are in newspaper files and the indexes of textbooks. What the biographer wants is a floor map of the law offices of Shattuck, Holmes and Monroe in the 1870s, or to find out who was proprietor of a certain Philadelphia tavern favored by John Adams in a hot June of 1776. These details may be concealed in some quite ordinary volume, say the published memoirs of a cousin thrice removed, or in scattered notes on Philadelphia streets, compiled in mid-nineteenth century by some finicky antiquarian and printed obscurely at his own expense.

A list of such publications is not impressive to scholars, accustomed as they are to primary or manuscript sources, and I was conscious of it. The incident that liberated me took place in the Free Library of Philadelphia It began on that vast second floor, where I had gone to check my book numbers, carrying in my hand a list of just such titles as I have described — thirteen of them, each referring to material vital to my subject and discovered by me at the cost of much time and digging.

I had never used this public library, but the general reference collection is large, and it seemed likely the volumes would be here, rather than in a more specialized collection I found my numbers in the cards and took them to the librarian at the circulation desk. "Only two books at a time," she began.

Two blades of grass to a cow, I told myself, would be as nourishing.[1] I left my books on the desk and wandered off. In libraries it is not well to hurry. To the research worker, haste is fatal. The books have been where they are for a long time; they reveal themselves slowly, at their own pace.

Drifting downstairs in search of help, I came upon a door marked Assistant Librarian in Charge of Research. For a public library it was an odd, inviting title. I knocked and walked into a big square room, littered from floor almost to ceiling with the tools of the working scholar: bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopedias, rare book catalogues, and unanswered letters, no doubt from other librarians.

A young man with startling white hair rose from a table where he was writing. I told him my name and what had occurred upstairs. He seized my hand and wrung it, said I could have anything I wanted in the library, took my list, ran an eye over it, and remarked, all in one loud welcoming breath, "Trash! Everything on this list is trash. My name is John Powell. What do you want with third-rate books like these?" — and was on the intercom telephone to start the wheels rolling.

It was the beginning of a lasting friendship. With this young man I could defend myself, and did. John Powell was himself, it devolved, a biographer — a fact that was to me of utmost significance. If academic historians are primarily scholars (before they are writers), then biographers I might say are primarily writers. Academic historians like best the reading part of their work, and they are quick to admit it. But research for its own sake is not the biographer's business, even though he will, as has been somewhere said, turn over a library for the sake of one book. Yet, as the biographer reads, selects, and copies, it is his own book that he has in mind, and for his comfort he cannot get at the writing of it fast enough. Nevertheless there is no material the biographer can afford to ignore, whether primary, tertiary, or quinquennial. Old Thomas Fuller, in his *Holy State*, confesses that he has taken his material not from manuscript sources but from the English chronicles. "And let him die without pity," Fuller adds, all unabashed, "who will not quench his thirst at the river because he cannot come in at the fountain."

History withholds so much! Thomas Carlyle has said it with his usual violence and the hammering of his bold Germanic capitalizations: "Listening from a distance of two Centuries, across the Death-chasms and howling kingdoms of Decay, it is not easy to catch everything."

To catch everything? It is not easy to catch anything at all, or at least anything that will communicate in living terms across the centuries. The biographer is much in the position of a journalist who looks for news. Not for fillers or musty historical chestnuts that can be found in the textbooks, but for *biographical news*. Sometimes the biographer's news is gleaned from the mere titles of books. I well remember the morning when first I saw the Holmes's family library. The books had recently been moved to the Library of Congress, in Washington, and awaited settlement of Justice Holmes's will before being catalogued and arranged. A young librarian took me upstairs in a small staff elevator, led me down a corridor, unlocked a door, and beckoned me into a narrow, steel-walled room.

Stored and filed on shelves, tables, chairs, were

[1]Emerson Greenaway as new director has revolutionized the Central Library and its forty branches; circulation today checks out eleven books to a reader and no questions asked.

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the accumulated personal libraries of three generations of Holmeses. It was an inspiring, dazzling, dusty sight. Here were books beloved of Wendells, Olivers, Jacksons, Dixwells, Holmeses, inscribed on flyleaves by donors and owners: "O.W.H. Jr., from his loving father and mother. Christmas, 1859." Here were Dr. Holmes's books on music, acquired no doubt when he was learning to play the violin in the 1850s. (A trying time for the family; the good Doctor considered fiddle playing to be a mere matter of time and application.) Here were books I had myself been reared on: *The Dolly Dialogues*, Anstey's *Tinted Venus*, the many volumes of old Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. There were enough Latin books to stock a school — Mr. Epes Sargent Dixwell's own school, no doubt, where O. W. Holmes, Jr., had studied. And here was Mr. Dixwell's *Phaedrus*, with a signed photograph of William Tyndall pasted in, dated 1877. Here also was the Reverend Mr. Abiel Holmes's own copy of his *Annals of America*. I paged it over with delight and copied the opening sentence in my notebook, merely because it seemed so characteristic, with its grave formality: "Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, having formed a just idea of the figure of the earth, had several years entertained the design of finding a passage to India by the western ocean."

During all this time, the librarian had waited, sitting on a box by the door. I paused in my reading to tell him a person could learn more about the Holmeses, here in this little room, than in a dozen interviews with the Justice's friends and relatives. The librarian asked how long I expected to stay. "All day," I said. The librarian replied that he would have to stay with me; readers were not permitted in this room by themselves. I said I was sorry to take up his time. Following my usual procedure I opened my brief case, took out paper and a dozen sharpened pencils, and laid them conveniently by. Then I removed my hat and shoulder bag, produced from the latter a kitchen apron (library dust can begrime one's traveling clothes), and put it on.

The librarian watched. Then he smiled. "I think the library can assume this risk," he said quietly, and took his departure.

I never saw him again. But I remember that young man with gratitude. He led me where I wanted to go and showed me what I had come there to see, then took my measure and left me with the books.

Recently I heard a young lawyer say, "When I go into a really good library, things happen to me." For the librarians there could be no tastier compliment and none more true. Since I began to read in libraries some thirty years ago, times have changed and policies have altered. Modern librarians look on it as their business to make their shelves inviting. A librarian's policy depends of course on where he is placed. Among rare books, custodial care is of first importance, whereas in the public libraries of great cities it is important to "get the titles off the shelves," whether or no the volumes fall apart from overwork.

But to the biographer, a scholarly librarian stands at times in the relation of editor. By tactful approach the librarian will discover the scheme of one's book, how widely one plans to explore certain phases of history, certain scenes and personalities. What he says can encourage expansion, a deeper treatment. He calls on the telephone or writes letters at strategic moments: "We are on the trail of that map (or that portrait or holograph letter). We have written twice to England and enclose replies to date. We will surely track this item down. By the way, last night our Miss Y. found that 1607 edition of Cowell's *Interpreter*. Do you still want to take it home? . . . May we say your treatment of the Norwich episode is especially valuable and we hope you will not give up but pursue it further."

In the five or six years it takes to write a biography, such expert, persistent interest is to the writer like food to the famished. The librarian has gone beyond the path of duty; he believes in one's book and his involvement proves it. For lack of certain material, the biographer may have deleted a telling episode. But the librarian's letter gives the writer heart. She fishes her chapter from the pile, inserts a blank page on which she scribbles, *Librarian X will supply material*, and arranges her narrative accordingly.

As it is, I am especially dependent on librarians because my scheme of biography requires that I do the entire bulk of reading myself. Contrary to common practice, I do not engage research workers to go to libraries and read for me, or even to search for specific things. Such a helper, no matter how skillfully trained, may miss something on the way, some side picture, name, or incident vital to the illumination of my characters. Therefore I prefer to make the journey alone, though it may add years to my task.

In almost a lifetime of study for biography, I have known, perforce, librarians over half the world. I think their praises are not often sung; I am glad to sing them now. Love, I have heard said, is gratitude for favors received. And I am in love with librarians.

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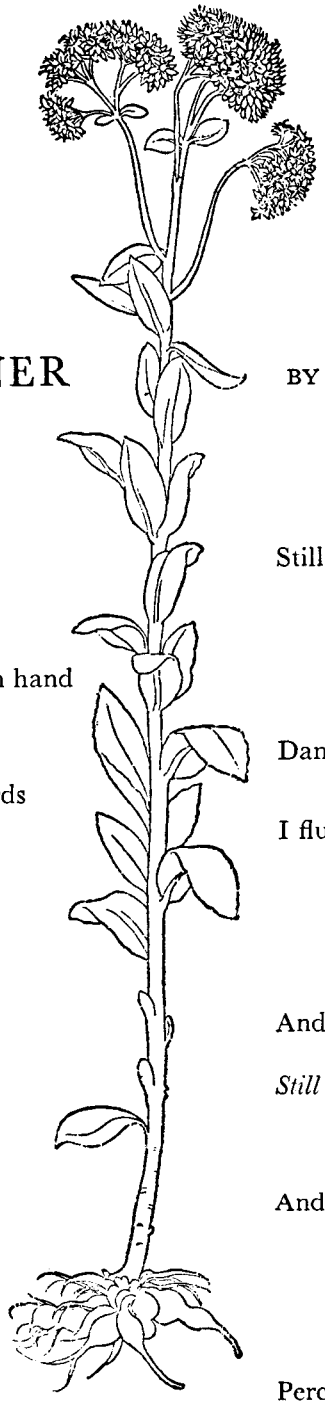
THE QUESTIONER

BY LAWRENCE LIPTON



In that first troubling of the heart
So long ago and unforgotten
Toddling slow and small
Beside that kingly tall
And sunwreathed being hand in hand
Yet halfway round a world apart

I gave my question words, such words
As then I knew, unfledged
Misgiving nothing, still
Trusting mind and will
It was of Eden's morning
Blest and bright with silver birds

He spoke, and did not answer me.

This then I made my world, serene
With sunmotes, hyacinth, with
Lizard's armor and
Whatever came to hand
Spelled by lily bell and leaf
Bedded on the spring's first green

Subsumed in the hollow of God's hand
I gave my question voice once more
When sudden plain I saw
Death agony of tooth and claw
Murder stalking night and day
Within the shadow of a grain of sand

And no voice answered me.

Still loath to stay my hurrying feet
Down the steep road of my blind
Downgoing hurried on
To where the sea with gong
And cymbal and white billowing
Danced savage to an ancient beat

I flung my riddle. Like a stone
She drew me, drunk and down I went
Singing like a sunken bell,
And though I loved her well
Wintered in her icy hair
And made the cavern of her arm my home

Still she did not answer me.

And came to where the laureled dead
Stand perpetually and hold
Their endless dialogue with God
And in their hands the old
Lost books lay open. There I would
Perchance have read the answer but a dread

And nameless fear surprised me so
I only know that I surmised a snare,
Drew back — my foot
Faltered on the stair
And in that frantic dreaming flight
I knew at last I did not want to know.

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THE YEARS WITH ROSS

BY JAMES THURBER

In comic art, decorations, and covers, Harold W. Ross proceeded to lay down as many new standards in his budding magazine, the NEW YORKER, *as he was achieving at the same time in other areas of journalism. In this fifth part of his series* JAMES THURBER *takes us into the Tuesday afternoon "art meeting," at which Ross and his staff settled such questions as how a seal's whiskers should be drawn, and many other issues great and small.*

THE earliest *New Yorker* ritual that any oldster can remember was the weekly Tuesday afternoon art meeting. Philip Gordon Wylie was the second person in the history of Harold Ross's magazine to "hold the artists' hands," as the editor always described the task of dealing with artists and their drawings. Before Wylie, there had been a young woman, but, like most women, she made Ross nervous, and he asked Wylie to fire her, while he (Ross) was at lunch. Two hours later Ross phoned Wylie to ask if the deed had been done, and he was told the lady had left with two weeks' salary, and then Ross came back to the office. H. W. Ross never had, to put a blunt point on it, the guts to fire anybody himself, with one exception. In the early thirties, Scudder Middleton, then the official handholder, was emboldened one night at the Players Club to say to Ross, "How am I doing at the office?" and Ross, emboldened by Scotch, snapped, "You're fired!" Then, to cover his own embarrassment, he blustered that he was going to get Peter Arno on the phone and fire him, too. It was way after midnight, and Ross's call aroused Arno from sleep. He promptly bawled Ross out and ordered him never to wake him up again.

In the very beginning, the art meeting was attended by Ross, Wylie, and Rea Irvin. The invaluable Irvin, artist, ex-actor, wit, and sophisticate about town and country, did more to develop the style and excellence of *New Yorker* drawings and covers than anyone else, and was the main and shining reason that the magazine's comic art in the first two years was far superior to its humorous prose. At the art meetings, Wylie would hold up the drawings and covers, and Irvin would explain to Ross what was good about them, or wrong, or old, or promising. Rea had done the first cover — the unforgettable dandy with the monocle, known intramurally as Eustace Tilley, a name invented by Corey Ford — and for months it remained the composition most like the sort of thing Ross was after, the sort of thing Rea Irvin spent several hours every Tuesday teaching the "corny-gag editor-hobo" (Wylie's description) to understand. Ross learned fast, didn't always see eye to eye with Irvin, often stubbornly had his own way, but was never truly comfortable if his art editor was not at the meetings.

Phil Wylie remembers that Al Frueh did the second cover, and a pretty, shy girl named Barbara Shermund the third one. He recalls, too, the advent of Reginald Marsh, Johan Bull, and Covarrubias, and above all, Curtis Arnoux Peters, a young man not long out of Yale and playing the piano in a jazz orchestra in the West

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Fifties, who came into the office one day wearing sneakers and carrying a sheaf of drawings signed Peter Arno. Ross was later to write him a note that read, "You're the greatest artist in the world." Under Irvin's supervision and encouragement, other now famous cartoonists began appearing with their work, changed some of it at his quiet suggestion, took his ideas about their future stuff.

One of the last parties Ross ever gave was a cocktail affair at the Barberry Room in honor of Rebecca West, whom he always considered one of the two finest journalists of her sex. The other was Janet (Genêt) Flanner, the *New Yorker's* Paris correspondent almost from the start. I remember only one artist at the West party, the late Helen Hokinson, for whom Ross had great admiration and affection. "Artists don't know anybody and they never go anywhere," Ross used to grumble over and over. "They stay home at night, drinking soft drinks in cold sitting rooms, and watching home movies." This Ross exaggeration was, and is, certainly applicable to many *New Yorker* cartoonists, but there were several others who went everywhere and knew everybody. The editor himself was socially close to Arno, Al Frueh, John Held, Jr., Rea Irvin, Gluyas Williams, Rube Goldberg, Wallace Morgan, and Ralph Barton, whose suicide in 1931 was a grievous blow to the editor ("When I called on Barton it was like talking to a man with a gun in his hand").

One of my 1927 chores, on top of everything else, was that of holding the artists' hands, but I didn't like it and was not good at it, and soon told Ross the hell with it. I think my first assignment in this touchy area came when Ross asked me to phone Al Frueh and tell him his caricature of Gene Tunney was not a good likeness. Frueh and I had never met, and when I gave him Ross's message he said, "You can go to hell," and hung up on me. Later I got to know and, like the rest of us, to love Al Frueh, who once came upon me in my garage in Connecticut, sitting ten feet in front of my Ford and trying to draw it head on. "You can't do that, Thurber," said Frueh, out of his vast knowledge and experience as a draftsman. "You'd better draw it from the side." I took his advice.

For several months in 1927 I was one of the editors that attended the art meetings, and every now and then after that year I used to drop in as an unofficial observer. In 1929 a sense of order was brought to the meetings by the advent of Miss Daise E. Terry, who comforted Ross by keeping track of covers and drawings (at one time with the assistance of a youngster named Truman Capote). Miss Terry ("She's vigilant about art," said Ross) also took down his comments and criticisms, mainly unfavorable, in shorthand. The art meetings began after lunch and often lasted until nearly six o'clock. One week, during the thirties, finished drawings, rough sketches, and typed suggestions reached a total of some 25,000. "We got a bank of drawings big enough to last two years," Ross once said, "but there aren't enough casuals to last three weeks."

In the center of a long table in the art meeting room a drawing board was set up to display the week's contributions from scores of artists, both sacred cows and unknowns. It was never easy, and still isn't, for a new artist to break into the *New Yorker*. Some of those whose names have become well known tried for months, or even longer, sending in dozens of rough sketches week after week. If an unknown's caption, or sketch, seemed promising, it was often bought and turned over to an established staff cartoonist. Arno usually got the cream of the crop; the wonderful Mary Petty has never worked from any idea except her own; James Reid Parker did most of Helen Hokinson's captions; and other artists either had their own gagmen or subsisted on original inspiration, fortified by captions and ideas sent in by outsiders or developed by the staff. In the early years, Andy White and I sent to the meeting scores of captions and ideas, some of them for full-page drawings, others for double-page panels for Gluyas Williams and Rea Irvin. If a caption didn't suit Ross — and he was as finicky about some of them as a woman trying on Easter bonnets — it was given to White to "tinker." Gibbs and I did tinkering, too, but White was chief tinkerer to the art meeting.

The meeting always began with the display of finished covers in color, one at a time. They were bought and scheduled six months in advance, so that in June we were studying Christmas covers. Ross sat on the edge of a chair several feet away from the table, leaning forward, the fingers of his left hand spread upon his chest, his right hand holding a white knitting needle which he used for a pointer. Miss Terry remembers the day he brought it in, having picked it up nobody knows where. She later bought a dozen more of them, so everybody could have one. Ross liked to have a lot of everything he needed, for nothing irritated him so much as not to be able to put his hand instantly on what he wanted. There was always a full carton of Camels, for instance, in the drawer of the long table, and it was kept replenished by his secretary, like the carton in the drawer of his office table. For a while he had used a pencil as a pointer, but he was afraid of marking up the drawings. Then he tried a ruler,

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but the goddam thing wasn't right, and fate directed him to the knitting needles that solved this little problem.

He became, I think, by far the most painstaking, meticulous, hairsplitting detail-criticizer the world of editing has known. "Take this down," he would say to Miss Terry, and he would dictate a note of complaint to the creator of the drawing or cover under consideration. The memory of some of his "sharpshooting" — I don't know who applied the word, but it was perfect — will last as long as the magazine, and perhaps even longer. I cannot vouch for the truth of his query about a drawing of two elephants gazing at one of their offspring with the caption, "It's about time to tell Junior the facts of life," but, valid or apocryphal, it has passed into legend. "Which elephant is talking?" he is supposed to have asked. I was on hand, though, when he pointed his needle at a butler in a Thanksgiving cover depicting a Park Avenue family at table, and snarled, "That isn't a butler, it's a banker." Suddenly, the figure was, to all of us, a banker in disguise, and Ross dictated a note asking the artist to "make a real butler out of this fellow." He once complained of a blue sky, "There never was a sky like that." It is not true, as rumor has it, that he said, "It's delft, or Alice, or some goddam shade." The only blues Ross could have known are light, sky, and navy.

On another day, he doubted that the windows of the United Nations Building were anything like those shown in a drawing, and he ordered that a photographer be sent to take pictures of the windows. My favorite of all his complaints, in a career of thousands of them, was reported to me by Peter De Vries, who for years attended the art meetings and still helps go through the "rough basket," skimming off the best of hundreds or thousands of sketches. The cover on the board showed a Model T driving along a dusty country road, and Ross turned his sharpshooting eye on it for a full two minutes. "Take this down, Miss Terry," he said. "Better dust."

Idea drawings, as they were called to distinguish them from captionless spots, were raked by Ross's sharpshooting fire from the wording of the captions to the postures and expressions of the figures and the shape and arrangement of furniture or trees, or whatever else was in them. Sometimes it seemed to me and the rest of us that Ross was bent on wringing the humor out of a drawing by his petulant objections to details. This attitude reminds me of Gibbs's celebrated single-sentence criticism of Max Eastman's book, *The Enjoyment of Laughter*, whose advance proofs Ross had asked him to read. Gibbs wrote in a memo to Ross: "It seems to me Eastman has got American humor down and broken its arm."

Ross rarely laughed outright at anything. His face would light up, or his torso would undergo a spasm of amusement, but he was not at the art meeting for pleasure. Selecting drawings was serious business, a part of the week's drudgery, and the back of his mind ever held the premonition that nothing was going to be funny. Just as he searched writers' copy for such expressions as Dorothy Parker's office-celebrated "like shot through a goose," he scanned drawings for phallic symbols and such, and once found one, he thought, in a hat I had drawn on a man in one of my covers. He was imagining things, but I had to change it anyway.

The most prudish neighbor woman in H. L. Mencken's Bible belt could not have taken exception to any *New Yorker* drawing I can remember, including Arno's husbands and wives in bed and the series he did of a man and a woman on, or near, a porch swing in what was intended to be a compromising clinch, the while they talked such passionless words as "Have you read any good books lately?" Arno's first conception of this entanglement was warm without being torrid, it seemed to me, but it gave Ross the galloping jumps, and under his coaching and coaxing Arno finally drew a couple approximately as sexually involved as a husband and his sister-in-law at a christening.

One realistic detail of the kind that upset Ross was overlooked by him and the others, out of understandable ignorance. It was a Garrett Price that was published in the issue of December 20, 1930, and it showed a young woman on an operating table saying to a young surgeon entering the room, "Why, Henry Whipple, I thought you were still in medical college!" The scrub nurse in the drawing is holding a tray upon which lies what is known to the surgical profession as a double-spoon curette, an instrument used in, as Ross might put it, you know what. Wylie later wrote Ross kidding him about this, but if old Afraid-of-the-Functional exploded, I didn't hear about it. For one thing, the scene was what he called "clinical," which took some of the curse off the realistic and functional. However, he did direct Scudder Middleton to ask Price, "Were you trying to put something over on us?" Price is not that kind of man or artist, and just the other day he told me that his father was a doctor and he had drawn the curette from memory of instruments in his father's office. "I didn't know what it was for," he said on the phone (like many other famous *New Yorker* artists, Garrett Price is one I've never met).

Every drawing was a task for Ross, and a few were real problems. It took courage for a humor-

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ous magazine to publish the grim Reginald Marsh that showed a woman holding up her little child so that, over the heads of an assembled crowd, it could witness a lynching. Among the submissions that were too much for Ross was a full page of two Arab fighters leaving a field upon which bodies are scattered, one of the Arabs saying, "Some of my best friends are Jews," and there was another, whose central figures were two divinity students, their eyes bright with recognition, walking toward each other in Grand Central Station with outstretched hands, above the caption "Well, Judas Priest!" I substitute the name for that of the deity because I share Ross's deep conviction that major blasphemies have no place in comedy. Ross hated to lose this drawing, though, and he sent it to White for tinkering. Andy tinkered it into a line that he told Ross comfortingly would not offend the church. It was "Well, I'll be a son-of-a-bitch!" Ross chuckled about that all day and then sent White a memo reading, "No, but I'm afraid it would offend American mothers."

I never saw the editor of the *New Yorker* get more enjoyment out of anything than he derived from a Gluyas Williams full page showing a board meeting room in which all the chairs at the long table are empty while the chairman and the members of the board are crouched in a football huddle in one corner of the office. That one lingered lovingly in his memory along with the famous Williams drawing of the day a cake of Ivory soap sank at Proctor and Gamble's, and the picture captioned "Oops, sorry," in which one trapeze artist misses the outstretched hands of another, high in the air — the work of George V. Shanks. There were hundreds of others, too, but I haven't got all year.

A MAGAZINE that has published nearly 20,000 drawings was bound to run into repetitions and formulas years ago, and they formed another nightmare for H. W. Ross. There were too goddam many men and women on rafts and on desert islands, and too many talking animals, and too many guys in a jail cell — on and on the calendar of formula ran. I once made a series of drawings especially for Ross about the trials and tortures of the art meeting. One showed the scowling Ross himself shoving a drawing at a timid office employee and snarling, "Is that funny?" He was a great man for what he called the outside opinion, and sometimes sent a questionnaire to five or six of us on which we were to say yes or no about a drawing, or a casual, or a poem. Two of the other art meeting drawings I did for Ross ("You tease him too much," my mother once told me sternly. "You shouldn't tease him so much.") showed, respectively, an old woman asking for a cup of cold water at a storage dam, and the same old woman asking a fireman for a match at a great conflagration. The editor had the drawings framed and hung on the walls of his office to remind him of the threat of formula. That was Harold Ross. He could not only take a joke at his own expense, he could perpetuate it. Not long before he died, I discovered, in going through my scrapbook of drawings in the office library, that I had drawn one with the caption "The magic has gone out of my marriage — has the magic gone out of your marriage?" and another with "Well, who made the magic go out of our marriage — me or you?" I sent tear sheets of the two drawings to Ross, and he sent me a note that read, "Well, who's responsible for the magic going out of your marriage twice — you or me?"

It would not have surprised Ross if the sanity had gone out of any artist at the very moment he was saying good morning to the editor. Ross regarded writers as temperamental mechanisms, capable of strange behavior, and artists were just as bad, or even worse. Complexes, fixations, psychological blocks, and other aberrations of the creative mind had Ross always on the alert. "They have *sinking* spells," he would say. "They can't ride on trains, or drive after dark, or live above the first floor of a building, or eat clams, or stay alone all night. They think automobiles are coming up on the sidewalk to get them, that gangsters are on their trail, that their apartments are being cased, and God knows what else." This dissertation, with variations, always gave Ross his saddest look and his darkest sigh. After one of these enumerations of his woes, Ross and I had lunch at the Algonquin. It was in the years when I could see, and I suddenly stared blankly at the bill of fare, as if I had never seen one before, got slowly to my feet, and began trembling. I tried to turn pale, too, but I doubt if I managed that. Ross's alarm bell rang. "Are you all *right?*" he demanded nervously. I kept on staring at the bill of fare. "What the hell is this thing?" I croaked.

"It's the goddam menu," Ross said, and then he got it. "Don't do that to me, Thurber," he pleaded. "Too many people I know are *really* ready for the bughouse." That was his invariable word for rest home, sanitarium, and such.

For Ross's developed taste and sense of humor in selecting cover art and idea drawings I have a firm and lasting respect. Sitting and staring at a hundred pictures, one after the other, week after week, can become a tedious process that dulls per-

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ception, but Ross's eager, unflagging desire to get the best and the funniest kept a sharp edge on his appreciation. Picking drawings at a lengthy meeting is somehow comparable to producing a play. You're not going to know for sure whether something is good until the readers or the audience see it in print or on the stage.

One afternoon in the winter of 1928, when I was sharing an office with White, Andy interrupted my typing to ask my opinion of a caption

EARLY THURBER

he had just worked out for a drawing. He was a little solemn about it, and clearly uncertain that he had hit on the right idea. I looked at the drawing and the caption and said, "Yeh, it seems okay to me," but neither of us cracked a smile. This drawing, by Carl Rose, appeared in the issue of December 8, 1928, and it carried one of the most famous and laughed-at captions in the history of the magazine, the one in which the mother says, "It's broccoli, dear," and the little child replies, "I say it's spinach, and I say the hell with it." The youngster's expression of distaste was to become a part of the American language. A song was written about it called "I Say It's Spinach," it has been mentioned in hundreds of editorials and newspaper columns, and it was worked into the title of a book by Elizabeth Hawes, which I illustrated, called *Fashion Is Spinach.* (In *An American Dictionary of Slang* the definition of the word "spinach" as "nonsense or bunk" is attributed to J. P. McEvoy, who used it in his book, *Hollywood Girl*, in 1929.)

The experience of that winter afternoon so long ago, when Andy tossed the famous caption up for grabs and both of us darn near let it fall, served to moderate my disappointment whenever a captioned drawing of mine was later turned down, or bought without comment, as a matter of routine. I suppose the best known of my own scrawls is the one of the seal on the headboard of a bed in which a wife is snarling at her husband, "All right, have it your way — you heard a seal bark." I hadn't thought enough of it to show it to anybody before submitting it, and I was as surprised as I was delighted when its appearance in the magazine in January, 1932, brought me a truly ecstatic telegram from Bob Benchley, than whom there was nobody whose praise a cartoonist or humorist would rather have had. I gave him the original of the drawing, and named my first book of pictures *The Seal in the Bedroom* because of what he had said.

The incredulous eye of Harold Wallace Ross fell for the first time upon a drawing of mine in the spring of that troubled year, 1929. For years I had been scrawling drawings on pieces of yellow copy paper and throwing them on the floor or leaving them on my desk. I began drawing at seven, mostly what seemed to be dogs, and carried the practice into the years of so-called maturity, getting a lot of good, clean, childish fun out of filling up all the pages of memo pads on the office desks of busy friends of mine, seeking to drive them crazy. Ingersoll recalls that he was a frequent victim of the ubiquitous dogs when he tried to find a blank page to write down an address or a phone number, but he maintained his reason like a veteran of the artillery of infantilism. After all, he had gone through worse than dogs with H. W. Ross.

It was White who got the mad impetuous idea that my scrawls should be published and, what is more, paid for with money. I didn't think he could make it. It is true that, a dozen years earlier, I had filled up a lot of space with dogs and an improbable species of human being in the Ohio State *Sun-Dial*, but I was its editor-in-chief then (one of my predecessors was Gardner Rea, a *New Yorker* artist since its first issue), and nothing could be done to stop me. Some of the *Sun-Dial* drawings were about the same as those I had done when I was seven and the ones I did for the *New Yorker*, but others were elaborate arrangements of solid black and crosshatching. When White caught me trying this same style again one day, he spoke a sound word of warning that has gained a small deserved fame: "Don't do that. If you ever got good you'd be mediocre."

One spring day in 1929 I had done, in approximately thirteen seconds, a pencil sketch on yellow copy paper of a seal on a rock staring at two tiny distant specks and saying, "Hm, explorers." White inked it in, a task for which rough tremor disqualified me, and sent it to the art meeting.

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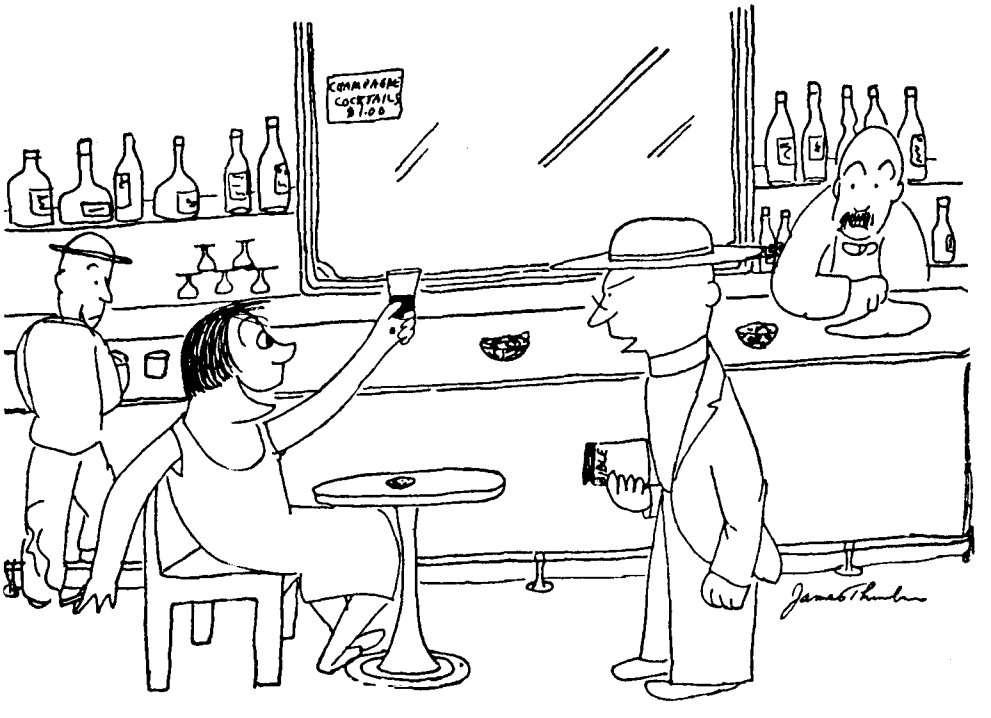
Anything that had the strong backing of Andy White was likely to impress Ross, who had bought and printed the year before my first serious casual, a thing called "Menaces in May," only after getting White's favorable opinion on it. I don't know what Ross said upon first gazing at a Thurber drawing, but he probably dismissed it lightly as a gag, a single buzzing fly that one could swat and then there wouldn't be any more. Rea Irvin drew a picture of a seal's head on the same paper with my seal and wrote under it, "This is the way a seal's whiskers go." Promptly the following Tuesday White sent the drawing back to the meeting with a note attached that read, "This is the way a Thurber seal's whiskers go." It came back again, this time without a word. As the weeks went on, White kept inking in and sending on other drawings of mine, and they were all rejected. All that Ross ever said during this preliminary skirmishing was a gruff "How the hell did you get the idea you could *draw?*"

Soon Andy and I began writing *Is Sex Necessary?*, for which he insisted that I do the illustrations. We finished the book in the late summer and sent it to Harper's, who had published White's book of verses, *The Lady Is Cold.* Then one day we called on the publishers with a big sheaf of my drawings. White laid them out on the floor, and three bewildered Harpermen stared at them in dismay, probably murmuring to themselves, "God, how we pity us." One of them finally found his voice. "I gather these are a rough idea of the kind of illustrations you want some artist to do?" he said. White was firm. "These are the drawings that go into the book," he said. There was a lot of jabber then about sales ceilings, the temper of the time, reader resistance, and the like, but the drawings went into the book, and the book was a success, and Ross kept hearing about it and about the drawings. He was mightily disturbed. Something created in his own office, something he had had first shot at, had been printed by a publisher, a species of freak with whom Ross never ceased to do battle. He came into my office, looking bleak. "Where's that goddam seal drawing, Thurber?" he demanded. "The one White sent to the art meeting a few months ago." I told him that he had rejected it and I had thrown it away. "Well, don't throw things away just because I reject them!" he yelled. "Do it over again." I didn't do it over again for two years, although he kept at me.

THE first drawings of mine to appear in the *New Yorker* were of animals, illustrating a 1930 series called "Our Own Pet Department." In one of these, incidentally, a drawing of a horse's head with antlers strapped to it, the horse's teeth had been put in by a girl friend of mine. Everybody took liberties with my drawings. In one of them, showing a man and his wife and another woman at a table, a charming editrix blacked in the other woman's shoes with India ink to make it clear to readers that the designing minx was



LATER THURBER

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playing footy-footy with the husband. The startled husband, strained and bolt upright in his chair, had drawn from his wife the line, "What's come over *you* suddenly?" Benchley, always a kind of jealous guardian of my art, such as it was, was annoyed by this monstrosity of explicitness, and said so to Ross. My goddam drawings were beginning to close in on Ross. Now he had something new to fret and fuss about, something he had never dreamed God would let happen to him.

It wasn't until January, 1931, that I sent another idea drawing to the *New Yorker's* art meeting. I had begun drawing straight away in India ink, without pencil foundation. Ross bought the drawing and asked for more. This was easy, since I could do a hundred in one weekend, but I usually submitted only two or three at a time. (In 1939 I did all the drawings for *The Last Flower* between dinner and bedtime one evening, but spared Ross this flux of pictures, because I didn't want to be responsible for his having a seizure of some kind.) He still kept pestering me about the seal drawing, and one evening in December, 1931, I tried to recapture it on the typewriter paper I always used. The seal was all right, atypical whiskers and all, but the rock looked more like the head of a bed, so I turned it into a bed, and put the man and his wife in it, with the caption Benchley so generously wired me about. With its purchase and printing in the magazine, I became an established *New Yorker* artist, still to Ross's mixed bewilderment and discomfiture.

There was another drawing that set off a memorable display of fireworks between the editor and me. It showed three hound dogs in the window of a petshop, one of them, sitting between the other two, having unusually sad eyes and gentle expression. A would-be woman purchaser is talking to the proprietor of the store, who is saying, "I'm very sorry, madam, but the one in the middle is stuffed, poor fellow."

"I don't think they have stuffed dogs in petshops," Ross said. "Not in the show window, anyway."

"*This* shop has one in the show window," I said stubbornly.

"You have me there," Ross growled. Then I got into deeper difficulty. "It's a variant of that old story about the three men on the subway train late at night," I said. "They were sitting across from a fourth man, who is left alone on the train with the three others after still a fifth passenger hands him a note and gets off at the next stop. The note says, 'The man in the middle is dead.' " I never saw Ross look unhappier about anything. He said so much then, in such a splutter, that it doesn't come back to me coherently now. "I'll send that drawing in to every art meeting until it's bought and printed," I told him. I think it was bought on its third resubmission. Some of my drawings were held up much longer than that, and one night I got into Ross's office with a passkey, faked his R on three drawings I especially liked, and sent them through the works the next day. Nothing was ever said about that, but for weeks I expected all hell to break loose.

Ross's tormented forehead was always in creases of worry about some art problem. When, early on, he had decided to put captions in italics — bang! there was the problem of what to do about emphasizing words and phrases that needed it. Clearly they would have to be set up in roman, thus reversing an ancient convention, and Ross was not fond of being the first by whom the new is tried. Several times I tried to sell him the idea of romanizing only part of an emphasized word, on the ground that Americans, particularly females, often do that; a case in point is the caption I sent in (my last one, I think) for which Whitney Darrow did the drawing, an ardent girl saying to her gloomily intellectual young man, "When you say you hate your own species, do you mean *everybody?*" Actually, it seemed to my ear, our young ladies stress only the "ev" in that word, but this was the kind of hybrid that would have driven Ross into a new ulcer.

Since the great worrier was a worshiper of the gods of Clarity and Explicitness, that devotion sometimes led him into overelaboration of captions. I remember an early Arno of a husband and wife arguing *en boudoir*, the wife saying, "And after I've given you the best years of my life," and the husband snapping back, "Yes, and who made them the best years?" The point would be sharper if only the husband's speech were used, and Ross soon gave up dialogue for monologue in most captions. He could torture single lines, though, as in the case of a Hokinson dowager complaining to her pampered Pomeranian, couchant on a soft cushion in his cage at a dog show, "I'm the one that should be lying down." The caption had come in that way, but Ross changed it to "I'm the one that should be lying down somewhere," so readers wouldn't get the idea the dog's owner wanted to climb in and lie down on its cushion. I made my own mistakes in the same area, too, once drawing a tipsy gentleman, fallen prone at the feet of a seated lady, and saying, "This is not the real me you're seeing, Miss Spencer." It should, of course, have been simply, "This is not the *real* me."

The editor was also often on the edge of panic

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about suspected *double entendre*, and after thirty-one years I recall his concern about an Arno drawing of one of his elderly gentlemen of the old school dancing with a warmly clinging young lady and saying, "Good God, woman, think of the social structure!" Ross was really afraid that "social structure" could be interpreted to mean a certain distressing sexual phenomenon of human anatomy. He brought this worry to me, pointing out that "social diseases" means sexual diseases, but I succeeded in quieting his fears, and the caption ran unchanged. He was wary of fatality in drawings, sharing Paul Nash's conviction that "not even Americans can make death funny," and when Carl Rose, in 1932, submitted a picture of a fencer cutting off his opponent's head and crying "Touché!" Ross thought it was too bloody and gruesome, and asked Rose to let me have a swing at it, because "Thurber's people have no blood. You can put their heads back on and they're as good as new." It worked out that way. Nobody was horrified.

In the early thirties all the *New Yorker* cartoonists had to put up for months with the havoc and bother of a new Ross apprehension. He became convinced that somebody was giving away our captions to rival magazines before they could be used. The trouble began when two similar drawings with identical captions appeared in the *New Yorker* and the old *Life*. A snowbound traveler in the Alps is taking the brandy cask from a Saint Bernard and saying, "What, no White Rock?" The line had been invented by Donald Ogden Stewart, who told it to somebody, who told it to somebody else, and thus both magazines heard about it before long. After that alarm had sounded through the offices like a somber bell in Macbeth's castle, the originals of drawings the *New Yorker* bought came back to the artists with heavy strips of butcher's paper pasted over the captions. This ruined some of the drawings, since the paper often stuck to the caption like a collie's tongue to a frosty hitching post. A drawing of mine with the caption "What have you done with Dr. Millmoss?" got the super-secret treatment, and was obliquely described in the office records as "Woman with strange animal." The strange animal was a hippopotamus, but the *New Yorker* wasn't going to let any spy find out about that. This panic, like many another office panic, died down and was forgotten.

If I wrote of Ross's constant concern and kindliness about my eyes, it would embarrass him in heaven, as it would embarrass him on earth if he were still here. He was not a demonstrative man, or he thought he wasn't, but anyone who knew him well could see through the profane bluster and gruffness that covered great solicitude for the men and women he loved when they were in peril, or in any kind of trouble. He began by taking my drawings as a joke, went through a phase in which he dismissed them as "a passing fancy, a fad of the English," and ended up doing his darnedest, as my disability increased, to keep the drawings going by every kind of ingenious hook and crook. After I got so I could no longer see to draw, even with black grease crayon on large sheets of yellow paper, Ross began a campaign, recorded in a series of letters he wrote me, to reprint old drawings of mine with new captions. First he suggested reversing the old cuts, a simple mechanical maneuver; then, with the aid of others in the office who knew about such things, he experimented with taking figures or furniture out of one drawing and putting them in another, arriving at a dozen permutations of men, women, and dogs, chairs, bridge lamps, and framed pictures, upon which he must have spent hours of thought with his confederates in this conspiracy of consolation.

I did think up a few new captions for old drawings, but whatever device of recomposition was used, some readers got on to it. The first publication to point out what was going on was the *News Chronicle* in London. The interest of the English, or some of them, in my drawings both pleased and puzzled Harold Ross. He was puzzled by Paul Nash's interest in my scrawls, although he was delighted by Nash's having singled me out at a luncheon in the Century Club in 1931 from the very forefront of American painters, all present and lined up for introduction to the visiting British painter and critic. He loved my story of how Nash insisted that I be put on his right (on his left was a bottle of whisky we had snatched from a sideboard), and by the distinguished visitor's asking a formidably bearded connoisseur of art, seated across from him, "What do you think of Milt Gross?"

When Nash was art critic for the *New Statesman and Nation* in London, he once wrote a piece about American comic art in which he mentioned that I apparently began drawing without anything particular in mind, in the manner of the early drawings of the great Matisse. This remarkable and somewhat labored comparison was distorted by word of mouth until some careless columnist printed the news that Henri Matisse was an admirer of my scrawls. So it came about that in 1937, when two bold young gallery men in London put on a one-man show of my drawings, one of them telephoned Monsieur Matisse, over my dead body, to try to arrange a meeting. The poor

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chap came back from the phone a little pale, and stammering, "Matisse's secretary says that Matisse never heard of Mr. Thurber *or* the *New Yorker*." That same year a short-lived magazine called *Night and Day*, too imitative of the *New Yorker* for its own good, was published in London, and it bought and printed a series of my drawings called "The Patient," which the *New Yorker* had rejected. I saw to it that Ross was immediately notified of the sale, and I sent him a copy of the magazine. That's when he really began telling people, "Thurber's drawings are a fad of the English, a passing fancy." He thought that some of my drawings were funny, all right, but what really got him, I could tell from his tone and look when he first mentioned it to me, was the praise they got from Ralph Barton and Wallace Morgan when Ross asked these friends of his about them. There was one *New Yorker* cartoonist, perhaps one of many that felt the same way, who yelled at Ross one day during the thirties, "Why do you reject drawings of mine, and print stuff by that fifth-rate artist Thurber?"

"Third-rate," said Ross, coming promptly and bravely to the defense of my stature as an artist and his own reputation as an editor.

In the last seven years of his life Ross wrote me dozens of letters and notes about my drawings. In one he said he had found out that the *New Yorker* had published 307 of my captioned drawings, of which 175 had been printed in one or another of my books. He wanted to know if I would permit new captions by outsiders on those rearranged originals of mine. "There is a caption here on a sketch by an idea man," he wrote me, "that it is thought might do for a re-used drawing of yours, as follows: (Two women talking) 'Every time she tells a lie about *me*, I'm going to tell the truth about *her*.' Now that I've got it on paper, it may not sound so hot, but it might do. The women in your drawings used to say some pretty batty things." He wanted to pay me the full rate I had got for originals, but I said no on a project in which I would have no real creative part.

The whole idea was abandoned after I told Ross that I didn't grieve about not being able to draw any longer. "If I couldn't write, I couldn't breathe," I wrote him, "but giving up drawing is only a little worse than giving up tossing cards in a hat. I once flipped in forty-one out of the whole deck, at twelve feet." I may have been straining a point to cheer up Ross, but cheering up Ross was a good deed, like lighting a lamp.

He was fond of two series I had drawn, "Famous Poems Illustrated" and "A New Natural History," and here are some of the things he wrote me about them. "Why in God's name did you stop doing the illustrated poems? There are forty million other verses in the English language, many of them unquestionably suitable for Thurber illustration." "I hereby suggest the Blue Funk as an animal or bird in the Natural History series. Also, I suggest the Blue Streak and the Trickle, and mention the fact that you might get a few more animals out of the bones of the human skeleton." "There might be a name for something in the Natural History series in 'Lazy Susan,' a flower or a butterfly, or something. Would 'antimacassar' be possible? I guess not."

Some of his written comments on the Natural History series show the old sharpshooter at work. "The checking of the names in your Natural History series revealed that one name is a real name: there is an actual fish called the pout. You have a bird called a shriek. In real life there is a bird called a shriker and also one called a shrike. I should think the approximation here does not matter. There is a bee called a lapidary, but you have drawn an animal. You have a clock tick. There is, of course, a tick. No matter, I say. There is a bird called a ragamuffin. You have drawn a ragamuffin plant. No real conflict." I wrote Ross that, for temperamental reasons, and such, I could draw only creatures suggested to me by my own thoughts about words, and said, "I've come to the end of this series, unless you want a man being generous to a fault — that is, handing a small rodent a nut. And I know you won't want a female grouch nursing a grudge. As for the illustrated poems, they began when I sent McKelway, from Frederick, Maryland, the Barbara Frietchie drawings, and they ended when I tried Poe's Raven, and it turned into a common cornfield crow."

In 1955 my London publishers brought out a small paperback of some forty selected drawings of mine, with a short preface. It was called *A Thurber Garland* and cost five shillings, or about seventy cents. That year only thirty-seven copies of it were sold, and I can hear Ross now, as I so often hear him, pacing the chalcedony halls and complaining. Perverse, unpredictable, H. W. Ross is grumbling to some uninterested angel, "What the hell's the matter with the English? Thurber's drawings are not a fad, or a passing fancy, they are here to stay. Don't they know that?"

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ROY WILKINS

Integration Must Move

Executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, ROY WILKINS, *who graduated from the University of Minnesota, was for fifteen years editor of* THE CRISIS *and prior to that, from 1923 to 1931, managing editor of* THE CALL, *the Negro weekly of Kansas City. In this article he carries forth the discussion initiated by Agnes Meyer in her January article, "Race and the Schools."*

A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written and spoken upon the public school desegregation question. With some notable exceptions, we have exhibited little honesty, ingenuity, common sense, and courage in approaching it. The *Atlantic* recognized the significance of the problem by featuring the sincere article, "Race and the Schools," by Agnes E. Meyer in its January issue. Yet Mrs. Meyer, for all her knowledge of and devotion to the public school system and her sincerity as an American liberal, has repeated some of the interpretations that have placed the situation on dead center and kept it there.

Hardly anyone sits down to a typewriter on this question without cautioning the Negro to abjure haste. William Faulkner used the columns of a multimillion-circulation weekly magazine to shout "Go slow!" to the NAACP. As the final caution Mrs. Meyer in the January *Atlantic* counsels, "make haste slowly."

Those who read and run might gather from all this that Negroes had been knocking down school doors, browbeating administrators and boards of education, or throwing picket lines around the schools from which they are barred. Nothing could be further from the truth. The majority of Negroes are mild and forbearing, much to the irritation of a growing number among them who wish for a program of more action.

There has been no pell-mell rush toward desegregation, no demand for instantaneous change. Certainly the NAACP has not advocated overnight alteration of school patterns. However, both the NAACP and Negro citizens generally have insisted that school boards come to grips with the question and that beginnings in good faith be made. Five days after the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court, Dr. Channing H. Tobias, NAACP board chairman, set the tone for the organization's procedure in a message to its Southern leaders meeting in Atlanta:

"It is important that calm reasonableness prevail, that the difficulties of adjustment be realized, and that, without any sacrifice of basic principles, the spirit of give and take characterize the discussions. Let it not be said of us that we took advantage of a sweeping victory to drive hard bargains or impose unnecessary hardships upon those responsible for working out the details of adjustment."

Here was the calm deliberation which since then has been urged so insistently upon Negro citizens. Here was consideration for school administrators and others upon whom would fall the burden of planning desegregation. But here, also, was quiet determination upon basic principles, upon change in the old order, upon access to light and opportunity after fifty-seven years in the semidarkness of the separate-but-never-equal doctrine.

It is this determination that the opponents of the Negro's aspiration are trying to break with

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their repeated cries of "Slow down." They are shadowboxing over speed; the real target is any change at all.

THE handwriting regarding segregated schools was on the wall as early as 1935, when Donald Gaines Murray won his way, via the Maryland Supreme Court, into the Law School of the University of Maryland. The picture became clearer through U.S. Supreme Court decisions in 1938, 1948, and 1950, together with other federal court decisions in this period forbidding a racial differential in teachers' salaries.

With the principle unmistakably stated in the University of Texas case in 1950, it was only a matter of time before a challenge on the elementary and secondary levels would be before the courts. No governor, or attorney general, or state board of education, or mayor, or local school board, or responsible school administrator can claim today that the 1954 decision on public schools was sudden. All of them had had a maximum notice of nineteen years and a minimum one of four years (from the Texas case). That they understood what was foreshadowed is demonstrated by the frantic building programs for Negro schools into which the Southern states plunged from 1949 to 1954 in a desperate effort to stave off the inevitable.

No, the Negro is not "pushing too fast"; he spent nearly two decades making his moves in a slow, orderly manner through the courts. Today he is proceeding with moderation and behaving with dignity under an intense fire of falsehood, intimidation, and persecution. Politically shackled and economically harassed, he has endured the persecution of state governments in which he has no voice and the ruthlessness of power structures in which he has no influence.

While he does not rant, he remains determined. A Gallup poll last December revealed that 69 per cent of Southern Negroes want the Supreme Court decision enforced, as against 53 per cent nearly two years before. Only 13 per cent were recorded as opposed. A survey published in the *Catholic Digest* in August, 1957, showed that 93 per cent of the Southern Negroes supported the policies of the NAACP.

All this would indicate that the Negro American is neither wild-eyed and obstreperous nor divided on this issue. He believes that the way to begin is to begin. He cannot be expected to cheer a beginning such as that in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where *one* Negro child has been integrated in the entire city system, nor that in Little Rock, where nine Negroes are distributed among 1991 whites in Central High School. If he greets these and similar efforts with something less than enthusiasm, it does not mean that he wants to go too fast; it means merely that he does not want to stand still.

Another favorite myth is that the Negro by insisting on some movement in good faith toward desegregation is seeking to destroy the public school system and the standards of public education. Governor Luther Hodges of North Carolina used this as a theme in a state-wide radio and television talk in 1956.

The only people who have threatened to destroy the public schools in certain states are white people, mostly politicians in high and low offices. The Negro wants more and better schools, not fewer.

Nor does the Negro seek to lower educational standards. Who knows better than he on how great a scale his children have been cheated of a decent education over all these years? He knows that a frightening number of them are lagging behind whites at certain levels. But he does not follow the "logic" which says that the way to cure this condition is to *maintain the segregation which produced it.*

Allowing for the 350,000 Negro children who have been integrated since 1954, there are still slightly more than two million Negroes remaining in segregated schools. Some commentators seek comfort by concentrating on the 350,000, but most Negroes and fair-minded whites, while welcoming this beginning, keep their sights on the presently immobile two million. Negroes know that not all these two million children are below par, that some of them can equal or surpass their grade levels in any test. They know, too, that still more could pass easily if given brief, intensive, and sympathetic remedial attention.

Assuming that a mere 10 per cent of the two million could pass their tests tomorrow, would their integration "ruin" public education standards? Obviously not, and the integration total would jump more than 50 per cent. If those who can quickly be brought to standard were added, the total would be still more satisfying — and no white child would be retarded thereby.

And, speaking of retardation, what of the present plight of average and superior children now attending all-white schools in company with a not negligible number of children who are below average, even poor? Recent figures from a Texas city purport to show that 59 per cent of whites in the fourth grade were at or above their grade level as compared with only 13.5 per cent of Negroes. But, aside from the contrast with Negroes, this survey reveals that more than 40 per cent of the *white* children are below average.

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Excluding a few experts, is anyone complaining that the presence of this two fifths is ruining the education of the three fifths?

If this argument is valid with respect to Negroes, it is valid with respect to the substantial number of substandard white children. It becomes, therefore, a problem of education rather than one of race.

As THE Negro views the present situation, there would seem to be certain requisites to a beginning toward reducing tensions and getting on with desegregation. The segregation problem is not the same in the North as it is in the South. The difference is apparent to even a casual observer of trolleys, buses, city halls, state legislatures, parks, theaters, restaurants, hotels, factories, and white-collar employment. As for schools, despite de facto segregation there are Negro teachers and students in "mixed" situations, with Negro honor students, class presidents, and athletes. In New York City the desegregation principle has been recognized, the Supreme Court respected, proposals drawn up, and debate encouraged. *There is movement.* The same cannot be said for Richmond, Savannah, Jacksonville, Mobile, Shreveport, or Hattiesburg.

Further, the segregationists must face, sooner or later, the fact that the soothing double talk handed to Aunt Mandy and Uncle Jim falls on the deaf and scornful ears of today's Tom, Dick, and Harry. These latter have traveled far from the home county; tens of thousands have been off to war and seen far places; thousands more have gone to school under the GI bill; they have radios and television sets; they read newspapers, magazines, and books. That is why the Montgomery bus protest lasted one year instead of five days as predicted by local whites who "knew" their Negroes. That is why the time-tested formula of dividing the "good" Negroes from the "radical" ones has failed on the school desegregation issue.

Next, there should be, among those genuinely desirous of getting something done, an end to the characterization of court action and political pressure as "force." This perversion reduces legal action in accordance with a decree of the nation's highest court to the same level as mob action stirred by a John Kasper. The same reasoning lumps together as extremists the NAACP, which supports the Supreme Court, and the White Citizens Councils, organized specifically to defy the Court. Inveighing against the employment of political action by Negro citizens is asking them to forgo an instrument which is the very backbone of a democratic society, one that is used for everything from cutting a curbstone to, say, fixing the rate for interstate natural gas. They cannot be expected to acquiesce.

Equally pointless are the running references to the Era of Good Feeling that is alleged to have existed in the years prior to the 1954 decision of the Court. It is true that Southern whites experienced few racial tensions, for they found that a segregated society, rigidly controlled through political disfranchisement, economic ceilings, and social customs, was comfortable and relaxing. But for the Negro it was an era of frustration.

While we were making the world safe for democracy in one war and destroying *Hitler's* master race theory in another, the Negro rode in the back of the bus, lived in a ghetto across the railroad tracks, sent his children to Jim Crow schools, worked at restricted jobs, enjoyed either inferior or no public recreation, endured daily humiliation and insult, received uneven justice in the courts, and was the victim of violence. He is not overcome with nostalgia for the pre-1954 days; he has bid them a grim and tearless good-by.

The Negro *wants* to be a partner in this great social change. He has offered his cooperation from the very beginning, but his peaceful petitions offering aid in drawing up desegregation plans were rejected, filed away, or turned over to local segregationists so that the signers could be fired from their jobs. The Negro is still deeply interested in building better schools for all children. He believes segregated schools have hurt white children as he knows full well they have hurt his. But partnership implies mutual respect and consultation, leading to cooperative movement. Where these necessary conditions have been met, he has been a willing collaborator.

If Mrs. Meyer's admonition, "The chief responsibility for leadership is still that of the white population," is to be meaningful in the light of present-day urgencies, there must be the sharing of responsibility for plans and results which is inherent in the partnership concept.

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CAPTAIN HORSFALL AND THE MILITARY MIND

Drawing by Bill Mauldin from UP FRONT
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BY RICHARD BAUM

Born and reared in Chicago, RICHARD BAUM *attended Harvard, served in France and Germany as S-2 (intelligence and reconnaissance) of an infantry battalion and, since the war, has been trying to get his foot in the door as a writer.*

AT CHRISTMAS I exchange letters with the man who was my battalion commander in World War II. It is a pleasant custom and often produces news about old friends whom I have, in the curious usages of peace, lost track of. The Colonel's last letter told of running into Henry Horsfall, our operations officer. Hank, the Colonel wrote, still maintained a profound disgust for all things military, with emphasis on the military mind.

The Colonel's words conjured up memories of Horsfall's unshakable calm, and of the Indiana drawl that seemed so well suited to his square and plump-cheeked face. Pausing over the letter, I remembered Horsfall moving — when movement could not be avoided — with vast deliberation, and Horsfall running — when enemy fire required it — with protest eloquent in every line of his pudgy, laboring haunches. Most vividly, I remembered Henry Horsfall seated, feet propped upon a table, chin sunk on his chest, dozing peacefully in countless command posts across France and Germany.

Time may have gilded the memory, but in my recollection of those distant days orders from higher headquarters were of all things the least likely to disturb Henry Horsfall's naps. After taking a phone call from Regiment, he would as often as not only sigh and recompose himself for sleep. Questioned, he would mumble without opening his eyes, "It's a pretty fair order — we're doing it already" or, "Just more nonsense the Masterminds cooked up — they won't be down to check."

Some sixth sense, acquired during Depression years in the peacetime Army, guided him on these occasions and never failed. Interposed like a fine-meshed screen between the frequent frenzies of higher brass and our battalion, this mysterious clairvoyance shielded us from many of the minor horrors of war. In our councils it gave Captain Horsfall, who by length of service should have been a lieutenant colonel, and by knowledge a lieutenant general, the rank and privileges of Elder Statesman.

And then, thinking of it as a sort of apotheosis of Hank Horsfall's insight into the military mind, I remembered how he had once saved me a three-day pass to Paris.

It happened in March of '45, a few days after our battalion had moved into a sector of wooded hills near the Rhineland. We seldom saw the enemy in daylight, and even at night small-arms fire was seldom heard. Now and then a few rounds of mortar or artillery fire landed in the battalion area, but everyone was well dug in, and occasion-

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ally we heard enemy shells go fluttering and whispering high over our hill to land in the valley behind, a valley occupied by regimental headquarters. Such fire naturally produced, on our side of the hill, satisfaction and hope of a better world. A wrecked village in the area had given a good yield of potatoes and wine and some excellent cigars. After the bloody winter, this was a fine sector to be in.

Ruminating on these good things in the command post dugout one morning, Horsfall, his feet crossed upon a table lugged up from the village, summed up our situation: "Here we sit, defending our country with all the comforts of retired farmers."

His square hand slowly lifted a cigar to his mouth, held it there for a well-savored inhalation, and then dropped nerveless ly down upon his rounded thigh. Head wreathed in smoke, he sighed contentedly.

"The only cloud on the horizon," he drawled, "is that yesterday they put us in a new corps. That means our general will try to impress the Corps Commander with our aggressiveness. Patrol activity will be stepped up."

He sighed again, philosophically, and the spring sunshine streaming through the open entrance to the dugout turned his thoughts toward home. "Back in Indiana," he said, "they'll have the tractors out by now. Pretty soon they'll be hearing whippoorwills."

"Are you going to farm, Hank," I asked, "when this thing's over?"

His tone reproached me. "I was raised on a farm. I know all about it. Those whippoorwills sang my lullaby. Farming's hard work."

He had answered my question. Yet Horsfall's detestation of military ways had long ago convinced me that as soon as he could manage it he would return to the Indiana farmland. Perhaps a country store would be the answer, a store where farmers liked to meet and talk.

Boots clumped in the dugout entrance, and the Colonel came in, a fresh uniform on his athletic figure, his boots and pistol holster polished for a visit to the rear.

"Conference at Division," he told us. He appraised Horsfall's lounging body. "While I'm gone, I don't want this outfit drilled to death."

"Sir," Horsfall answered, "I'll try to restrain myself."

The Colonel turned to me. "Seems there's a three-day pass to Paris due some officer in this headquarters. Starting tomorrow. I gave the Adjutant your name."

There was a reason for this unexpected windfall to rob me of speech.

The Colonel's blue eyes sparkled. "No telling how far this nurse we've been hearing about is stationed from Paris. But I guess she can make a forced march if she has to."

He disappeared into the outside sunshine.

"He said it starts tomorrow," Horsfall drawled. "Relax."

"Not me — maybe I can get the chaplain to send word to Ellen!"

Before I could reach the telephone, it buzzed, and a new replacement in my intelligence section answered it. Holding up the handset inquiringly, he said, "It's Regiment — Colonel Cantwell. He wants the CO."

"Temporarily that's me," Horsfall said, immovable in his chair.

"Take the telephone to the Captain," said Sergeant Diamond, Horsfall's operations sergeant.

For a minute or more Horsfall listened with obvious boredom to what were evidently detailed instructions from Colonel Cantwell, the regimental executive and no favorite with our battalion.

"Yes, sir," Horsfall said at length. He handed the telephone to the waiting replacement and turned to us.

"General Trout, our assistant division commander — that poor old man — is in the area. He was just at Regiment, inspecting them, and I do believe he chewed them good and deep." A slow smile creased his cheeks. "The picture comes clear. The Old Man's gone to that conference at Division the Colonel went to, and friend Cantwell's keeping store. Cantwell's responsible for Regiment — and it looked like hell to Trout."

"What's it got to do with us?" I asked.

"Trout — that poor old one-star general — let it out he was going to inspect the battalions, too. Right this very now." His smile broadened. "Oh, it's a fine morning for Cantwell! Trout's in a chewing mood; he'll wrap the whole damn regiment up in one package and throw it at Cantwell's head!"

Sergeant Diamond looked at the new man. "Who's on the broom?"

"I am," the new man said. "But check the symbols on the map, Sergeant. I might have drawn one wrong."

"What's Trout complaining about?" I asked.

Horsfall sighed. "Men getting sloppy, field jackets unbuttoned, not wearing helmets, truck like that. Cantwell gave me a long list. Patrols, too. Trout says our patrols aren't going deep enough."

This was my responsibility, and I bristled. "How deep does he want 'em to go?"

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"Berlin might satisfy." Horsfall yawned. "Relax. Trout's just out to impress the Corps Commander. This nonsense happens every time we change corps. Trout's a Grade-A example of the military mind. He thinks the Corps Commander's stupid enough to be impressed, and he thinks we're stupid enough to take *him* seriously. You and I know how deep our patrols ought to go. So does the Colonel. Maybe even Trout does. The rest is eyewash."

Violent sweeping of the dugout's board floor had raised a cloud of dust, in which Horsfall sat immovable and relaxed. Diamond went to work with a dust rag, and I began tidying up the maps and papers on the table.

"Generals," Horsfall said, "have spent their lives receiving loud and confident commands. Then turning around and passing 'em down, louder if possible. Few of these commands make sense, so naturally generals reach the point where they think everyone else is crazy — us for obeying the commands and higher authority for issuing them in the first place. That's the military mind, and Trout's a blue-ribbon example."

The bustle within the dugout continued around his unmoving form.

"You people," he told us, "are wasting your strength. If this is the General's day to chew, he's going to chew. I knew a general in the CCC used to draw red circles around chewing days on his calendar, months ahead. When he got up in the morning and saw one of those red circles, it drove him berserk and kept him berserk till sundown and his first drink. That's what generals are paid for."

"We don't want this outfit chewed," I said. "Especially with Cantwell looking on."

Horsfall shook his head. "You don't want to let your feelings get involved where a general's concerned. Take me — my feelings just can't be reached by generals. Specially an old bust like Trout." He added, reflectively, "Although, you take a general like Ben Lear — that's different. Back before this war started and they gave stars to retired majors like Trout, I got chewed by General Ben Lear in person. In some ways that chewing remains my most stirring military experience. Ben Lear had a face like an angry Jersey bull and a voice like a fifty caliber machine gun. When the echoes died away that time I had a burning sensation all over, and felt like I really mattered. But that was Ben Lear. Not Trout."

A MAN from the wire crew entered the dugout and saluted Horsfall smartly. Horsfall wearily returned the courtesy.

"I was just at Regiment, sir, with Sergeant Ford," the man said. "He sent me to tell you —"

"That General Trout's in the area?"

The man nodded.

"Thanks, Britten. Tell Sergeant Ford we're holding our breath."

As Britten left, the telephone buzzed. This time Diamond answered it and carried it to Horsfall.

After listening briefly, Horsfall said, "Thank you, Captain."

"You'll never guess this one," he told us. "General Trout's in the area."

"Maybe I'd better warn the companies," I said. "He might go down and bother them."

"Relax. We'll tell him the road's under enemy observation. Which it is. I went down by jeep this morning and they shot at me."

"He might walk down through the woods like everyone else."

"Trout? With all that fat?" But Horsfall's peculiar pride was rubbed. "I won't have him shoving his greasy thumb into our business! Our companies get to enjoy this lull while it lasts!"

I sent the new man out to spread word of the General's imminent arrival. Then I thought I could make my call to the chaplain. But the telephone buzzed again, and again was carried to Horsfall, still sitting with his feet crossed upon the table. This time the conversation was longer. When he hung up he was frowning.

"That was Cantwell again," he said. "Trout's already hit the Second Battalion — and he did go to one of their companies. He chewed everything in sight, and phoned Cantwell from their CP to say how bloody lousy they were. Cantwell's blowing his top. Trout said he was going back to Regiment after seeing us — no doubt to have another bite off Cantwell."

"Trout would pick today," I muttered. "I've got things to do."

Horsfall's gaze at me was somber. "You know how Cantwell loves this battalion. He said we had more warning than the Second — if we don't satisfy the General all our passes are canceled."

"No," I said, "*no!*" Then I began to swear.

Head tilted back, Horsfall slowly blew a cloud of smoke at the beams holding up the roof. "Let's not be racing our motors," he drawled. "In the first place it's a tough war all over, and maybe, if I put my mind to it, I could figure something out."

Before I could speak, he held up a hand. "Don't say anything. I haven't done it yet — and it would be partly just to show old Trout where he fits."

Lowering his chin to his chest, he frowned at his outstretched legs. Soon he began to mumble,

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more to himself than anyone else, "It must be the new corps commander. It all adds up. He chewed Trout. Trout's trying to shake off the sting by passing it along."

His mumbling continued. "And Trout — that poor old man — has the military mind in double dose. A lifetime in the Army has convinced him everyone is crazy but him — and on top of that he hasn't had a promotion for a long, long time. He *knows* the Army's crazy for not giving him that second star years ago."

He sighed and, expelling a cloud of smoke, settled still more comfortably into his chair. In a deep but tuneless baritone he began to chant, "*Oh, the moon is fair tonight along the Wabash, From the fields there comes the smell of new-mown hay* —"

"Hank!" I said. "We've got a problem!"

"*In the sycamores the whippoorwills are calling.*" He scowled and mumbled, "That may not be right." Then he looked mildly in my direction. "Someone could get out that manual on patrols the Masterminds sent down a few days ago. It's around somewhere."

Sergeant Diamond found the manual. Placing it on the table, he received an approving nod from Horsfall, who was concluding his song, "*In my Indiana home so far away.*"

"Have you got something?" I demanded.

The song ended, Horsfall nodded placidly. "It'll work if I understand the shrunken brain of our assistant division commander."

SUDDENLY, outside, there was the powerful snorting of a jeep and, as the jeep's engine was switched off, an explosive "'Tench-hut!" Then a gruff "Carry on!" and the entrance to the dugout darkened.

Helmeted, his rotund body wrapped in a trench coat swollen by a wool shawl around his neck, the General strode into the dugout, his short legs stamping purposefully on the loose boards of the floor. For a walking staff he was carrying a thick branch torn — by the look of it violently — from one of the beech trees on our hill.

Horsfall bawled, "'Tench-hut!" but even those clipped syllables betrayed his Hoosier farmer drawl. He stood at attention, but his rounded stomach gave the front of his jacket an unmilitary curve. The odd thought occurred to me that allowing for the difference in age he and the General were built along the same lines.

Halting in front of Horsfall, the General banged the butt of his staff violently down upon the floor. His helmet was pulled low across his forehead, and in its shadow his eyes glared like those of an animal about to sortie from its burrow. His lips were pursed together and thrust belligerently outward above a bulldog jaw. He was breathing hard. He barked, "Your men inspected daily?"

"Every morning, sir," Horsfall answered.

"Never, by Lucifer, know it from those men outside!"

Leveling his staff at Horsfall, the General bellowed, "Your men look like chimney sweeps!" His lips kneaded together wrathfully. "Your CP's dirty as a hogpen! Your men are dirty! Mister, because the German's lying low don't mean you're on a picnic. This is war!"

Horsfall squarely met the furious gaze. "Sir," he said, "those men outside have been training. Sir, I've been instructing them in camouflage and concealment."

The General's voice was low and menacing. "Training — by Lucifer, you ought to train!" His voice rose in volume. "I carry every night's patrol routes in my head. Spent forty years in the study of patrols, and —"

He paused to draw breath for what promised to be an all-inclusive condemnation, and Horsfall firmly interrupted.

"Then the General no doubt knows our fine record on patrols. When the Corps Commander happened to pass this way —"

"The Corps Commander!"

The General's head and shoulders flinched perceptibly, and his eyes flashed toward the dugout entrance. Horsfall's nostrils flared like a hunting hound's.

"I don't believe he's in the area now, sir," Horsfall said. "But he happened to hail me earlier today, on the road behind this hill. In fact, sir, he gave me a lift."

"Gave you a lift," the General said.

"Possibly, sir, he recognized me from the time many years ago when I served under him in the CCC. In the old Army, General." Horsfall paused significantly. He went on, "The Corps Commander, sir, appeared gratified to hear that we've been following your teaching on patrols."

"My teaching!"

"I happened to mention the helpful advice, sir, which you have so often given us."

To my knowledge, this was the General's first visit in months, but a situation was developing where fact seemed of small account.

There was a silence, during which Horsfall stood at stiff attention.

The General cleared his throat. "The Corps Commander," he said. "So he knew you from the C's."

"Naturally I cannot swear to that, sir. Mainly we discussed patrols. I was anxious to find out if he knew whether you, sir, had had a hand in writing the manual."

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The General's eyes enlarged. "What'd he say?"

"Sir, he didn't know. I said we all thought it likely."

The General lowered his gaze, and silently reflected. A covert but unmistakable smile appeared upon his lips; he had been chewed, perhaps savagely, but this morning on the road behind the hill he had made some points.

Horsfall said enthusiastically, "I thought I was right about that manual! Sir, I had a hunch!"

The General scowled. "Well, now, I can't say I wrote the book personally . . ."

Horsfall appeared unable to believe this.

"But," the General went on, "I had many a long talk with one of the authors. In my day I was a great tramper in the woods. Something of a hunter. Patrolling's been my lifelong interest."

Horsfall's face shone with open admiration.

"If I may say so, sir," Horsfall said, "with all due respect, I believe that officers with an enthusiasm for patrolling have at last been vindicated. This war has proved their wisdom."

"By Lucifer, Captain, you're right!"

"As an example, General, of our present training, there's the matter of bird calls. We're training our men to imitate bird calls. So patrols can communicate with each other, sir, without alerting the enemy."

"Bird calls!" the General exclaimed.

It seemed that sheer artistic passion might be leading Horsfall to disaster, but he appeared sure of his ground.

"Indeed yes, sir," he said. "I happened to mention bird calls to the Corps Commander as an example of your teaching on patrols."

"My teaching!" the General roared. "Explain yourself, Captain!"

Horsfall seemed both hurt and eager. "Sir, the Corps Commander approved it highly! And of course we all thought, sir, it was you who had put it in the manual."

"Are bird calls in the manual?"

"Indeed they are, sir." Horsfall stepped to the table and picked up the manual. "Of course, sir, I thought you'd written the entire book."

"Let me see that manual."

Horsfall found the paragraph — one which he had read to me with vast enjoyment — and held the book open for the General to read.

"It seems to have been written, sir," Horsfall murmured, "by a real woodsman."

The General looked up from the manual. "And the Corps Commander — he approved the use of bird calls?"

"He approved it highly, sir."

Lowering his head, the General again reflected. And, in the shadow cast by his helmet, a bitter twisting of his mouth — half grin, half snarl — testified that a conviction, doggedly held, was at last confirmed: the Corps Commander was an idiot.

I had begun to hope, but now the General started to peer about the dugout. Thinking that it was impossible to get a dugout really clean, I suddenly saw Horsfall's half-smoked cigar lying on the table's edge. In our division officers did not smoke while training men.

Something like mental telepathy must have gone to work, for as I looked helplessly at the cigar, Horsfall, although not taking his eyes from the General, began edging toward it.

Then the General swung round on Horsfall. "Captain," he barked, "what bird calls do your men imitate?"

Touched but not quite grasped by Horsfall's fingers, the cigar rolled off the table and fell to the floor, and Horsfall blurted, "Whippoorwills, sir."

My heart sank.

"Whippoorwills!" the General shouted. "I haven't heard any whippoorwills around here!"

Horsfall again was speaking smoothly. "In this country, sir, they appear to be a night bird. We hear them all over these hills at night." He added, "We're waiting to see if it's a migration or if they've come to stay."

"Whippoorwills," the General said.

"Yes, sir. Whippoorwills."

The General's eyes narrowed. "Captain, let me hear a whippoorwill's call!"

The General's report to Cantwell, I thought, would place us lower than the low. I might as well forget about my pass.

"Sir?" Horsfall said.

"I said let me hear a whippoorwill's call!"

For several seconds Horsfall, his expression unreadable, looked straight at the General, who looked straight back. Then, planting his legs apart and clasping both hands to his stomach, Horsfall drew in a deep breath. He raised his face toward the beams overhead, opened his mouth, and gave vent to a piercing, sustained, and weirdly realistic imitation of the bird in question.

"Whup — pur — *will!*" he cried, in a strange high scream. "Whup — pur — *will!* Whup — pur — *will!* Whup — pur — *will!*" Red-faced with effort, he drew breath, and earnestly continued, "Whup — pur — *will!* Whup — pur — *will!* Whup — pur — *will!*"

A shell exploded not far off, but was barely audible. My attention like that of everyone else was riveted to Horsfall's demonstration, and as we watched and listened he began to flail his elbows back and forth like wings. For a moment,

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with his piercing cries resounding in the dugout, it seemed possible that his pudgy body would become airborne.

As the demonstration ended, the General drew himself up and took a final look around the dugout. He raised his beech staff and banged it down upon the floor.

"By Lucifer!" he shouted, "this is the first clean CP I've seen all day! Some dust here and there, but this is war! Glad to find one outfit on its toes. Sharp. What I call *Army!*" His jaw jutted forward and his eyes flashed at Horsfall. "See you keep up the good work, Captain!"

Horsfall shouted, too. "Yes, sir! Thank you, General!"

The General again banged his staff on the floor. He about-faced, marched toward the entrance, and his wide back disappeared up the shallow trench. Outside, as upon his arrival, there was a loud "'Tench-hut!" and a gruff "Carry on!" and finally the snorting of his jeep.

WITHIN the dugout there was a complete silence. Across the table from Horsfall, Diamond stood with lowered gaze, as if grieving. He was slowly shaking his head. The new man was looking openmouthed at Horsfall.

Picking up his cigar from the floor, Horsfall relighted it and lowered himself into his chair. Sighing, he lifted up his legs and crossed his feet upon the table.

I found my voice. "Hank," I said, offering my hand, "that was a work of art!"

Horsfall did not accept my hand. "The damned cigar," he said. "It threw me off my stride. I had him until then."

"You had him all the way!"

Horsfall slowly shook his head. "No, I lost him. And now I'm waiting for the kickback." He added, without much interest, "You don't have to worry about that pass, though. And he won't bother the companies. He'll tell Cantwell just what he told us."

I struggled to comprehend "You mean he knew you were lying?"

"It was those whippoorwills. I should have said robins or swallows, but I was thinking about the cigar, and he threw me a sneak question. When I said whippoorwills, he knew I was lying."

"You mean he knew you were lying when he asked for the whippoorwill call?"

"Sure he knew. He knew I knew he knew, too."

I remembered Horsfall's enigmatic gaze at the General before giving the demonstration. But I began, "If he knew you were lying . . ."

"He just wanted to see if I was game," Horsfall said wearily. "You've got to have been in the Army a long time to understand a thing like this." He added, mainly to himself, "That Trout's a better man than I gave him credit for. Though not" — firmly — "in a class with Ben Lear."

Still unconvinced, I said, "But he'll give us an O.K. with Cantwell?"

"He'll do that. But there'll be a kickback. On me. Still, I guess I'll relax till it comes."

I called the chaplain, and my talk with him was not long over when the telephone sounded. The call was from the S-2 in the Second Battalion.

"General Trout just called from Regiment," he said. "After being at your place." He added, it seemed hopefully, "He chew you?"

"Chew the First Battalion? My friend, he was complimentary. Especially on patrols."

"That's what I'm calling about. The S-3 and me — we've got to take some instruction from your 3, Horsfall. That farmer."

I said slowly, "Go on."

The voice strengthened. "Whippoorwills! We have a direct order from the General to report to your area at dark. Horsfall's going to demonstrate the whippoorwill call."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Horsfall received no such order."

"Well, we did. And we'll be there. And it better be good! Out."

When I turned from the telephone Horsfall was looking at me.

"What order didn't I receive?" he demanded.

I was relieved to hear the telephone buzz again. This time it was the S-3 of the Third Battalion. It seemed kindest to carry the handset to Horsfall.

He listened for a time, said dully, "At dark," and hung up.

"Well," he muttered, "it could be worse. Though not much."

"You haven't been ordered to go through with this," I said.

He sighed. "Orders are for civilians. The General knows *I* know I've got to be there, and give them that crazy call."

A few minutes later the Cannon Company phoned. Their exec was to attend.

Then Regimental Headquarters Company phoned.

Then an attached mortar company.

All morning, as General Trout moved about the area, the audience grew larger.

But I had my pass.

"You guessed it," the Colonel's letter concluded. "Whippoorwill Hank still hates the Army and still is in it. He's now a major, running PX's in Hawaii. But still reminds you of a Major General, Relaxed."

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PAROLE AND THE PRISONS - AN OPPORTUNITY WASTED

A widely read novelist whose avocation is criminology, ERLE STANLEY GARDNER *believes that the strengthening of our parole system would be the most effective and least expensive method of controlling crime. Confining prisoners for excessive terms, he argues, is as bad as releasing them without further supervision.*

SOME years ago I had occasion to dedicate a book to the real underdog of the whole prison system: the parole board. In many states the parole board is confined in a strait jacket of mathematical limitations. The prisons will hold only so many inmates. The taxpayers refuse to appropriate money to build more prisons. The courts continue to convict a steady stream of culprits and pour them into the already overcrowded prisons.

The only answer, of course, is mathematical and obvious. If the penal institutions hold twenty-five hundred prisoners and are full to overflowing, and the courts send in seven hundred new prisoners a year, the parole board is going to have to parole approximately one third of the prisoner population each year.

When a prison inmate who has been released on parole makes good, and becomes an honored and respected member of his community, he seldom rises up in public and says, "Fifteen years ago I was an inmate of the state penitentiary." On the other hand, whenever a man commits a crime, and his criminal record shows that he has once been released on parole, you can be reasonably certain that the headlines will refer to the fact that the man has been a parolee.

Recently I have given a lot of thought to the underlying causes of crime, and I have about concluded that the greatest cause of crime today is public indifference and public ignorance of the problems of penology. The average citizen is completely sold on the idea of punishment as a crime deterrent. There is sound reasoning to support that position. The average citizen, however, goes further and feels that punishment is a cure for crime. And by no stretch of the imagination can statistical figures furnish that position the slightest support. However, this attitude persists.

When a small boy is caught stealing cookies, he is given a spanking, and, theoretically at least, that punishment cures him of his desire to steal cookies. Therefore, when a grown man steals money from a bank, society's idea is that it will punish him and thereby cure him of his criminal tendencies.

The difference is that the child's punishment is short, certain, and soon over with. It is administered against a background of love, affection, and security. The punishment of the criminal is uncertain, it is a long-drawn-out affair, and it is far too often administered against a background of vindictive antagonism.

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Statistics show that virtually all prisoners eventually are released from custody. Only approximately 2 per cent die in prison. As a matter of fact nearly all prisoners who are released should be released on parole. If society waits until the sentence has been completely served, then the prisoner is released with no supervision whatever, and he is free to return to a life of crime if he so desires. Unfortunately, far too many prisoners so desire. This is true because of environment, because of economic pressures, and because of habit.

If prisoners are released on parole a year or two before their sentences normally expire, the parole board has an opportunity at least to check up on what the prisoner is doing after his release.

Occasionally we hear someone saying that probation and parole aren't working. What the citizen making such a statement overlooks is the fact that he is condemning a basically sound principle because, in many parts of the country, the probation and parole officials are given more cases than they can handle, and are understaffed.

As I have sometimes said, it is as though we took all of the airmail which was going out of Denver, all of the air freight, and all of the air passengers, and crowded them into one airplane. Quite naturally that airplane wouldn't be able to get off the ground. But that wouldn't mean that air transportation was a failure. If we are going to have probation and parole intelligently administered, we must be as careful of the case load, with relation to trained personnel, as we are in weighing the number of pounds which goes into an airplane before it tries to take off the runway.

I know of many parole boards so overworked that they have no opportunity to make regular checkups on their cases. They tell the parolee, "You'll have to report every thirty days. That means you must write me a letter and tell me what you're doing, how you're getting along, and report every change of address." The surprising thing is that some people really do make good under conditions of that sort.

The criminal is a human being. Through some weakness in his character, some defect in his environment, he is unable or unwilling to conform to the rules of society. Therefore society imprisons him. Unless something has been done to this inmate during imprisonment to strengthen his character, he is just as poor a moral risk when he gets out as he was when he went in; in fact he is a much poorer risk. His friends on the outside have dropped away. He has formed friends among the criminals on the inside. He has been deprived of the opportunity to make decisions for himself and to withstand temptation. He has been living a regimented life where, as far as possible, opportunities for mischief have been eliminated.

As someone has aptly pointed out, expecting a period of confinement to cure defects in a man's character is like taking an automobile which has ceased to run, shutting it up in a garage for a period of months, and then expecting it to run perfectly. In short, these men need help. They need a stiffening of their moral stamina. They need encouragement. They need counsel from someone who knows the problems which are confronting them.

Some years ago I went East to cover the case of Willie (the Actor) Sutton for *Look* magazine. While there, I became quite well acquainted with two of the judges in the jurisdiction where Sutton was being tried. They were the Honorable Peter T. Farrell and the Honorable William B. Groat.

I found that these two judges had worked out a system of their own in regard to probation. I asked them about the percentage of failure and was startled to find that they had virtually no failures. I wanted to find out the secret.

One of the judges told me, in effect, "There isn't any secret about it. We know that these men got up against conditions that were too much for them and they committed a crime. We know that if they get up against another set of similar conditions they're apt to commit another crime. The thing to do is to see that their troubles and temptations don't pile up to such a point that they lose their perspective.

"Every so often we send for one of these fellows. We invite him to come to our chambers in the evening. When the defendant was in court he was in there as a criminal. He was looking up at a stern-faced judge, clad in judicial robes, who represented the majesty of the law he had violated. The criminal wasn't treated as a human being and the judge wasn't acting as a human being. The judge was the majesty of the law, the criminal was the man who had violated the law.

"But when we get the man into chambers we meet him on a basis of man-to-man. If it's hot weather we take off our coats, we put our feet up on the desk, and then we ask the fellow if he wants a smoke. We hand him a cigar.

"We sit there with this fellow and talk over his problems. We give him a little advice, not as a judge, but as a guy who is taking a friendly interest in him and who has seen a lot of troubles come and go. We give him a pat on the back and send him out.

"Of course," the judge went on, "it raises the devil with our evenings, and the cost of cigars do mount up, but we feel we're doing a job."

And they certainly *were* doing a job!

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That's the difference between probation which really helps a man and impersonal probation in which a man is thrown back into the very conditions which were too great for him to cope with originally.

Probation and parole are much less expensive than keeping a man in close confinement. Moreover, during the time he is on probation the man can make a constructive contribution to the earnings of society. If an inmate has been rehabilitated, he returns to society as a useful citizen. He holds down a job, he earns money, he pays taxes, he buys merchandise, he keeps money in circulation, he adds to the prosperity of the country. If he hasn't been rehabilitated, he doesn't work, he commits crimes, he costs the taxpayers money at every turn of the road. The police have to hunt him down. He may have been committing crimes of violence, he may have robbed, raped, or murdered. Then when the police eventually catch up with him, he has to be tried at great expense, convicted by evidence which proves him guilty beyond all reasonable doubt, and then returned to prison where he is once more supported by the taxpayers.

Those who have made any study of the problem realize that it is absolutely essential that we place more emphasis on rehabilitation while the inmate is in prison. Rehabilitation can't come from without. It must come from within. The inmate can be given the opportunity to rehabilitate himself, but he must be inspired to want to rehabilitate himself. The approach depends upon the individual. It is a positive treatment which must be used in addition to the physical restraint of the prisoner, which is a negative treatment.

As someone has aptly pointed out, what seems to be the cheapest thing society can do with a prisoner, to shut him up and keep him shut up, is in the long run the most expensive treatment society can give that prisoner. Rehabilitation costs money, but it is the best investment society can make.

There are, of course, people who should never be paroled. There are some sex criminals who should never be released, some persons who are criminally insane, and some prisoners who are frankly, completely, and utterly hostile to society.

The sex criminal is probably motivated by drives which the average, normal man simply can't understand and which the sex criminal himself can't control or sometimes even anticipate.

If we regard prison detention as being in the nature of a quarantine, there is no reason why a man's release should come from the calendar. A sentence can be made for a fixed or indeterminate period, but each sentence can contain the proviso that if this man has not made substantial progress in curbing and curing the defects of character which caused his original commitment so that he is safe as far as society is concerned, his release is to be postponed until he is considered safe to mingle with society again.

Expert penologists tell me that there are some people who should never be released from prison; not because these people should be more severely punished than others, but simply because they can't be trusted in society or with themselves.

On the other hand, the majority of the expert penologists with whom I have talked tell me that there comes a time in the life of almost every imprisoned man when he should be released, when punishment has done all that can be expected of it, when more punishment will simply make the man bitter. There is a time when remorse triggers a determination for rehabilitation.

If the prisoner can be released at that psychological moment, there is little danger that he is ever going to return. If that moment is permitted to pass, the prisoner will become either embittered or apathetic. Remorse, instead of triggering rehabilitation, can wear thin and give way to prison apathy.

Unfortunately, some prisoners have spent so much time in prison that it becomes their home. The mores of prison life become the norm for that individual. When he is released, his lungs take a full breath of the air of freedom. He faces eagerly a normal life, but soon finds himself either assailed by pangs of homesickness for prison or sufficiently indifferent so that he is quite willing to embark again upon a criminal career without caring too much whether or not he is caught.

There aren't any easy answers to the crime problem, but the public can rest assured of one thing: the career penologists who have specialized in the subject know more of the answers than persons who have not studied it. If the citizens and the legislators would give the penologist more moral and financial support, we could go a long way toward solving our crime problem. It can't be solved simply by "putting teeth in the law" or increasing the penalties.

If the leading citizens in a community would make it a point to visit their state prison, talk with the warden, then return to their communities with a better understanding of actual down-to-earth prison problems, they would have taken one of the most important and most effective steps toward a solution of our crime problem.

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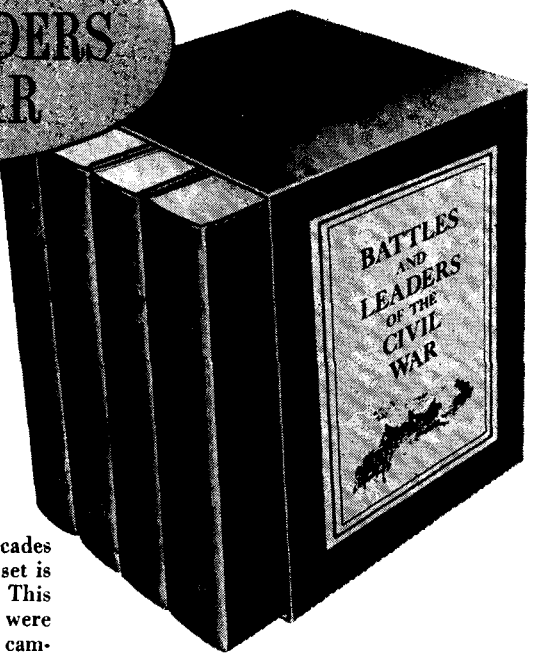

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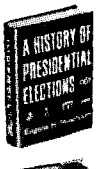

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Musk ox, Eskimo sculpture. Photograph by Bert Beaver.

GOLDEN FLEECE of the ARCTIC

BY JOHN J. TEAL, JR.

JOHN J. TEAL, JR., *is an authority on the arctic, where his attention has been drawn to the musk ox, that huge docile animal with its silken fleece which has been hunted almost to extinction. The musk ox survives in a natural state only in the uninhabited regions of arctic North America and Greenland, and there Mr. Teal successfully captured the young herd which he is seeking to domesticate on his farm in Vermont.*

NEARLY three centuries ago merchant adventurers first noticed mysterious bundles of gossamer tumbling across the tundra, small fibrous clouds blown by the summer arctic winds, sometimes catching on the flat dwarf birches and stringing out in waving sheets. Close examination showed that the gossamer was wool, almost incredibly light and drawn in long silken strands. Recognizing at once its value to a Europe intoxicated by the quest for exotic riches, the merchants greedily sought the source of supply, and were startled to find that the wool was shed by a large, shaggy animal with yoke-shaped horns, which was grazing contentedly on the northern prairies.

Ever since the earliest recorded discovery of the musk ox by the Canadian Henry Kelsey in 1689, a great deal has been told and written about it in general and scientific circles — most of it in the realm of mythology. It is as if the remoteness of its habitat, and the fact that it was seldom seen, required that it be regarded as one of the legendary monsters of the outer world. It has been called an ox, a sheep, a northern form of bison; it has been denounced as a relic of the Ice Age due for certain extinction in the near future; its nature has been described as cantankerous and ugly; and explorers have said that they have found it to be the "world's most dangerous game animal." But this classically forbidding picture has only served to enhance the desire for the fleece. Upon this all are agreed: its underwool, known as *qiviut* by the Eskimos, is one of the world's finest natural fibers.

Thousands of years ago the musk ox was found throughout the Northern Hemisphere, grazing peacefully at the edge of the great ice sheets which extended far south into the continents. Unfortunately for his species, the musk ox is docile and complacent, and his beef-like meat excellent. When attacked, the herd bunches together and faces the enemy, the adult animals on the outside, the calves huddling close to their mothers' bellies. This defense is usually effective against the wolf, although wolves often catch calves by sneaking up from downwind and are frequently able to cut off a lone bull and wear him to death. But this was no defense against primitive man, who merely had to stand a few yards away and shower the herd with spears and arrows. Prehistoric men hunted the musk ox to extinction over most of his range. The survivors followed the retreating glaciers northward, and today are found in a natural state only in the uninhabited regions of arctic North America and Greenland.

The musk ox is not only the victim of an unearned reputation for evil but also of bad names. The animal has no musk, nor even the glands to produce it, and it is not an ox. The fame of its musk is a curious example of wishful thinking. Having heard tales of musk, explorers attempting to prove how close they had been to the animals reported that they, too, had smelled it. One account even states that it can be smelled up to a distance of one hundred yards! But Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Otto Sverdrup, the two men who have killed and eaten more musk oxen than any

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others, are adamant on the fact that they have never found even the slightest trace of musk. Consequently, Stefansson calls the animal "ovibos," and Sverdrup renamed it "polar ox." Finding musk where it doesn't occur is an ancient practice, and reminds one that Julius Caesar described the cattle of Germany as smelling strongly of musk.

Actually, the musk ox is an odorless animal in terms of human perception. It does not even have a characteristic odor, like horses or cows, which any man can identify blindfolded. Its only sweat glands are on its hind feet. The best test is that if one buries one's nose in its wet hair, the only thing to be smelled is water. What men have claimed as a musk odor in the north is the unexpected smell on the tundra of the urine and droppings of the oxen. The Eskimos, whose language is rich in caricature, call the animal *oomingmak*, meaning "the bearded one."

As bad as its popular name is, its scientific name, *ovibos moschatus*, is even worse. The term implies that it not only has musk but that it is half sheep, half cattle. It was coined by a French scientist, de Blainville, in 1816 on the basis of a single skin sent to him from Canada from which two teats were missing. Believing, therefore, that the musk ox had only two teats, like sheep and goats, instead of the four which it really possesses, he invented a classification which has been continued by men who should know better. The clumsy term *ovibos* might be regarded as a suitable temporary name for better reasons than those advanced by the sweeping generalities of de Blainville, but the *moschatus* should be dropped in favor of some distinguishing characteristic such as its long hair, short tail, intelligence, or superb fleece.

A practice for which nineteenth-century zoologists were particularly enthusiastic was the discovery and naming of many species. In the case of the musk ox, it was not long before a number of species had been listed, a number which was eventually reduced to four. Of these, the so-called white-faced musk ox of Greenland was one extreme type, while the larger, browner, barren-ground musk ox of the western arctic was the other. In reality, these "species" were no more than the variations of the animal from one end of its range to the other. There was a complete blending along the way, and in any single herd on the barren grounds I have seen perfect examples of the white-faced musk ox of Greenland There can be no doubt that all living musk oxen can breed together and produce fertile offspring. There were, however, other species of musk oxen during the Pleistocene, the most impressive of which was the now extinct Giant Musk Ox, whose bones are found in the gravels of Alaska.

The sense of well-being and contentment enjoyed by the musk ox leaves him with little taste for wandering, and he spends the majority of his life within a relatively narrow area. In winter he drifts to the highlands where the wind often sweeps the ground bare of snow, and in summer he spends his time in the rich grasses near lakes and streams. His favorite food, for which he has an addiction similar to that of a cannibal for a missionary, is the willow. Its leaves and tender shoots are his major vice, and he will swim across a dangerous river or risk ambush by wolves to satisfy himself. Having filled his paunch, he will stretch out flat on his side for a deep sleep and, upon awakening, chew his cud.

There is no such thing as a permanent musk ox herd. It varies from day to day. Two herds may meet and form a larger herd; the next day they may split up into three smaller ones. It appears that the basic members are the cows which are in heat, and whatever bulls there are in the neighborhood that have heard about it. Whenever the herd is of any size, a cow with a calf is invariably the leader, choosing the particular pasture or stand of willows and directing all peaceful movements.

When attacked, however, the dominant bulls — there are often two who contest top authority — take over the marshaling of defense. If the herd runs, they will bring up the rear; and if it goes into its defense formation, they will stand to one side snorting, rubbing their noses on their forelegs, and making such threatening gestures as stamping the ground with both front feet. Frequently they will forget the enemy in favor of a butting contest with each other. But the bulls have, beyond the fair warnings of their threats, marvelous intelligence and courage. Seldom will they fall into the same type of ambush twice, and they will severely discipline any animal which tries to break formation except to make a bluff charge at the enemy. I have seen bulls sturdily face a plane when "buzzed," while the rest of the herd dived into the willows, and then leap off the ground trying to hook the pontoons with their horns!

The mating season, during July and August, is the occasion for some splendid battles between the bulls. The two contestants usually make their challenge by circling each other with their heads held strangely to one side. Then they back off, wagging their heads from side to side, rubbing their noses, and hooking whatever branch or twig is in the way. The purpose seems to be to strike terror into the opponent. When squared away, anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred feet apart, they suddenly snort and, springing forth like catapults, crash into each other head first with a hor-

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rible, resounding thud. There is a second snort just before the crash. Although one would expect that the impact of 1800 pounds closing at approximately forty miles an hour would telescope each fighter, they immediately back away for another go at it. This keeps up until one feels that sex isn't worth it, which he will indicate by swerving aside at the last moment. Many times we have sat on a hillside watching this performance, and have always suffered with a vicarious headache.

This tournament has its seeded players, usually beautiful animals about eight or nine years old. They will take on all newcomers and brash upstarts. But sometimes the cows are dominated by a crusty old fighter past his breeding prime, and he will keep the younger, better breeding bulls away. A young animal must be at least five years old before he can hope to fight his way past the older bulls to the cows. Needless to say, this has a deleterious effect upon the herds.

Many bulls decide that women just aren't worth it. They band together and form a completely male herd, choose a leader, and happily spend the summer in one another's company. But there are also other bulls who have become soured on the whole musk ox way of life and roam the country alone. Sometimes these are ancient bulls who have been defeated and chased out of the herds. If so, they are credited with a smoldering inner resentment and become the hoary monsters who charge the future platform lecturer "without provocation." In fact, however, they are peaceful animals who wish to avoid all trouble, and they fall easy prey to the wolves. In the summer of 1955 we saw an old bull cornered in a clump of willows by three wolves, and although he put up a stout defense, he was eventually worn down and killed by them.

Several successful attempts have been made at transplanting wild musk oxen from Greenland to other areas, notably Alaska, Spitsbergen, and the mountains of central Norway. Since small numbers have been released in each place, the secret of success has been freedom from wolves. The calves have been captured in northeast Greenland by Norwegian sealers. Rounding up a herd with sledge dogs, they have shot the adults and taken the calves which remained near their mothers' carcasses. So wasteful was this method that the animals have now been protected for years, and zoos have refused to purchase any offered for sale.

But these were transplantations of stock intended to be wild, not attempts at domestication. There is a sound genetic difference between a tame animal and a domestic animal. A tame animal is merely the representative of a wild species held by one means or another in captivity, such as the Indian elephant. Its genetic structure is not altered and, if it will breed, it will reproduce true to form. A domestic animal, on the other hand, is the creation of man through selective breeding. Certain particularly desirable characteristics, such as milk or appearance, have been carefully developed to suit the breeder's demands, and consequently it often bears little resemblance to its wild ancestors. If a domestic animal is allowed to breed at random, its carefully selected characteristics will disappear and it will revert to the wild form.

The effort to create a domestic musk ox began in 1954, and is being conducted by the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who since 1920 has been the most faithful advocate of domestication, was the progenitor of our project. Permission was obtained from the Canadian government to capture calves *providing no adults were killed or injured in the process.* The terms of this permission were requested by the applicant because it was felt there were strong practical reasons for preserving the breeding stock of a rare animal, and for developing a harmless method of capture so that, if experiments proved encouraging, it would be possible to secure additional animals in the future in a way which would not be wasteful.

In August, 1954, during the height of the breeding season, a technique of capture was discovered. It was based upon outbluffing the herd, setting an ambush, driving the animals into the water, and then diving in and pulling out the calves. This method was successfully repeated in 1955.

Immediately after capture, the calves were hogtied and brought back to our camp, where they were released in a corral. No sooner were they free than they began charging the men and trying to bowl them over. It was amusing to watch the men jump aside from a 150-pound calf after they had firmly held their ground against 900-pound bulls.

The very first evening we would tackle the calves and force-feed milk through a rubber nipple. The calf would try to drink and get away, all at the same time. By the next day they recognized the proffered milk can and would walk up to the nipple of their own accord. We also fed them heavily with willows. Before flying them home, each calf was given a shot to protect it against shipping fever.

Upon arrival at the experimental farm in Vermont, the calves were first placed in a heavy steel-wire pen, a piece of equipment whose usefulness is short-lived. Never having seen a fence before, but knowing they could crash through a willow thicket, the calves made one — just one — effort to charge through. Bouncing off, they learned

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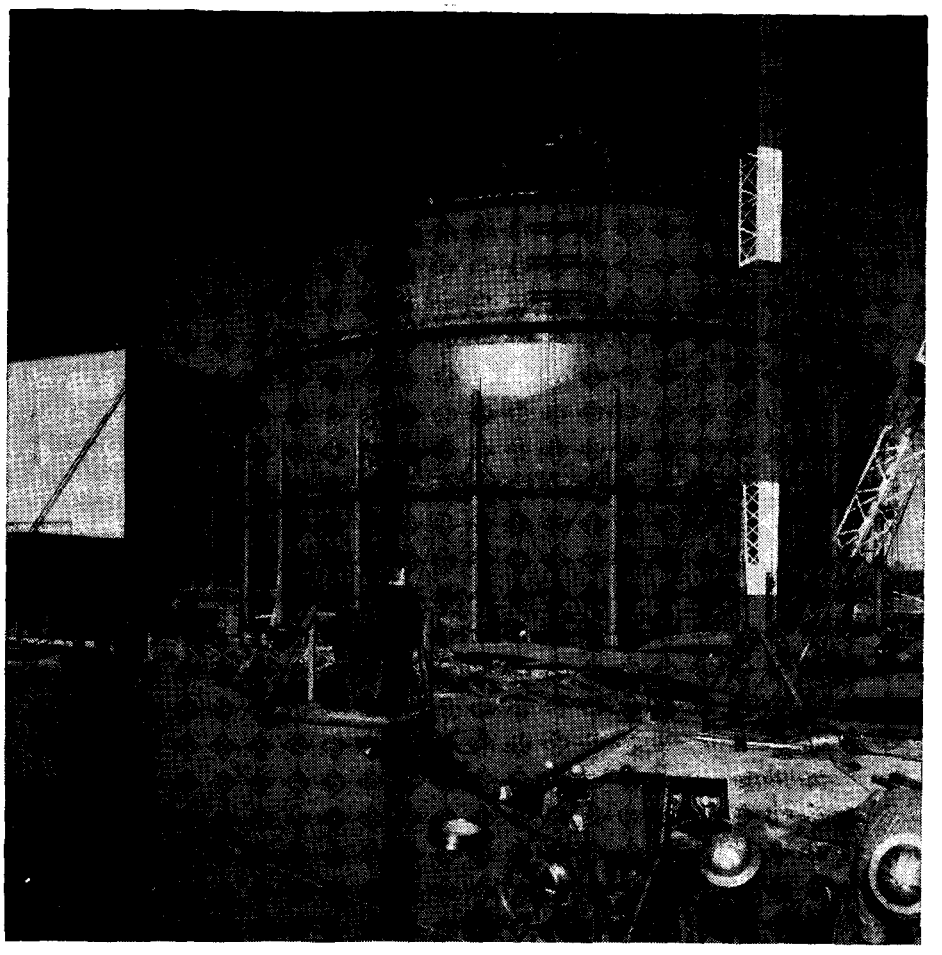
Where does atomic-electric power come from?

1 It starts with uranium ores that prospectors like this man discover in out-of-the-way places in many parts of the world.

2 It grows out of new tools and equipment like this reactor assembly built by Westinghouse for testing atomic fuel element designs. These are developed and tested by engineers and scientists of electric companies and manufacturers, with the cooperation of the Atomic Energy Commission.



3 And finally, atomic-electric power comes from new kinds of electric power plants that use atomic fuel made from the uranium. Such a plant is the one photographed above, now being developed near Chicago, Illinois, by a number of electric companies. Several others are being planned or built by power and light companies in other parts of the country.

4 The electricity from an atom-powered plant is just like the electricity you use. The difference is in *producing* it. For each plant has to be designed, developed and built as a "first of its kind"—a very expensive way that makes the electricity costly to produce. That's why hundreds of electric company people are working to find the best ways to make atomic electricity more economical in the future.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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their lesson, and from that moment on they placidly accepted the lightest woven-wire pasture fence, even when full-grown.

When confined to a small area for study purposes, the calves naturally have to be fed. The basic ingredient of their diet is milk, because in the wild their mothers nurse them through the winter following birth. This method also serves as a simple way to get medicine into them when needed and is a remarkably effective method of taming. They are also fed willows while they last, timothy hay, and grain.

By the end of the third day the calves were tame and would follow us about. I will always remember one of the first evenings when I was in their pen and our dogs came up to the fence. The musk oxen, whose natural enemy is the wolf, either saw through to the origin of that selective breeding or mistook the dogs for wolves. With great snorts they dashed for me, stamping their feet on the ground, and formed a defense with me in the center. I knew then that I had been accepted.

Taming has been no problem, and now they are easily the tamest animals on the farm, even though the bulls are sexually mature, weigh around nine hundred pounds, and have formidable horns. What has surprised us is not that they are tamer than our cattle but that they are actually affectionate. Like goats, they enjoy scratching and petting, and will come up to you and rub themselves against you or pick your pocket. This is quite disconcerting with an animal that weighs nearly half a ton!

If a man is working in their pasture, they will join him for the whole day, nibbling his hammer and testing each board or post. They are really captivated by a hole in the ground. They will get in it, butt the banks, scrape dirt away, get out, and then jump back in. Cameras also fascinate them, and it is difficult for a photographer to take a picture because they come up and snuffle around his lens.

One hot summer day my wife and children were down at the pond swimming. They heard some loud splashes and snorts, and looked around to see our friends, "the world's most dangerous game animals," paddling out to join them. Like giant dogs, the musk oxen spent the entire afternoon playing in the water with the children.

They have little use for dogs, however, and can easily catch them in an open field. For an animal of such clumsy, plodding appearance, the musk ox has amazing speed. Perhaps one of the most fatuous remarks ever made by the notorious Dr. Frederick Cook was that while on the way to the Pole he learned that his two Eskimo companions could run musk oxen down because on rocky ground two feet were better than four. Of course, this statement is ridiculous. Their four feet give them such an advantage on rocks that they are over the distant ridge while a man is just starting.

The musk oxen spend most of their days out at pasture and alternate grazing with vigorous play. A favorite game is "king of the castle." If one gets on the top of a mound, all the other musk oxen feel morally obliged to knock him off. And while young they do a great deal of head-first butting in imitation of adults. Any animal of either sex will gladly go a few rounds with any other, regardless of size, and the dull thuds have become a standard sound around the farm.

At night when they are put back in their corrals either we call them, and they come running in, or, if we want exercise, we round them up with horses. They are easily herded from horseback if not pressed too closely — because then they will stop and face the horse. When they are handled on northern ranches it will be a routine matter to round them up if one remembers that a musk ox is too intelligent to be stampeded.

The outstanding characteristic of the musk oxen is their intelligence. They quickly learn the daily rounds of farm life, and know their names, where they belong at night, how to open gates, and even how to pick a lock. Like most children, they hate shots, and they always recognize the car of our veterinarian, Dr. Ernest Paquette, and immediately hide in the furthest available corner. They dig through the snow for grass in the winter, and they bask comfortably in an exposed place during blizzards or even when the temperature is down to 30 degrees below zero.

Beyond these plain enjoyments, the musk oxen are also the subjects of intensive studies made from a number of scientific viewpoints. Their susceptibility to parasites, for example, has been investigated and methods of control worked out. Most interesting, however, has been the effort to find out just what type of animal they are. Dr. Paul Moody, by studying their blood, has determined that they bear about the same relationship to goats as do bison to cattle. This substantiates the classifications based upon their anatomy, as well as such obvious similarities as the short tail, multi-pellet droppings, manner of courtship, and standing on their hind legs to browse. They are probably an ancient and independent ruminant which started off by itself somewhere between the antelope and the goat family. In terms of behavior, close association with them continually reminds one of goats.

With an animal which is already so useful and has such winning ways, a natural question might

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be, Why not be satisfied with taming and forget about domestication in the biological sense? The answer is that selective breeding of the musk oxen can take two important directions: first, an effort to breed the best wool producers; and second, an effort to breed off their horns so that when two or more animals are crowded, for example, at a feed trough, the risk of putting out one another's eyes would be avoided.

Every spring, in May or June, the musk ox sheds his mattress of underwool, the valued qiviut. Gradually breaking away from the skin, it works its way through the outer guard hairs and comes off in big sheets. It cannot be sheared, because shearing would also take off the hairs the animal needs for protection against sun and insects. Since the musk ox enjoys petting and scratching, especially during the shedding period, all one needs to do is pull off the sheets, a job easier than taking off a sweater.

Each mature musk ox gives about six pounds of qiviut, as compared with the three ounces of pashm from a cashmere goat. But to measure qiviut in terms of pounds is like speaking of the proverbial ton of feathers. A quarter of a pound was enough so that my wife could knit a scarf and have four balls of yarn left over. One pound of qiviut, spun in a forty-strand thread, will give a thread nearly twenty-five miles long. The qiviut is a cashmere type of wool, though much longer fibered. It will not shrink when boiled or scrubbed and will take any dye. Sweaters, gloves, and other clothes made from it are so light that one scarcely feels that one has them on, and so warm that they are suitable for below-zero temperatures.

Perhaps the greatest accolade to qiviut has been given by our native birds. For several miles around the farm, song sparrows, robins, bluebirds, and others have given up the nesting materials which they have used since time immemorial and have gone over to building their nests with the qiviut they find on fences.

It used to be said by a few easily discouraged men that even if qiviut were one of the world's finest wools, it would be impossible to separate it from the guard hairs which might be pulled off with it during shedding. Such fears sound strange, indeed, when one considers that for a long time man has been separating chaff from wheat, seed from cotton, and goat hairs from cashmere. Fortunately, the fears are unfounded. Last spring we sent several bags of qiviut to the Forté Company of Boston, the world's largest importer and processor of unusual fibers. They sent the qiviut through the special machinery they have designed for dehairing cashmere, and found that it works perfectly. They were able to take out hairs down to any diameter, depending upon the grade desired. In doing so, they also found that the yield of qiviut from raw stock was 70 per cent.

If the early merchant adventurer saw the possibility of making fortunes by selling qiviut to the nobility of Europe, the time is even more appropriate now. For the past generation living standards and wages have risen steadily, and there has been a wide demand for luxurious apparel. The supply of cashmere, which is imported from Asia, is extremely limited, and the various synthetic fibers do not possess all of the advantages of natural wools and very few of the special advantages of the rare fibers. But even if they were as good, it is a safe bet that mink coats and cashmere sweaters would be free from competition in the hearts of women. One can easily see that the elusive qiviut of the arctic — if it can be obtained — will occupy a special place of its own.

The Institute has now accomplished four of its objectives: a method of safe capture has been perfected; the animals have been readily tamed; problems of management and disease control have been worked out; and the basic nature of the animal has been studied. Now, if backing is available, the Institute hopes to establish experimental farms in Alaska and Canada where the animal will have immediate use and where breeding herds will be built up. The increase of musk oxen under controlled conditions should proceed at a good speed. Although the wild cows have calves only every other year because they do not come into heat while nursing, on the experimental farms the calves will be weaned at three months so that the cows can be bred again in August. By this means the rate of increase will be doubled, and will be the same as for cattle.

During September and October of this past year our bulls, as if sensing the importance of a pilot herd, have given their undivided attention to courtship. Whether or not their advances, illuminated by a Vermont instead of an arctic sun, were acceptable to the heifers we will learn in May.

Man is a stubborn creature, as curiously bound to his traditions as some animals are to their instincts. Having invented an agriculture suited to a limited area, he sought unvaryingly to apply it wherever he wandered and succeeded in eroding the topsoil over much of the earth. The range of his cherished civilization has been strictly confined. But armed with the tools of modern genetics and pressed by the need for expanded room for an increasing population, he may be about to break his temperate bonds. The quest for qiviut, the golden fleece of the arctic, may be the means by which he will open up the north for permanent settlement, and will achieve that greater wisdom, the happy adjustment of economy and environment.

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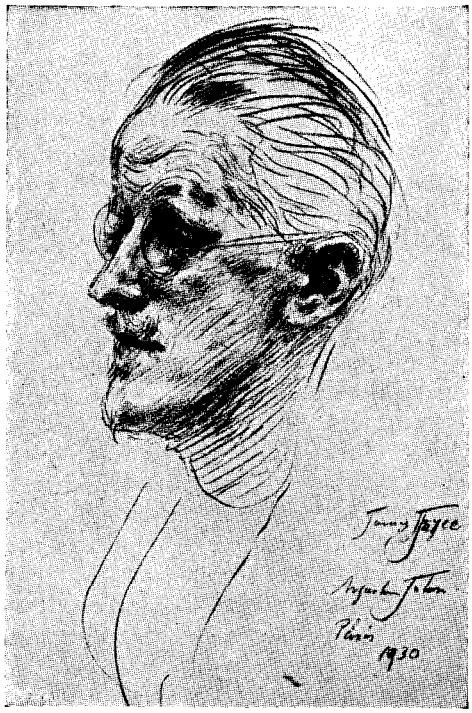

An American of Irish antecedents, JOHN V. KELLEHER *has become an authority on Irish history and the Irish mind in the years of study that have brought him to his present professorship at Harvard.*

THE PERCEPTIONS OF JAMES JOYCE

BY JOHN V. KELLEHER

IF THE day should come that I walk into the classroom, unfurl my opening lecture on Joyce, and find at the end of the hour that I had as well been talking about Alfred Lord Tennyson, I shall not be unduly surprised. No writer's original fame lasts forever with the young. Joyce has already had an unusually long run with them; and though their interest shows no present signs of weakening, when it does fail it will likely fail suddenly. Everything in literature has its term, and, if worthy, its renewal. That the rediscovery of Joyce will occur, with full fanfare, within a generation after his rejection, may be taken as certain. However, that will be no affair of mine.

Meanwhile, I predict with confidence that when the rest of Joyce's books pass into temporary disfavor *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man* will go on being read, possibly as much as ever, by youths from eighteen to twenty-two. They will read it and recommend it to one another just as lads their age do now, and for the same reasons. That is, they will read it primarily as useful and reassuring revelation — not as literature, for they will be blind to its irony and its wonderful engineering, the qualities Joyce most labored to give it. They will use it as a magic mirror: as boys of thirteen use *Huckleberry Finn* and as sixteen-going-on-seventeen looks into the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* for graceful corroboration of its own grim apprehension of The Meaning of Life. I should think it doubtful that Joyce had these readers in mind when he wrote the book, any more than FitzGerald foresaw for his nearly original poem its permanent audience of callow fatalists; but, like it or not, this is part of his achievement.

Joyce did complain that readers tended to forget the last four words of the title. He could have remarked, too, that the book was not the *Self-Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man.* All too often it is read as if it were so named. Then the author himself is belabored for the sins and the more than occasional priggishness of his hero, or, conversely, is credited with having possessed in youth the same astonishing clarity of purpose and action.

Either assumption is unjust to Joyce. True, Stephen Dedalus is endowed with a personal history quite similar to his creator's; his experiences are modeled on those Joyce himself suffered or enjoyed at that age; and as Joyce, writing the book, is the mature artist, so Stephen is a repre-

Drawing of James Joyce by Augustus John

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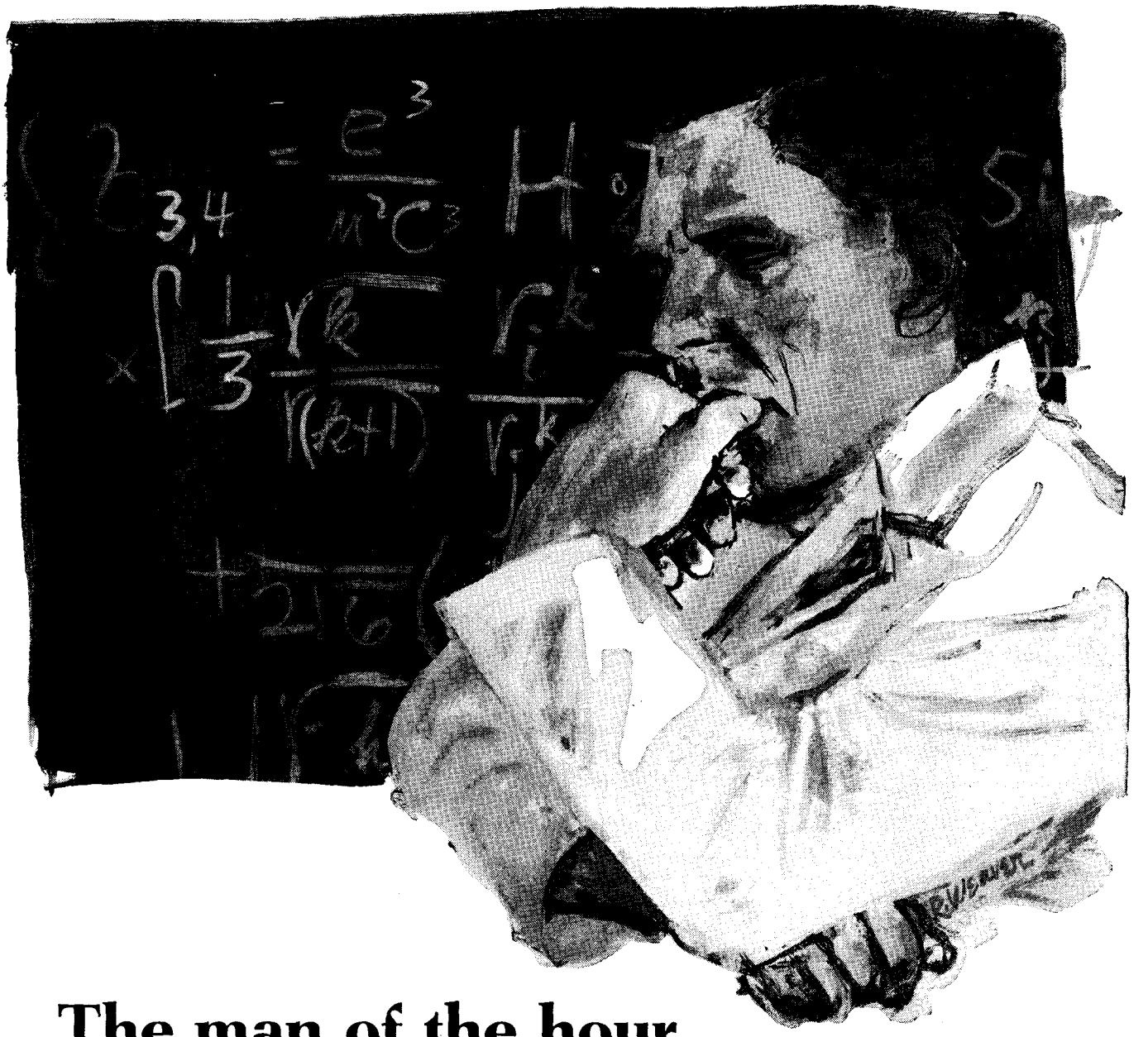

The man of the hour is the man who KNOWS

At this particular hour, of course, the man who knows science is more in the spotlight among us than other men.

We are reacting normally to the momentous events of the months just gone.

In the long run, in this nation, however, we always have valued all those among us who know, who seek to know, who devote their lives to knowing.

What they know, what they want to know is only part of their importance to us. It matters even more that there be enough such men, that they be free men, thinking, studying, exploring as only free men may think and study and explore.

This is a good time to restate our attitudes toward such men, and toward the impulses that drive them on.

For surely these are among the noblest impulses of man, the equal, perhaps, of patriotism, greater than ambition, greater than the need for a livelihood or fame: the impulse, the instinct, the passion to KNOW.

TIME —The Weekly Newsmagazine

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sentation of the artist-by-nature as he discovers his vocation, defines his creed, and sets forth to practice it. There, I think, close resemblance ends. Joyce's life happened to him as everyone's life happens — at all hours and seasons, any old way, with chronic inconvenience. Stephen's existence, though presented in rich detail, is at once the product and the illustration of deliberate composition in terms of a consciously created aesthetic.

I remember that when I first encountered Stephen Dedalus I was twenty and I wondered how Joyce could have known so much about me. That is what I mean by the sort of reading the book will continue to get, whatever literary fashion may decree. Perhaps about the third reading it dawned on me that Stephen was, after all, a bit of a prig; and to that extent I no longer identified myself with him. (How could I?) Quite a while later I perceived that Joyce knew that Stephen was a prig; that, indeed, he looked on Stephen with quite an ironic eye. So then I understood. At least I did until I had to observe that the author's glance was not one of unmixed irony. There was compassion in it too, as well as a sort of tender, humorous pride. By this time I was lecturing on Joyce, and I was having a terrible time with the book. I could not coordinate what I had to say about it; and the students, as their papers showed, were mostly wondering how Joyce could have known so much about them — which was fortunate, for the lectures made very little sense, and it was well that the victims had their own discoveries to distract them.

The trouble was, I was trying to examine separate parts of the book separately. There aren't any separate parts. One might as well attempt to study a man's gestures by pulling off his arm and dissecting it. The book is all of a piece, one organic whole. It is, as it were, written backwards and forwards and sideways and in depth, all at once. A score of premises is laid down in the first twenty-odd pages. From these, with deliberate and unobtrusive engineering, everything else is developed in the most natural-looking way possible. The same words or the same basic images in which the premise was expressed are used over and over again, development usually being measured by the variations of context in which they occur or by new combinations of these identifying words and images.

Described that way, the technique sounds dry as dust. Just some more damned symbolism. Unfortunately I can only suggest the vitality of Joyce's method by illustrating it, and in so short a compass as this essay I can get an illustration only by dissecting it from its text. A curiously uncooperative man he always was.

One early premise is the conjunction of red and green. Stephen, as a baby, has a song:

> *O, the wild rose blossoms*
> *On the little green place.*

He sang that song. That was his song.

> *O, the green wothe botheth.*

The song is an old sentimental favorite, *Lily Dale*. The second line ought to be "On the little green grave," but this is a song taught to a very small child and so for *grave* is substituted the neutral *place*. What counts, however, is that as he sings it he confuses red and green into one image, the green rose.

On the next page the colors are still in proximity but are now separate.

> Dante [his grandaunt] had two brushes in her press. The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt and the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell.

A little later in the chapter the child, now at boarding school, is coming down with a fever and finds it hard to study. He looks at his geography where there is a picture of the earth amid clouds, which another boy, not he, had colored with crayons.

> He . . . looked wearily at the green round earth in the middle of the maroon clouds. He wondered which was right, to be for the green or for the maroon, because Dante had ripped the green velvet back off the brush that was for Parnell one day with her scissors and had told him that Parnell was a bad man. He wondered if they were arguing at home about that. That was called politics. There were two sides in it: Dante was on one side and his father and Mr. Casey were on the other side but his mother and Uncle Charles were on no side.

He remembers the song, too. "But you could not have a green rose. But perhaps someplace in the world you could."

At night, sick and very lonely, he dreams of going home for Christmas; and home is all in terms of a conjunction of green and red.

> There were lanterns in the hall of his father's house and ropes of green branches. There were holly and ivy round the pierglass and holly and ivy, green and red, twined round the chandeliers. There were red holly and green ivy round the old portraits on the walls. Holly and ivy for him and for Christmas.

This simple union of red and green — say, of emotion and vitality, though that hardly expresses

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

Today the chair recognizes woman, not women of our own day, those poor creatures fallen to the servitude of self-improvement, those toiling spinning victims of gadgetry and the subliminal sell; but women in their golden age, the past.

One woman, the Countess Bice Melzi, was the inspiration and the lovely doom of **Ippolito Nievo.** In 1860, for the sake of rejoining her three days sooner, he changed his passage from a sound ship to the ramshackle *Ercole.* He was lost at sea. But before his death, at 30, he had written **The Castle of Fratta,** ($5.50) one of the masterpieces of Italian literature, the imperishable love story of Pisana, the woman Bice might have been. Her enchantment and Nievo's art have kindled glory in the critics' pens:

"The adventurous love of Carlo and Pisana, Countess of Fratta, a capricious, and tender, courageous and wanton woman, all contradictions and whims, equally capable of devotion and betrayal. Had Nievo created only this superb feminine character, perhaps unique in all Italian nineteenth-century literature, he would deserve a place of honor in European fiction of the romantic era." — *Marc Slonim, New York Times*

"It is the exuberance of character creation (they are something more than sketches) as well as sheer narrative *brio* that gives the book its vitality . . . the reader of any generation will recognize an authentic and gifted novelist. Nievo has never gone out of style in Italy; today, perhaps because of the contemporary interest in the novel, he is more highly esteemed than ever. This excellent translation will, I think, make the English-speaking reader understand why." — *New York Herald Tribune*

Geoffrey Wagner of the *New York Post* said, "In these inspired moments Nievo's romantic gifts are stiffened by satire, while his marvelous humanity serenely illumines the two great love stories . . . the Pisana is a superbly degenerate creation, a sexual intriguer and 'exquisite mistress of lies' by the age of eleven, whose 'abundance of life' Carlo yet adores and who dies transfigured at the end, just as sensual Venice dies in the new, united Italy . . this is the work of a great soul, a memorable novel of its time, whose enlightened pages anyone can add to his library with pride." Maurice Dolbier of the New York Herald Tribune said, "A grandly romantic affair . . . the wealthy and doomed society of Venice . . . realistically handled . . . the Pisana — flirtatious, fickle, proud, and yet capable of great sacrifices and inexplicable loyalties, unpredictable and enchanting, one of the most striking feminine characterizations in nineteenth-century literature."

The other woman, Bess Winthrop, steps straight from a chapter of history that has been curiously warped by legend. The Winthrop family, loudest in abnegation, were the predestined leaders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in its earliest decades. To a harsh primitive land they came still cloaked in the elegance that Jacobean England had allowed a favored few. They brought to the rigid simple problems of survival a subtlety of thought and grace of learning that had distinguished them in Shakespeare's eloquent London. Bess Winthrop, young widow of the brother of the man she loved, unregenerate niece of the Governor, moved through this age of paradox in an ardor of rebellion against the chilling sense of exile, the narrowing confines of an implacable church. To her the Indians were enigma not threat. Anne Hutchinson's peril was a challenge, divorce from an unloved husband was only temporary trial. This was a woman for the new world, equal to its rigors, responsive to its flaunted beauty, triumphant in a love at last secured in marriage.

The Winthrop Woman, ($4.95) the novel that is her story, is to be published late in February. What she will inspire in reviewing circles may be adumbrated from the reception given to **Anya Seton's** most recent novel, *Katherine.*

"For my money, this intricate and amazing story, with its keen analyses of human character . . . is one of the best pieces of historical fiction, not merely of 1954, but of the past half dozen years . . . Like the new technique of Cinemascope, it has depth as well as color and elan." — *The Saturday Review*

"From first to last you will find a pageant remarkably combining splendor and honesty, enjoyment and learning." — *New York Herald Tribune*

And from this early, womanly response to *The Winthrop Woman:* "I am awestruck by the combination she shows of painstaking and thorough research and of imagination. It's a great triumph . . ."
— *Louise Andrews Kent*

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the whole meaning — is realized once more, for the last time, at the beginning of the famous Christmas dinner episode.

> A great fire, banked high and red, flamed in the grate and under the ivy twined branches of the chandelier the Christmas table was spread.

But from there out, only the red of passion and the black of grief. The argument over Parnell and the bishops cannot be avoided or hushed. Dante, aflame with outraged pietism and heartburn, and the dark-faced Mr. Casey have it out uncontrollably. When Dante stamps from the room shouting, "Devil out of hell! We won! We crushed him to death! Fiend!", the household, like Ireland itself, is split asunder, the soldierly Casey is weeping for his "dead king," all color is crushed out of the scene — and, though the reader, caught up by the wild emotionality, is not likely to remember, confidence in custom has been broken too. Before the argument, Stephen had been thinking how

> when dinner was ended the big plum pudding would be carried in, studded with peeled almonds and sprigs of holly, with bluish fire running around it and a little green flag flying from the top.

The pudding is never brought in. Stephen will never see Ireland happily on top of its own world.

Till the book reaches its climax, red and green remain apart. The dominant combination is red, black, and white: a false one for Stephen whether betokened by a red-faced priest with his white collar and black garb or by the dark hair and rosy complexion and white dress of E.C., the wrong girl for him. Meanwhile, half a dozen other themes are being developed through color, the most important being the white, gold, blue, and ivory of the Blessed Virgin to whom Stephen offers a dry and profitless devotion. The same four colors, though never all at once, indicate the image of beauty he must find among mortal women.

The book has five chapters. The first four chronicle Stephen's search for his true identity. As the very first sentence informs us, he is not truly of the family into which he was born — there he is "baby tuckoo," the cuckoo's fledgling in the cowbird's nest. He tries to find himself through obedience, through disobedience, through the family, through dream, through precocious sexuality, and finally and most earnestly through rigorous piety. Each attempt fails. He only learns in recurrent weariness and despair that he is not this, not that. Then suddenly, a little after he has refused to be trapped by vanity into falsely admitting a vocation for the priesthood, freedom possesses him. Freedom and expectation. He wanders out onto the strand at the north side of the river mouth where presentiment had long since warned him he would meet his love. Bond after bond falls away from him. Weariness is banished. Joyfully he feels his final separation from all that does not truly and wholly pertain to himself. He knows with absolute certainty that he is approaching his destiny in the "wild heart of life." Suddenly, too, color — all significant color — is around him, every hue transformed, red to russet and green to emerald. Almost on that instant he meets his Muse.

> A girl stood before him in midstream: alone and still, gazing out to sea. She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and softhued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips where the white fringes of her drawers were like feathering of soft white down. Her slate-blue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird's, soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some dark-plumaged dove. But her long fair hair was girlish: and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face.

They look at each other without speaking. Then the girl withdraws her glance and begins to stir the water with her foot

> hither and thither, hither and thither: and a faint flame trembled on her cheek.
>
> Heavenly God! cried Stephen's soul, in an outburst of profane joy.

Here, then, the Virgin's colors and green and red, the strand of seaweed and the flame upon the cheek, are fused with the bird imagery that continues throughout the book from "baby tuckoo" on the first page to Dedalus, the winged artificer, who is evoked in the final sentence. The whole thus created is greater than the sum of its parts and has a new and greater meaning. Stephen's joy when he recognizes that meaning must be profane. The identity, the vocation, and the destiny here revealed to him are those of the artist. They demand a dedication as absolute as that of the priest — directed, however, not to the sacred and infinite, but to that sensual reality which is the artist's sole material. Now all that remains for Stephen to do is to free himself in actuality, work out the theology of his devotion, and after that, well, everything — with no flinching or excuses. It will be lucky for him that he has had at least this one moment of undiminished exultation.

I chose color for my illustration because, though it is much more elaborate than I have managed

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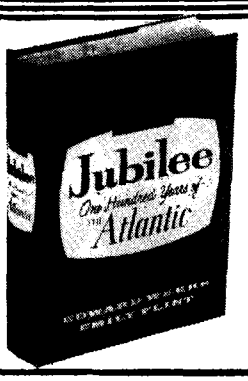

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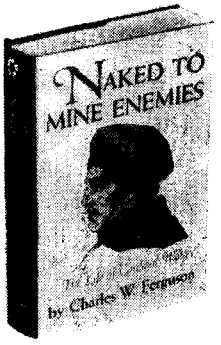

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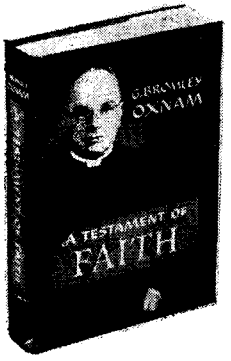

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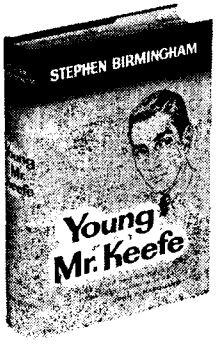

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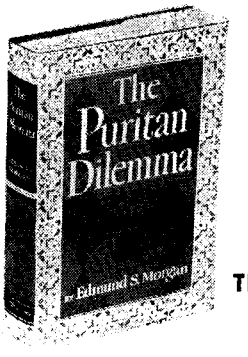

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to indicate, it is the simplest continuing imagery in the book and because it is resolved. Other images convey more and are harder to follow, especially those based on abstract concepts like sphericity, extension, or systole and diastole (whether as the ebb and flow of tides, or the lengthening and shortening of lines in the solution of an algebraic problem, or a reaching out to infinity and a swift instinctive recurrence to self). Nearly as difficult are pair-words like "difference" and "indifference," or the notion of the "bounding line," or what seems mere natural description like the falling of rain or light, or the smell of turf smoke, or mist and vapors rising, or, in every instance, the moon. The very aesthetic that Stephen outlines to his sounding board, Lynch of the withered soul, employs a vocabulary already saturated with meaning from repeated use. When he says

> The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails,

we may note that fingernails have been pared before — and will be again, as in *Ulysses* where Bloom looks out of the funeral coach, sees his wife's seducer, and looks at his own nails to see if they are pared, which they are.

This way of writing — I suppose we shall have to call it symbolism, though the word has been beaten shapeless — is, I believe, Joyce's natural and most central method. It antedates the *Portrait.* There are hints of it in the first story in *Dubliners;* and in the last, "The Dead," where the ubiquitous Mr. Brown is Death himself, it has already become systematic. At the same time, symbolism is never Joyce's sole method; it is always employed in conjunction with means which, though they receive reinforcement from it, are themselves self-sustaining.

Thus the *Portrait* functions well enough simply as a naturalistic novel. It was meant to. The book has several levels, each with a workable meaning of its own; and yet, since the containing form is the same for all levels, each meaning necessarily relates to the one overall statement. The irony that we remarked before depends on this. In the final chapter we have Stephen theorizing a little too positively about what he has not yet actually tried. This is his priggishness which, if honesty is to be complete, is inescapably part of the statement too. Proudly Stephen declares what qualities — fortitude, discipline, detachment — characterize the true, and the very rare, artist. The novel, telling his story so intricately and simply, is the proof of those qualities. And the proof itself is a measure of how far Stephen has yet to travel, through how much discouragement and pain, before he can practice what he so confidently preaches. Again let us remember that this is not Stephen's self-portrait. When the book is written Stephen no longer exists.

Still, does even this achievement justify so much complexity? Or as the question is more usually put, has Joyce the right to demand so much of the reader? The answer, I think, is that he demands no more than the serious artist normally expects is due his work. All that he wrote can be validly appreciated as what it outwardly appears to be, because it is what it outwardly appears, as well as much else. His short stories, his play, his novels are all true specimens. As a matter of fact, he was aggrieved that readers, probing worriedly for deeper significances, should so consistently miss what lay on the surface. He pointed out in exasperation that *Ulysses* was, after all, a funny book. It is indeed. And if the reader gets the symbolic meanings but misses the fun, he has missed a good third of what the author was at pains to provide. Again, if the reader exploits the symbolism only for its meaning and fails to grasp its structural function, he has missed the deepest pleasure of all, the apprehension of pure form purely realized.

Not that such form is always achieved. The *Portrait* is Joyce's one perfected work, evenly sustained and controlled from end to end by a talent in calm dominion over its theme, its instruments, and itself. The books that followed were quite different. Joyce saw no point in doing the same job twice. In *Ulysses* he attempted much more, succeeded with more, and, I feel, produced a book spotted with failure. *Finnegans Wake,* in which he tried to encompass nearly all that he considered humanly applicable reality, succeeded almost beyond imagination and failed frequently and flatly. In neither case is the success contradicted by the failure which it outweighs quantitatively and morally — not to mention that the success could not be, and was not, predictable, being wholly novel.

The quantity and novelty of Joyce's achievement are obvious. Its moral quality is not so readily agreed on. Critics in a surprising variety have spoken as if the indifference Joyce enjoins upon the artist continues, with him, into a callous indifferentism toward all moral value. Some of his warmest admirers have sadly admitted his gamin irresponsibility and have sought cause or extenuation for it in the unideal circumstances of his life. A more frequent charge is "emptiness of content."

If an artist is to be judged by the positiveness of his advice on politics, quotidian morality, education, or what have you, Joyce does not rank very high. There is, however, the possibility that his

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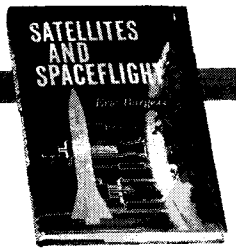

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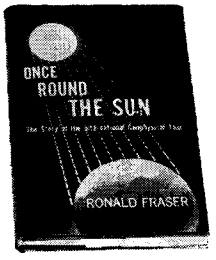

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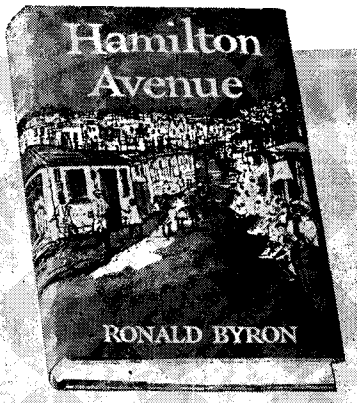

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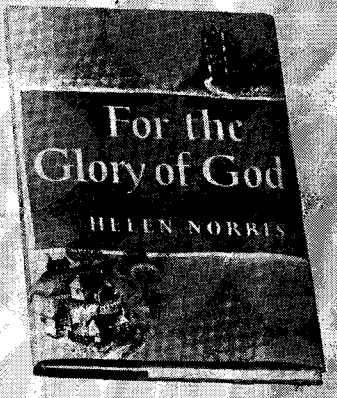

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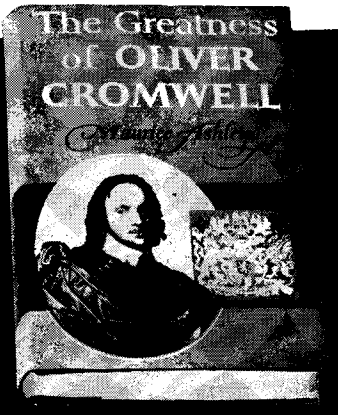

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silence on these matters may have been due to modesty. As an artist he was anything but modest — he simply regarded himself as the best of the age — but I see little in his work to indicate that he felt that the gift of expression carried with it the duty to express quotable judgments on what he knew no more about than the next man. And there are times, as when I read Yeats on government or Shaw on child-rearing, when I think Joyce's reticence is rather commendable.

Often, though, it is a painful reticence. He was past master of the confessorial technique that confesses nothing because it blabs too much. He could rarely permit himself to write simply from the heart, though when he did — as in the ending of *Finnegans Wake* or in the poem, "Ecce Puer," on his father's death and his grandson's birth — a most poignant power was released. Such passages give the lie to his usual affectation of wearing his heart up his sleeve. Why, then, the affectation? Partly, perhaps, because his artistic discipline was primarily late nineteenth century, art for art's sake, absolute subordination of subject to form, and because his subject was usually his own, often bitterly unhappy experience. What impelled him, I think, to choose and continue such a discipline was not just his artistic proclivities or the fact that he grew up in a cultural province where that view of art and the artist was still high fashion, but rather that he had a very Irish nature (counter to another Irish nature) that instinctively chose mockery if the alternative was tears. It is useless to observe that tears might often have been better for his health or that there are many places in his work where open emotion could have been admitted without loss of integrity. He was what he was. He hated what he called the "whine" in Irish poetry. When he noticed the impulsive tear and smile mingled in Ireland's eye his instinct was to give it a rough wipe. He did his best to keep his own eye dry in public. If he sometimes succeeded all too well, that was only what he intended.

We must be careful not to confuse that innate stoicism with despair. He is not a comforting writer. He seems to have viewed life as a sort of epic drama composed of details almost indifferently tragic and farcical and acted by involuntary comedians, of whom he was himself one. If so, he could stand it and, when opportunity offered, enjoy it. There is one condition that holds true in art as in politics: you can't ask favors from a man who wants none for himself.

When Yeats declared in the Irish Senate that Joyce had "an heroic mind," he made an understanding estimate. Joyce's heroism was partly this toughness and partly that his mind drove continually beyond itself in an ever-widening effort to define, through appropriate means, its own perceptions. The nature of those perceptions can be seen clearly in the *Portrait:* secret relationships, impalpable yet vitally communicative, sensed as existing between man and man, age and age, world and man, and, of course, between word and word. Most of them could be expressed only indirectly through symbol, for they are very curious relationships. Few are obvious. A lot of them would never occur to the reader independently; and after Joyce has pointed them out they still don't occur. Some, like the endless punning upon mere sound in *Finnegans Wake*, can only be judged trivial and compulsive. Yet, time and again, just as the mind is about to turn away from some dull obscurity, one discovers that the artist has turned the trick, the commonest clay of experience made magically luminous with fresh meaning and oldest sympathy. And suddenly all the individual strands of technique and attitude subsumed in Joyce's approach to his subject are seen moving together like muscles working under the skin, and the impact is multiple and one. We perceive what the adjective "organic" is supposed to indicate in a work of art.

His failure is heroic too, a tremendous try that doesn't come off. There is no mistaking it when it happens. Often enough when his skill fails, his taste fails with it, as in those godawful gooey embarrassing soliloquies of the girl Isobel in *Finnegans Wake* or, again in the *Wake*, in long, long passages where ingenuity, mistaking itself for humor, produces the most intricate tedium achieved by non-Marxist man. But, turn the page, and you are back in the midst of magic and delight. Many a grave writer who never loses control cannot promise you that. To reveal the wonders of the great deep involves the risk of going overboard.

Stop in them where one will, subtract from them what one will, by any measure Joyce's works are those of a very big writer. Even the most narcissistic youth looking into the *Portrait* as his own must realize at last that the mirror owes something to its maker. Yet I discover that it can be long before one realizes whence Joyce's bigness derives. The source is indicated in his recently published letters. For the most part these annotate what his formal writings have amply documented: his courage, independence, humor, honor, and his curiousness, for he was a very curious man. They also demonstrate, for the first time fully, how deeply seated was his possession of his virtues. The proof is in the letters he wrote to his only daughter when she was sinking into insanity, letters so compounded of easy fun and mortal agony and iron control that only the fun shows. Let any of us try that on for size. He was, it seems, a big man too.

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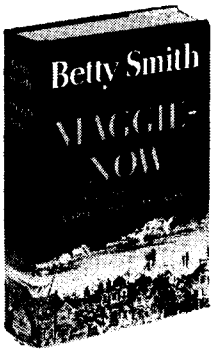

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LITERARY MATTERS

Dylan Thomas Letters to Vernon Watkins
BY VERNON WATKINS
Fascinating as a revelation of the hard work, the self-criticism, the eager attention to his fellow poet's opinions that lay behind the poetry. NEW DIRECTIONS, $3.00.

Don Quixote's Profession
BY MARK VAN DOREN
Trying to pin down the enduring power of *Don Quixote*, Mr. Van Doren sorts out the various levels of reality and illusion in the book. Not, as the author points out, the last word on the subject, but most interesting. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, $2.50.

Marcel Proust: Letters to His Mother
The topic which interested Proust and his mother in common was Proust's health, and these letters are largely devoted to it. A useful book for students and enthusiasts. Translation and introduction by George D. Painter, with an essay by Pamela Hansford Johnson. CITADEL, $4.00.

Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

An English poet once summed up his reading taste in this endearingly succinct jingle: "I love biography,/ I hate geography./ Geography is about maps,/ Biography is about chaps." The past few weeks have produced an unusually varied and inviting assortment of books "about chaps," and several promising items are in the offing.

THREE MUSKETEERS

Since 1950 ANDRÉ MAUROIS, who is now seventy-three, has been giving us biographies of far larger stature than the romanticized Lives which originally made him famous. THE TITANS (Harper, $5.95), a three-generation study of the Dumas family, is a work as solid and distinguished as its predecessors, *Lélia* and *Olympio*, and enthrallingly readable. To those who especially relish the flamboyant, it should prove the most attractive of M. Maurois's books, for flamboyant is certainly the operative word for the saga of the Dumas.

The first was the illegitimate son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie and a black slave girl of San Domingo. He joined the army shortly before the French Revolution, and advanced from private to general by reason of legendary exploits, which caused Napoleon to dub him "the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol." He fell out of favor, however, for suggesting that Bonaparte put ambition before patriotism, and died in disgrace. A giant of phenomenal strength, he bequeathed to his son an elemental energy, courage — and a dangerous failing: the longing to astonish.

The second of the Alexandres, Dumas *père*, has been (as Maurois puts it) "the darling of biographers." Everything about him is on the super-colossal scale and steeped in theatricalism. He wrote (with the help of collaborators) some 600 volumes. His mistresses were legion, and old age apparently did not abate his rambunctious virility. He made a fortune ten times, and was ruined eleven. He ordered the architect who was designing his Château de Monte Cristo to incorporate *all* the styles he admired — Gothic, Renaissance,

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Preface by T. S. ELIOT

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Moorish, Scandinavian. When the government asked him to publicize Algeria, he insisted on being sent there — in a battleship. He contributed a schooner and money to Garibaldi's cause, joined in the march on Naples, and entered the city triumphantly sporting a red shirt. And always — amid the turmoil of travel, festivity and love-making, litigation and scandals; hounded by creditors and jealous mistresses; reveling in fame and childishly pursuing further honors — he wrote incessantly, working longer hours than the most industrious of authors. Maurois calls him "the greatest story-teller of all time and of all lands," and the claim is readily defensible. Turn to the first page of his best novels, and you are instantly under the spell which keeps a reader asking: "And then? What happened then?"

Much less has been known about Dumas *fils* than about his father, and it is here that Maurois's biography, which has drawn on much unpublished material, makes its freshest contribution. Though in many respects he was clearly his father's son, the third Alexandre reacted against his father's extravagance and license. He managed with caution the fortune which his plays brought him, and expressed in his theater a stern moralism which he was not always able to live up to. Maurois appears to share Hugo's verdict on the two Dumas as writers: "It was the father who was the genius. Indeed he had more genius than talent. Dumas *fils* is the embodiment of talent . . . but it is nothing more than talent."

PHILOSOPHERS IN LOVE

NANCY MITFORD'S VOLTAIRE IN LOVE (Harper, $5.00) is hinged on Voltaire's relationship with the Marquise du Châtelet, which began in 1733 — he was thirty-nine, she twenty-seven — and lasted until her death sixteen years later.

When Voltaire first met Emilie du Châtelet, she had been married eight years and was the mother of three children. Attractive but not beautiful, she belonged to a singular type of womanhood that flowered in the eighteenth century — the worldly and amorous *savante*. A connoisseur of the classics, a gifted mathematician and studious scientist-philosopher, she devoted years to translating and interpreting Newton to the French, who were still under the

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dominance of Descartes. Though "one of the most learned women ever produced by our civilization," she also loved life at court, was an inveterate gambler, and had about her "something of the whore."

Voltaire, shortly after Emilie became his mistress, moved into her husband's ancestral home in a remote part of Champagne, had it redecorated, and made it his headquarters. The Marquis — an officer often conveniently absent — was nothing if not complaisant: there is a story that once he caught Voltaire with another woman and reproached him for being "unfaithful to us." Unfaithful Voltaire certainly was (at fifty he embarked on a secret and passionate liaison with his niece); and so too, only much more frequently, was his "Venus Newton." But there can be no doubt about the sincerity and depth of their relationship. Voltaire later opened his *Mémoires* with the statement that their meeting was the turning point in his life.

Miss Mitford's book has many strands — Voltaire's conflicts with the censorship, which landed him in the Bastille and often forced him to lie low in semi-official exile from Paris; the reception of his plays and other writings of the period; his ceaseless literary vendettas; the business dealings which made him rich; his courtship by Frederick the Great, who was determined to wrest from Emilie possession of the most illustrious entertainer of the age. This gossipy chronicle abounds in situations which, from the standpoint of today, are rich in oddity, paradox, and comedy; and it provides ideal terrain for the exercise of the Mitford wit. It is a polished and entertaining piece of work; fascinating for, among other things, its telling and intimate picture of how life was lived by the eighteenth-century elite.

THE PASSIONATE VICTORIAN

Like Dumas *père*, the Victorian novelist Ouida — the subject of MONICA STIRLING'S biography, THE FINE AND THE WICKED (Coward-McCann, $4.00) — had an instinct for storytelling. "Though it is impossible not to smile at Ouida," G. K. Chesterton said, "it is impossible not to read her." She still has *aficionados* who, while smiling at her grandiloquence and other excesses, believe she had a touch of genius. But whether or not she is worth reading

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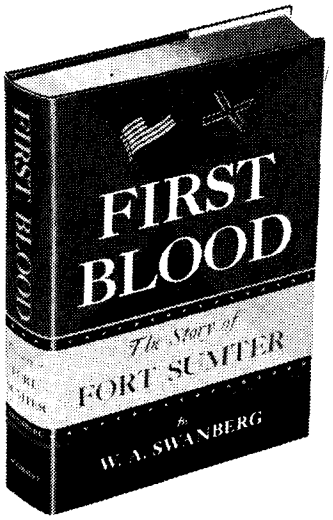

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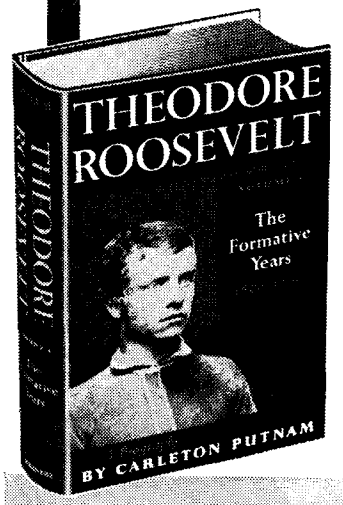

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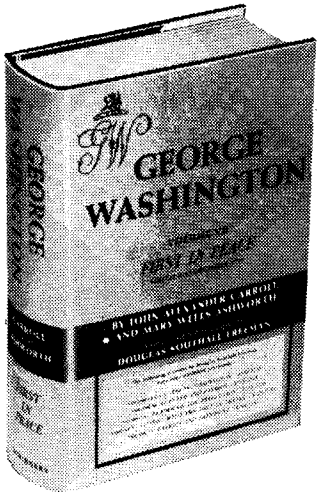

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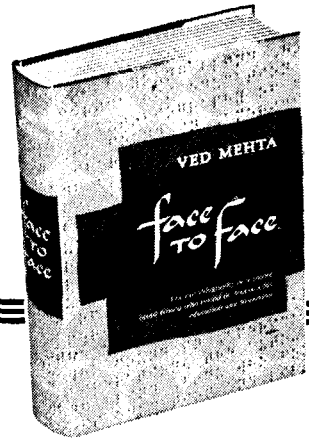
today, she is certainly worth reading about. A great eccentric, she reflects in her life and work the splendors and absurdities of the romantic temper in the Victorian age.

Her real name was Maria Louise Ramé, and she was born in Suffolk in 1839, the daughter of an improvident Frenchman, usually absent abroad and probably an agent for Louis Napoleon. At seventeen she decided to make her own way in the world, and her writings soon brought her success of the *Bonjour Tristesse* kind, which launched her on a course of extravagance as reckless in its way as Mlle. Sagan's. At thirty-two she settled in Florence, and there began her curious ten-year-long romance with the Marchese Stufa, who had a mistress he could not bring himself to break with and who finally broke Ouida's heart. She scandalized Florentine society by putting this private drama into a novel, and added to her notoriety by her brave championship of liberal causes. Eventually, her books lost their public and she ended her life destitute — a lonely, tragic figure who shuttled from place to place to keep her beloved dogs out of range of the muzzling edicts.

Miss Stirling has unearthed unpublished details about Ouida's attachment to the Marchese Stufa. She has also brought into relief, by direct quotation, the prophetic insight to be found in the utterances of some of Ouida's high-falutin' characters: Ouida's statements about the outcome of social trends starting in her day, and about the future of Russia and Germany, proclaim her a keen-eyed Cassandra. Less successful are Miss Stirling's strained efforts to show that Ouida's characters and situations are not really as preposterous as they appear to the contemporary reader; and she has a penchant for interjecting comments which smack somewhat of padding. These are relatively minor blemishes in what is an attractively written and intelligent biography of a fascinating woman: a "unique, flamboyant lady," to quote Max Beerbohm, "who cared for the romance and beauty and terror of life, not for its delicate shades and inner secrets."

JOYCE: THE EARLY YEARS

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER (Viking, $5.00) is the completed part of a biography of James Joyce which STANISLAUS JOYCE was working on when



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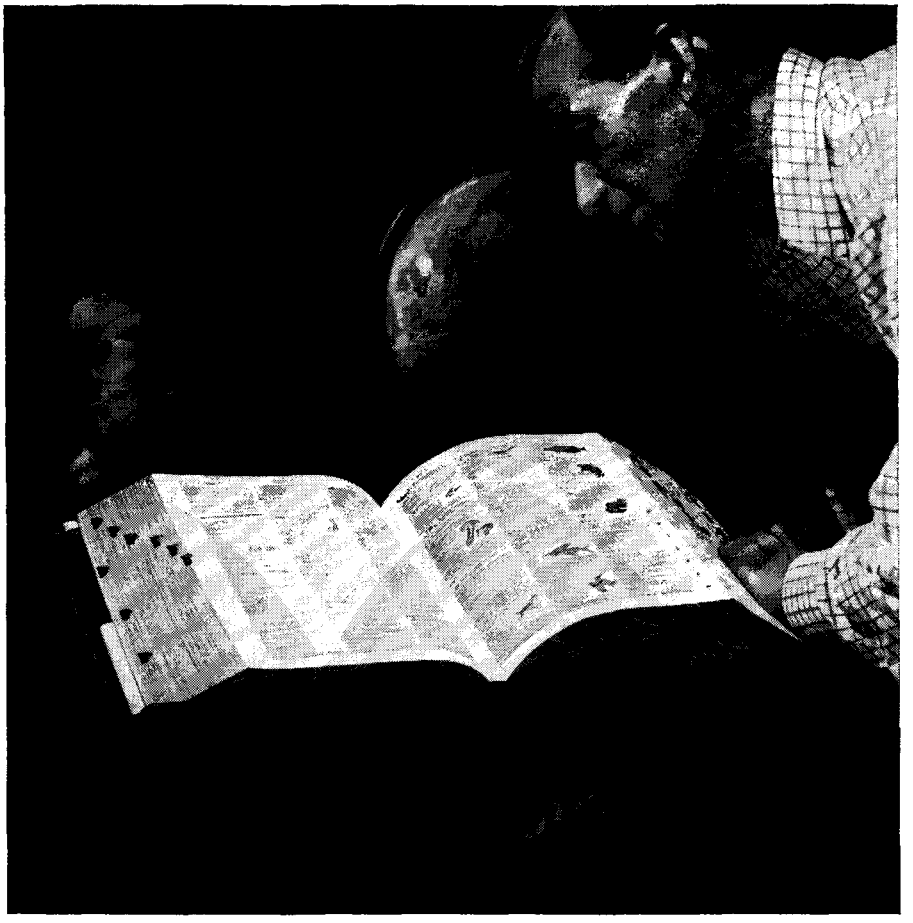
he died in Trieste in 1955. It carries James through his twenty-second year. Ably edited by Richard Ellmann and prefaced by a salute from T. S. Eliot, this study of Joyce's formative years by his own brother is a unique document in the literature about great writers.

Three years younger than the brilliant James, Stanislaus grew up as his disciple (he kept a diary in which he studied his brother sedulously, admiringly, and jealously), as his "whetstone" (according to *Ulysses*), and often as his guardian, for Stanislaus was the more disciplined and practical of the two. And sporadically he strained and struggled to assert his own independence. Thus Stanislaus has set himself the thorny task of defending and celebrating the person he most envied and was made to suffer by. Out of this ambivalent situation has emerged a remarkable book — wry, contentious, bitter, moving, and packed with a fierce sort of humor.

It is, of course, a treasure trove of information about a writer whose life has an especially large bearing on his work. The family background is vividly sketched, and there is a painful close-up of Joyce Senior, a man of "absolutely unreliable temper" who indulged in "nightly half-drunken rantings" and eventually declined into "the class of the deserving poor, that is to say . . . the class of people who richly deserve to be poor." We learn the origin of phrases, puns, ideas, incidents that appear in James's work (Stanislaus stresses, persuasively, his brother's unacknowledged indebtedness to him); actual happenings are compared to the fictional accounts of them; minor characters in *Dubliners* are identified; many lively conversations are recorded.

Stanislaus affirms that *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man* "is not autobiography, it is an artistic creation" — James was far from being the "weak, shrinking infant who figures in [it]." Nor was he temperamentally like the mournful Dedalus of *Ulysses*; he had a certain taste for gaiety and "a real talent for clowning." But even in his lighter moments, we see him through Stanislaus's eyes as armored in "a cold, lucid indifference." Distant, contemptuous, ruthlessly purposeful, he is pictured as a man "who never cared a rap what people thought, said, or wrote about him"; who was certain that "he belonged to the



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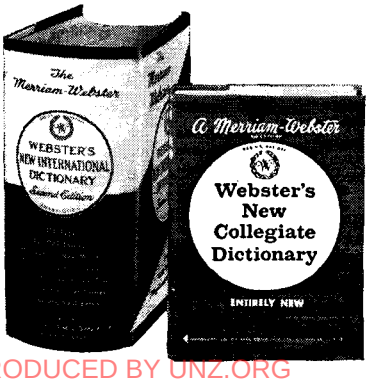

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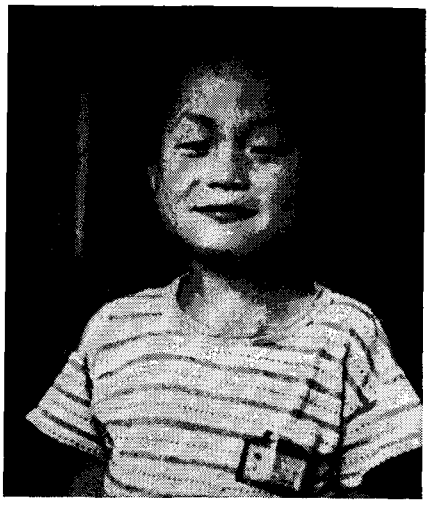
My Brother's Keeper is not just a contribution to Joycean scholarship but a fascinating account of a gnawing relationship between two brothers, of whom the unknown one turns out to be an interesting figure in his own right. As stern a judge as T. S. Eliot finds Stanislaus's book worthy of a place beside the books of James.

SWEENEY PROSTRATED

Let trumpets blow in honor of MYRA BUTTLE, the pseudonymous author of THE SWEENIAD (Sagamore Press, $2.00), who has rescued parody from the doldrums. Myra Buttle (an anagram for "my rebuttal") is Victor Purcell, professor of Far Eastern history at Cambridge University. *The Sweeniad's* target is T. S. Eliot and the whole school of poetry of which he is the prophet — "the so-called 'Main Stream,' whose course was diverted in 1922 to join the Styx." Myra says in her preface: "The underlying message of the 'Main Stream' poets seems to be that life is a sorry business anyhow, but that it might be just worth losing if, as an interim measure, we could undo the Renaissance and restore the Middle Ages, thereby making everybody as miserable as ourselves."

The Sweeniad might be described as a "play for voices" written partly in prose, partly in the rhythms of *The Waste Land*, *The Hollow Men*, and Eliot's plays. Eliot's position is stated, parodied, attacked, defended, and rousingly demolished — on a level far above the griping of the Philistines. The indictment is, of course, familiar: he is joyless, bigoted, and monstrously reactionary; he would like to impose on every branch of life a medieval dictatorship of the Church; he has arrogantly banished melody from poetry and has dogmatically belittled Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Shelley, and Keats; he conceals his meaning or lack of it by cluttering his works with esoteric erudition; and so on. Both defense and attack are conducted with an inspired combination of satiric mimicry, learning, wit, irreverence, clowning, and seriousness. The whole performance is a dazzling tour de force — enormous fun.

Here is one example of what Myra does with the meter and content of *The Waste Land:* "Cloax is the vilest drink, gouging/ Pockets out of your



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giblets, mixing/ Frenzy and remorse, blending/ Rot-gut and white ants." Here is a Voice aping Sweeney in his more esoteric vein: "Orisons of the orgiastic Ebionite,/ Chuffed by the solid oxen of the Ghost,/ Mormed by the arthropods of malachite,/ And uffed by the Effluence of the Uttermost./ Insufferably sprog — . . ." And here is the *coup de grâce*: "This is the way that Sweeney ends/This is the way that Sweeney ends/ This is the way that Sweeney ends/ Not with a flight but a flutter/ Not with a song but a stutter."

AGONIZED APPRAISAL

DEAN ACHESON'S POWER AND DIPLOMACY (Harvard University Press, $3.00), which is based on lectures delivered at Tufts University, might be summed up as Mr. Acheson's agonized appraisal of U.S. foreign policy under John Foster Dulles. The analysis is rooted in a rejection of the moralistic or preacher-schoolmaster approach to diplomacy, which by its very nature alienates allies and neutrals and is apt to lose sight of vital interests. "On one thing only," Mr. Acheson writes, "I feel a measure of assurance — on the rightness of contempt for sanctimonious self-righteousness which, joined with a sly worldliness, beclouds the dangers and opportunities of our time with an unctuous film."

Much of the book is devoted to that highly topical issue, the military requirements of the free world. Acheson argues that the doctrine of massive retaliation is a complete failure. It is not a deterrent because it is not credible; and it is not credible because it is grotesquely unrealistic: no American government would conceivably start a world-destroying nuclear war in response to an attack on Quemoy or a Communist coup in Syria. Nuclear weapons have made the concept of victory in all-out warfare utterly meaningless. Diplomacy must therefore concern itself, Acheson reasons, with limited objectives, and our strategists must be prepared to cope speedily and effectively with limited conflicts. This means that the United States must accept the burden of maintaining two kinds of military establishment: a nuclear striking force sufficiently formidable to deter a major attack, and "other and different forces, which we do not have, to respond to lesser forcible challenges to our interests . . . and

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to make possible and credible our determination, with others, to provide security for a workable non-communist world system other than by blowing it to pieces." As for formalized disarmament agreements with the Russians, Acheson holds that they could only prove a fraud and a delusion.

The essence of leadership, says Acheson, "is the successful attainment of objectives which impress themselves as being important *to those whom one is called upon to lead.*" (My italics.) But the United States, in recent years, has seemed to those who looked to it for leadership "to consider its own interests and objectives to the exclusion of theirs." U.S. handling of the Suez crisis, in Acheson's view, impressed upon our allies "not only that we would make no sacrifice to help them in a matter of vital interest . . . but that we would join the opposition to them."

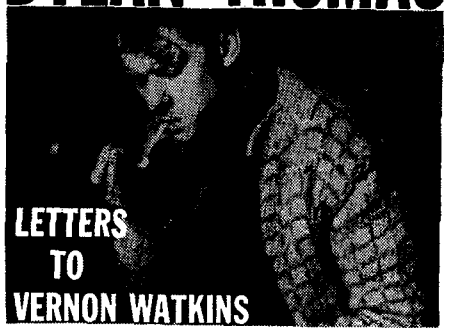
Mr. Acheson's short book manages to cover a surprising lot of ground. The presentation is exemplary — lucid, temperate, and gracefully written. However controversial some of the specific arguments may be, the searching quality of the thought places the whole enterprise far above partisan politics.

A CERTAIN SNARL

By the time this column appears in print, the new play by JOHN OSBORNE will have opened in New York with Sir Laurence Olivier, for whom it was written, in the role of Archie Rice, a lecherous, bawdy song-and-dance man of fifty, chronically broke and cheerfully irresponsible. From a reader's standpoint, THE ENTERTAINER (Criterion, $2.75) has somewhat less impact than *Look Back in Anger*, probably because it depends much more on stage effects. As in its predecessor, the action consists largely in people standing around being beastly to one another, and the chief merit is a fierce, nagging eloquence.

In a snarling essay (published in a symposium called *Declaration*), Mr. Osborne has said that his purpose is "to make people feel." He certainly succeeds, though in my case the feeling is often irritation. The Osborne gospel sweepingly proclaims the middle and upper classes to be rotted, as though by some loathsome disease. But if, as he asserts, the only genuine people in England are of working-class origin, then genuineness — as

DYLAN THOMAS



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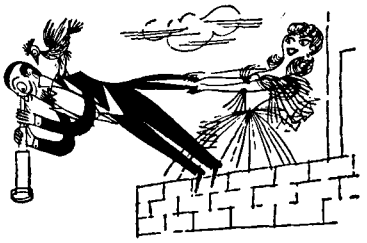

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pictured in his own plays — consists in being self-pitying, inconsiderate, feckless, and generally bloody-minded: in cultivating not one's garden but the rankest weeds in it. Osborne's verbal brio and sense of theater unquestionably add up to exciting talent. But the *Declaration* essay strengthens my impression that what he has been declaring to date is the size of the chip on his shoulder.

BRIEFLY NOTED

FREDERICK BUECHNER'S THE RETURN OF ANSEL GIBBS (Knopf, $3.75) is quite a departure from his two previous novels, which were open to the charge of preciosity. Now the style is less ornate, the plot straightforward. But while the ways and means are more conventional, the question which Buechner dramatizes is an unconventional theme for the serious novel. It is this: Is there validity in the charge of a primitive demagogue that a man of whom it could be said, "He *is* civilization," a man with a long and distinguished record of public service, is unfit for Cabinet office because he is too far removed from the feelings and desires of ordinary men? The crux of the story is that a chain of dramatic circumstances causes Ansel Gibbs himself to doubt his humanity; and the climax hinges on whether or not he will reverse his acceptance of the President's offer. Mr. Buechner has written sympathetically and perceptively about the emotional blind spots of the highly civilized egghead, and about the dilemmas that face the critical and self-critical mind, constantly in modulation, when it is challenged by demagoguery.

THE CAT WITH TWO FACES (Coward-McCann, $3.50) by GORDON YOUNG is a British journalist's factual reconstruction of a World War II spy story every bit as extraordinary as *Operation Cicero*. "The Cat" is a Frenchwoman made of Mata Hari stuff, whose death sentence was eventually commuted and who is now alive and free. After the defeat of France, she became the key figure in a major underground network that established radio contact with London and did heroic work for the Allied cause. When the Germans arrested her, she immediately betrayed her associates, callously and systematically; became the mistress of a member of the *Abwehr*; and served the enemy with a zeal over and above

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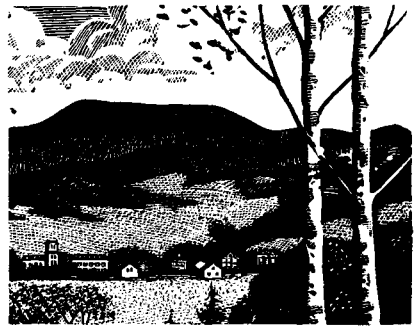

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the call of treachery, posing all the while as a member of the Resistance. In due course, a French agent uncovered her game; and at this point she convinced the Germans that she could pull off an invaluable coup if she and this underground leader were helped to get to England — which they were. In London, she switched sides again, but the British, as soon as she told them all she knew, wisely put her in jail. This fantastic story is solidly documented throughout, and I found it absolutely riveting.

For the past three years, GEORGES AND ROSAMOND BERNIER have compiled an annual anthology of the contents of *L'Oeil*, the fine art review which they edit in Paris. ASPECTS OF MODERN ART (Reynal, $9.75) seems to me the most interesting, and the most visually exciting, volume published to date in this series. It includes reminiscences of Lautrec, Cézanne, Monet, and Bonnard; essays on Rouault, Brancusi, Kokoschka, Braque, Picasso, and Arp; articles about three revolutionary movements in modern art — the Dutch de Stijl, the German Bauhaus, and Dada — and about the new School of Paris. There are nearly 200 illustrations in black and white, and 40 plates in color of superlative quality; and among the works shown are many which have never been reproduced before. All in all, I found this an exceptionally attractive volume.

So, too, is the latest addition to the Abrams Art Books: GAUGUIN ($15.00). There are 63 first-rate reproductions in color, including several exquisite examples of Gauguin's water colors, which are much less familiar to us than his oils. The text by ROBERT GOLDWATER is scholarly, intelligent, and readable.

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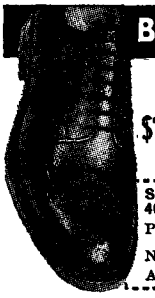

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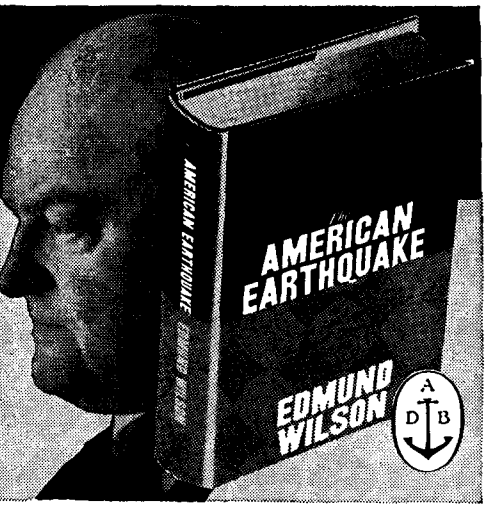

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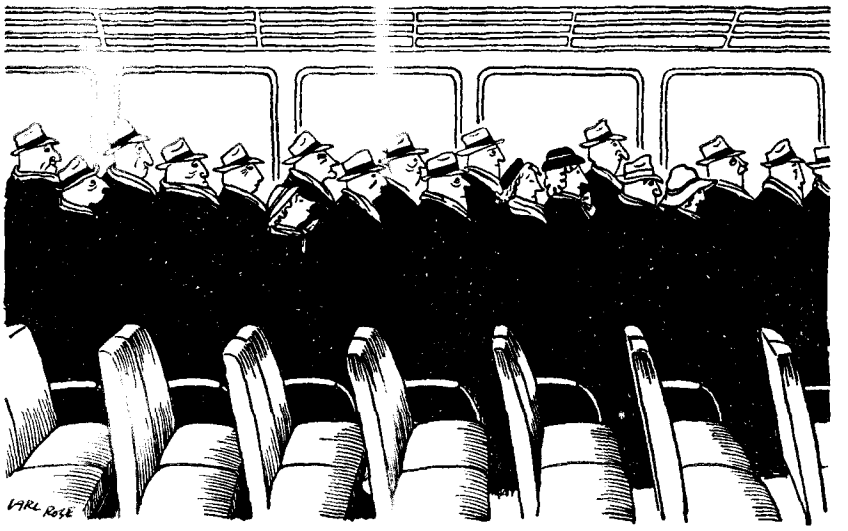

Accent on

The [illegible]nor of passengers [illegible]n trains [illegible] near their destina[illegible]n seems [illegible] escaped the scien[illegible]ic scrutin[illegible] deserves. Nothing is known [illegible]ts origins, whether [illegible]ts prompt[illegible] comes from some d[illegible]p wellspri[illegible] the id, or whether br[illegible]d social pr[illegible]ures are the cause. [illegible]e stylized [illegible] rather complicated [illegible]-havior p[illegible]tern to which I all[illegible]le suggests [illegible] latter, yet with so li[illegible]le data at [illegible]nd, one hesitates even [illegible]o characte[illegible] the behavior as ir[illegible]-tional. [illegible] five hundred passeng[illegible]rs behave identically and two qu[illegible]e differently, who are the aberran[illegible]s? Let us seek an answer in the fa[illegible]ts themselves.

On a Boston train approachi[illegible]g Grand Central, for instance, and just leaving 125th Street, the passeng[illegible]rs are seen to cast off the glazed lo[illegible]k they have all been wearing and [illegible]o take some cognizance of their surroundings. They even perceive o[illegible]e another, as if for the first time, and not necessarily with any great satisfaction. Their first mass gesture is [illegible]o jump to their feet, seize their h[illegible]ts and coats, and put them on. Th[illegible]y resume their seats and, because the railroad loses all interest in air conditioning somewhere around New Haven, they begin to swelter quietly.

Passengers who had been reading have stopped reading. All conversation ceases. The porter, breathing noisily in his last bid for tips, totters back and forth being helpful.

Suddenly one passenger springs to his feet. The train has not yet entered the tunnel, but he makes off purposefully, bag in hand, toward the door. Following his lead and in exact imitation of one another — I neglected to say that most of the passengers on this train are businessmen — all others in the car get to their feet and start for the door.

A complete blockade follows. All are immobilized, but no one sits down again. And so they stand, swaying, twitching, in comedy responses to the movements of the train. A certain amount of stepping on the next man's heels, or bumping his back with a brief case, or sprawling against him continues until the train, with a vast, unpredictable lurch comes to a stop.

The passengers try to squeeze toward the door. But nothing at all happens. The train is still in the tunnel, stopped on some mysterious signal, and nowhere near the terminal platform — a fact which it emphasizes after an awkward pause by starting up again with a prodigious lurch. More sweltering, sprawling, bumping, and more fits and starts. One gets the impression that the arrival of every train in Grand Central takes the terminal staff entirely by surprise, and that they are having the devil's own time trying to decide what track to bring it in on, even though it is always the same track, year in, year out.

The train's last reluctant stop, its terminal platform achieved, throws the passengers into a new cycle of optimism. They have learned nothing from their experiences of the past five minutes. Again they surge toward the door, but the door is not even open. Somewhere, trapped among the men who are balking one another in the aisle, is the luckless porter, who now squirms his way to the end of the car and opens the door.

Another surge all but overwhelms the porter, who now must explain to the passengers what they all know anyhow and choose, unaccountably, to disregard: Such is the antique design of the American "parlor car" (!) and its operation that no one can leave the car until all the hand luggage of all the passengers has been cleared from the vestibule and unloaded. Railroad men, being railroad men, have not only clung to the cumbersome design of their car, but they have also refused to arrange for the passengers to debark at one end of the car while the luggage is being unloaded at the other. The passenger, consequently, must wait until the porter has shifted the luggage to the platform — usually to a point where it obstructs all over again the passengers as they make their final exit.

All in all, it is fair to say that the last half hour of a train ride into Manhattan is more burdensome, as

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the passengers contrive it for themselves, than all the rest of the trip put together.

The eccentric passenger can avoid most of the terminal hardships simply by turning his back firmly on the whole performance, keeping his seat, and carrying on with his reading. If he has been sufficiently forehanded to order one at the right time, he may even be sipping the last of a highball. Not until the car has emptied itself will he get up and leave. He can beat the taxicab scramble by passing up the cab platforms altogether and going straight out to the curb on Lexington Avenue, entirely without competition.

By taking a slightly longer taxicab ride, if he is headed for any part of the mid-town area, the sufficiently eccentric passenger can circumvent the whole fiasco of Grand Central: He gets off, usually the only one in the car to do so, at 125th Street, descends to a waiting taxi, and is checked in and unpacking in his hotel while the train terminal staff is trying to remember what track to pick for the train, still trundling along somewhere in the tunnel.

CHARLES W. MORTON

Helping Beethoven

BY LEROY OSTRANSKY

LEROY OSTRANSKY *is a native New Yorker who is now composer-in-residence at the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Washington.*

In a recent issue of a magazine, the Stow & Davis Furniture Company, of Grand Rapids, introduces a two-page advertisement headed "What I did for Beethoven, I can do for you!" This bold statement is followed by the even bolder signature of George W. Reinoehl, executive vice president of the Executive Furniture Guild of America. "One afternoon," Reinoehl goes on to tell us, "as I sat all alone listening to Beethoven's Ninth, I got to thinking what sheer genius the man must have had to accomplish so much under such primitive working conditions — handicapped by clutter, poor workspace, drafts, noise and bad lighting.

"So . . . I picked up my sketch pad — just for fun — and designed the poor fellow an office *worthy* of his greatness, with every detail as personal as his scrawl on a manuscript. Ludwig, I think, would have been happy here."

Immediately below this apologia is a reproduction of Reinoehl's work — office-wise. That the reproduction is the filmland version of Beethoven's office is a fair assumption. Held at arm's length the office picture appears to be uncluttered, spacious, warm, quiet, sanguine. Nevertheless, one suspects there is something wrong with the picture; after careful study, one's suspicions are confirmed.

Right off, let me say that I have no quarrel with Reinoehl. His intentions are, I believe, admirable. He set out only to give an old genius a decent place to work, a place he could call his own. But I'm afraid Reinoehl got carried away; he allowed his executive orientation to guide his hand.

Resting against a sun-drenched long east wall is the quiet excitement of a high-fidelity record-player-radio-television rig; a decanter, a quartet of tuned drinking glasses, and a tall, faintly tropical plant in an easy-to-live-with jardiniere help solve this difficult long-wall problem. In the center of the office (off-center, really) opposite the mass communication facilities is the great composer's swivel chair in extrovert green with that woven fabric look, and his honest desk, complete with executive-type double fountain-pen

set, desk blotter, and flip-top daily calendar pad. At this point it may be proper to point out that composers, even old ones, don't use desk sets; they use special music-writing pens or pens with stub points, which they *dip* into ink, just like Beethoven did. The desk blotter with the padded edges isn't likely to find favor with composers who write long pieces like the Ninth Symphony.

Occupying the west wall and corner — hidden from the five-sectioned floor-to-ceiling window that gives onto warm, gentle, green fields and, in the distance, golden skyscrapers — is a sectional sofa, fashionably low backed, deeply button-tufted, fearfully asymmetric. A white-tiled coffee table, with its jonquil-filled crystal bowl and important ash tray, invites Western living. Oh, yes — in the foreground a small grand, in coffee walnut, displays a small sheet of manuscript on the piano rack.

By now it is obvious that Reinoehl is not one of these poor old-fashioned fellows who believes that the office ought to seek the man. It is something to say for his ability to make important and split-second decisions that no composer was asked whether Beethoven, or any other composer, could function properly in Beethoven's office. Composers (except as they are seen composing in the movies) go berserk when they are forced to write music on a piano music rack — it offers no support for the top of a manuscript page. (In all fairness, it is only right to report that the manuscript on Beethoven's piano does seem the right size for a singing commercial.) A narrow music rack is calculated to make a composer nervous; a nervous composer wants to smoke. I must therefore ask Reinoehl to please move the important ash tray from the coffee table to the top of the piano.

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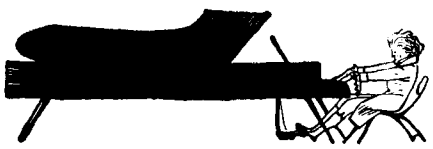
Because I believe that Reinohl is sincere and will undoubtedly go on to design other offices for other poor fellows, one of whom may turn out to be a composer, I wish to make one more observation.

A serious and thoughtful composer spends most of his time at his desk. Therefore, I must ask that another ash tray be supplied for the desk. Now, please move the decanter to the desk. Swivel the desk chair so it faces the record player. Fill his glass, light his cigarette, and turn on Beethoven's Ninth.



SHORT HISTORY OF A PEACE-LOVER

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

Philip Melanchthon
Liked, as scribe,
Logic better than diatribe.
Ascetic, lean
As Apostle Paul,
He hated a scene,
Loathed a brawl,
And looked up staunch
But temperate terms
For Luther to launch
At the Diet of Worms.

Luther laughed at him quite a lot
For his monkish ways.
"By the Lieber Gott!
Go sin a little,"
He used to roar,
"Or what can the Lord forgive you for?"
But Philip, smiling,
Paying no heed,
Went on compiling
The Augsburg Creed.

While cronies battled,
Fierce and bloody,
Philip Melanchthon kept to his study,
Praising the cool
Retreat he sat in;
Taught his school,
Polished his Latin,
Nor wielded staves
Like his fellow Germans.

Then over their graves
He preached the sermons.

Built-in Slump

BY KEN W. PURDY

KEN W. PURDY, *formerly editor of* ARGOSY, TRUE, *and* PARADE, *is now free-lancing. His book,* KINGS OF THE ROAD, *was published by Atlantic–Little, Brown in 1952.*

A milestone in the evolutionary history of Homo sapiens passed quietly, almost without notice, when a Ford Motor Company engineer said that the shape of the seats in the new Edsel was meant to conform to "the modern slump."

Heretofore there have been only two schools of thought in the design of motor-car seats: the American and the European. The European masters have favored a seat back with a soft, indented center surrounded by a firm, shoulder-gripping roll meant to brace the upper arms and shoulders. The Americans have remained true to the original horse-drawn carriage concept of a flat surface, upholstered to uniform tension throughout. Both have assumed the passenger to be an upright biped built around a straight, vertical spine, and therefore best catered for by a straight seat back.

But modern man does *not* have a straight spine, and all credit to the courageous Ford technicians for abandoning the pretense. The seat backs of the new Edsel do not rise in an unbroken vertical line: six inches or so from the top they bend sharply forward. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested Edsel rider thus will know comfort denied his brothers in lesser vehicles. He will not need to press his shoulders into the seat back under the delusion that they belong there, nor will he have to sway in mid-air, his modern slump unsupported anywhere.

Now that ground has been broken, need we stop with automobile seat backs? Will not the manufacturers of household furnishings, theater seats, and the like have the courage to junk their comparatively puny inventories and come proudly if belatedly into line? The modern slump is here to stay, men. Don't fight it.

And who will be the first among the cutters and tailors of clothing for men to face up to reality? (The iron-handed aesthetes who dictate women's wear need no urging; yearly the *haute couture* announces the shape of women to come, now hipless, now bereft of bosom, now shapeless altogether. They conceded the modern slump in the early 1920s.) What is needed now is comparable courage among purveyors to men. I look forward to the day when every three-pane fitting mirror in America will mount a sign: "Our suits are designed for men who stand *naturally*. Do *not* force your shoulders back. Slump!" Unimagined benefits will follow. Pitilessly delineated fore and aft in the all-seeing mirror, the average man pulls in his sagging abdomen, puffs his chest, forces back his brittle shoulders, and holds himself so, at whatever cost, while the fitter measures and marks and pins.

Naturally, when the suit is delivered and he slips into his true stance, the modern slump, the garment fits like a hand-me-down. Think of the pain, the heartache, the economic waste that would be avoided if he would stand before the fitting mirror as he stands waiting for the bus: shoulders slumped forward, chest caved in, abdomen drooping, all his weight hanging on one hip. Fitted thus, his new gray flannel would become him like something built for Lucius Beebe or William Powell the Elder.

Euphemism is horrid, disaster lies in the denial of truth, and Darwin was right. Let a deluded rear guard of gymnasts and physical education

fanatics fight on, if they will, but as for you and me, let us slip our hands trustingly into the firm grasp of such as Mr. Ford's anonymous mahatma. They have proved that they know the True Way. Are they not even now planning for the day when the leg will be a mere vestigial appendage? Certainly. Where is the clutch pedal of yesteryear? Designs for accelerator and power-brake controls built into the steering wheel lie safely vaulted in Detroit. *Que sera. . . .*

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Alchemy

BY KATHLEEN B. GRANGER

KATHLEEN B. GRANGER *lives on a farm in Orwell, Vermont. This is her first appearance in the* ATLANTIC.

Pink doves flying up from a vest pocket; silk scarves produced from nowhere; rabbits pulled from top hats; all these tricks enchant me. Perhaps that is one reason I find so many things connected with housework and cooking fascinating. Mix a cake of yeast with a bit of sugar, warm milk, and flour, and almost immediately the little yeast plants start to grow, and mysteriously the bread dough begins to rise — sheer magic! Or make the impossible mix of dry flour dumped into boiling water and butter which logically should make the most fearful lumps; stir vigorously and it becomes smooth. Add a whole egg to the stiff mixture. Logic again would tell me that it simply will not mix. Sure enough, the egg skims around, the lumps of unappealing dough separate, yet after a bit of stirring, a wonderfully smooth mixture appears; another egg added, and another, and still another, one at a time with the same dubious approach, and before long I have the satiny texture ready to drop in small balls on a baking sheet to produce light, golden cream puffs!

Or take butter. Have you ever made butter and watched the sour cream in the churn? Nothing changes; but you keep turning the handle or rocking the container, and suddenly before your amazed eyes appear a few golden lumps, then quickly many more, and in a matter of minutes the cream has separated into large solid masses of bright yellow butter (if your cream is from Jersey milk). I never cease to marvel at this sight, and the last few minutes of churning are filled with excitement and wonder.

The making of bread and butter seemed very primitive to me, a city woman, when we first came to our farm, but in the making of them I take a great delight. Six light loaves of white bread, six oatmeal-molasses loaves each week because we love it so; and butter, about three pounds to a churning. But if I thought the mastering of these two arts almost an obsolete accomplishment, certainly the making of soap seemed linked to a far more distant past.

Behind our great central chimney is a low, bricked-in square hearth where for a hundred years the women of our farm made apple-cider butter and soap. Tradition says that nothing else was ever cooked here in the huge black iron caldron that rests snugly in the one large opening of the top plate. And so, each time I passed the great black caldron I would give it a little mental pat. "Someday," I would think, "I will try to make soap." But I did not know of any method beyond the complicated one of our ancestors.

Happily a more modern friend showed me the way. It was a momentous occasion when I finally plunged into this newest mystery, and the whole family gathered around to watch.

My friend had said, "Buy a can of lye and follow the directions on the label," but I could not wait to accumulate the specified five pounds of waste fats. Instead, I combined one cup of clear salad oil, one cup of white commercial shortening, and one cup of bacon grease already on hand. I used only a quarter of the can of lye, which I poured very carefully and slowly into one and a half cups of cold water. Already I felt the excitement of adventure. The dry grains of lye fell into the water and immediately the mixture became smoking hot! No wonder the directions had cautioned against pouring rapidly, or allowing drops to come in contact with skin or clothing. And no wonder an iron or enamel pan was suggested — anything else would have had a hole eaten through it, I am sure. However, soon the lye solution cooled, and again, cautiously, I began to pour it into the cool, melted fat — no telling what might happen! But this time a new magic was taking place! Lye and fats combined, and as I stirred, the clear mixture thickened, smooth and opaque as a thick cream sauce. I poured this into the shallow cardboard cover of a shoe box and left it to solidify.

But I had not finished — I had kept out about a cupful of the liquid soap for an experiment of my own. I wanted not only a nice white soap, I wanted fragrance as well. Since I had no idea how it would turn out — and at this point I was not even sure the soap would harden — I decided not to sacrifice any of my perfume, but simply to add a few drops of Nick's shaving lotion. Apparently shaving lotion has no affinity to soap. Even as I stirred, my fragrant bit of liquid soap began to bubble in a peculiar way; yet I was not concerned and poured it into a small muffin pan which I had lined with silver aluminum foil. Now I really *had* done something! The stuff not only bubbled, it actually boiled, writhing and seething and sending off fumes, and under our fascinated gaze the aluminum foil disintegrated, and the whole small mass turned a violent yellow liquid, evil-looking, a regular witch's brew.

Soapmaking — with no interesting bypaths — is easy. But of course one of the secret charms of soapmaking is lost to me, since I make it for pleasure and not necessity. Think how wonderful it must have been to discover that two home products of such doubtful value, plain wood ashes and kitchen waste fats, when combined properly, would make soap!

Never mind the time and effort. First the ancient round barrel in the cellar must be made ready with a thick bed of straw laid in the bottom, wood ashes shoveled in almost to the brim. Then water, not too much at

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a time, so that it may percolate slowly through the ashes, dissolving out the alkali and seeping through the straw, ready to be drawn off as liquid lye. Up in the kitchen the sorting, the scraping, the boiling of the winter's accumulation of fats in water, not once but several times, to separate the wastes and leave the fat clear and saltless. The skimming, the pouring, the straining, the measuring; finally the combining of lye and fat in the great black caldron to make soap, a whole year's supply of soap: soft green soap, hard yellow soap, and lighter hand soap. But for me, using as I do store products out of tins and jars, the whole process of mixing and making takes only about ten minutes, and I have eight large cakes of good quality white soap. Yet I have something more: a good feeling, a satisfaction, in making something that is almost a forgotten art in the home.

REGARD THE ROACH

BY LAWRENCE FLEISCHER

I

Regard the roach:
unchangeable and stout, he was the same
when dinosaurs went out as when they came:
he made no progress, but he *played the game:*
and now he is the undefeated master,
while man, who came up fast, goes down the faster.

No siege of Time can put the roach to wrack:
he travels onward on a single track:
nor fire nor Flit can turn him back,
nor evolution change his ways:
the species pass, the cockroach stays.

II

Hélas! Great Dinosaur is gone!
Farewell, old, shaggy Mastodon!
Good-by, Neanderthal! Pass on,
Grimaldi Man, and Cro-Magnon!
I shall be joining you anon;
and Roach, by some *sine qua non,*
inherits Earth, and all thereon.

III

When you and I, and each and all, are desiccated archives in a tar pit,
the lowly roach, who cannot fall, shall crawl beneath God's carpet.

The Stamp Act

BY EDWARD SHENTON

EDWARD SHENTON *is the author of many books and stories, and has also served as illustrator and editor. He lives in West Chester, Pennsylvania.*

The Stamp Act is a recurrent malady inflicted upon the public once in each generation. I remember when my mother got stamps from the first chain store. I also remember vividly the lamp for which she exchanged the stamps.

It was an enormous apparatus with a shade the shape and almost the size of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. It was made of irregular sections of scarlet, Paris green, bilious yellow, royal purple, and Van Dyke brown. It took her eighteen months and 37,000 stamps to acquire this *objet d'art.* Unfortunately the workmanship was not comparable to St. Paul's. Fragments of stained glass began to fall out, leaving holes of undiluted electric light.

My father, a skillful man who was far ahead of his time — how he would have enjoyed this do-it-yourself era — undertook to replace the pieces. With soldering iron and molten lead he spent uncounted evenings on the job. But it was useless. As fast as he put in one section, another fell out. It was on April 5, 1917, that he blew his top. Seizing the lamp, with a word never before heard in our Presbyterian household, he hurled it through a stained-glass window which the more refined homes of that period boasted. The next day President Wilson declared war on Germany.

Well, here I was, after two wars, getting a swatch of stamps with my purchases. I will not, I said firmly, repeat the error of my parents. But as the bard remarks, "What suckers we mortals be."

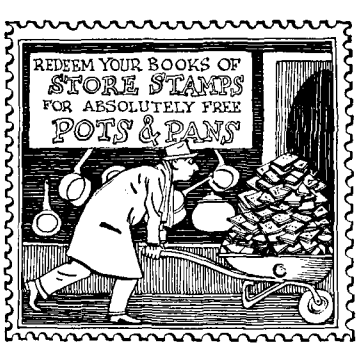
Presently I had a drawer full of stamps and still they accumulated. By chance, I recalled my wife's remarking that our culinary equipment would make an Eskimo blush. At the time, I thought the statement a trifle extravagant; but writers are prone to colorful speech, and had she said merely that most of our pots and pans were over retirement age it might not have stuck in my mind. It would not be a sign of weakness, I decided, to use the stamps to revive our cooking utensils.

For three evenings I pasted stamps in the books, to my clothing, and in my hair. Then on my next trip I exchanged my labor for a shining stewpan. When my wife saw it, she cried ecstatically, "How beautiful! You must have paid a lot for it."

"Only sixty dollars," I replied nonchalantly.

After I had restored her to this world, I explained that various comestibles were included in the sum.

Later I secured a frying pan, $90, and a roaster, $120. I'm now saving for a new vacuum cleaner, as ours has got into the habit of exhaling the dust instead of inhaling. I estimate it will take twenty-seven months at our present rate of buying and $2100 in stamps.



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THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

TREND IN THE MAKING

BY JOHN M. CONLY

By the time you read this, I am almost sure, the advent of the stereophonic disc will have been heralded. And our growingly blissful decade of adaptation to LP will have come to a nervous end, with the presentment of something as significantly newer than LP as LP was newer than the old, fast, frangible, and noisy shellac record.

There is a difference, however. The LP could not be played on old 78-rpm equipment. The new stereo discs *can* be played — non-stereophonically, naturally — on conventional LP players. For this reason, the record companies won't have to put out two separate versions of every recording, one stereo, one conventional single-channel. The latter variety can simply be discontinued as the new one goes into production. As I write, this event is expected to take place in midsummer.

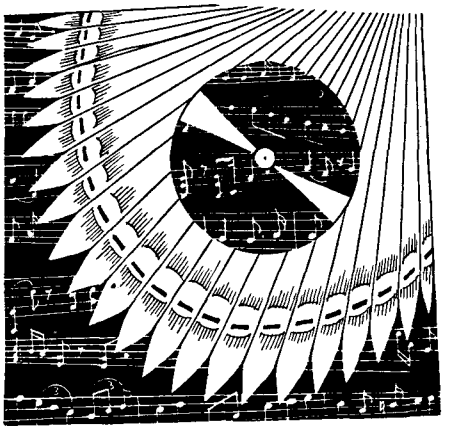
Stereo tape, of course, has been in production for several years now, so the general idea of stereo is fairly widely understood. A stereo recording is made with two microphones, or sets of microphones, spaced some distance apart. The twin products, usually recorded on the two bands of a dual-track tape, are kept separate, for separate reproduction later through two amplifiers and two speakers, spaced more or less as were the microphones. The idea is to yield in the living room reproduction which incorporates the subtle differences your right and left ears would have heard had they been in the concert hall. The effect is never exact, of course. You are still hearing through two portholes, so to speak: a real uninterrupted breadth of sound source is not presented. But the basis of a three-dimensional illusion is there, and it can be highly persuasive.

The only earlier commercial stereo discs that I know of were those introduced by Emory Cook in 1953. They had twin bands of grooves and you needed twin pickup cartridges to play them. In the forthcoming type (I won't call it new; it was developed in Bell Laboratories at least twenty years ago) the two "channels" of sound are engraved in the same groove and are evoked by a single stylus. Its motion differs from that in conventional record reproduction in that it is not purely lateral, but partly up-and-down as well. And the stereo cartridge of which it is part has not one but two sensitive elements, set at right angles to each other, to translate its movements into electric impulses. It is possible thus to separate the "right ear" signal from the "left ear," and feed two amplifiers and loudspeakers.

However, as I have indicated, an old-style pickup can play the new stereo records as if they were of the ordinary, laterally-modulated kind. It will pick up a blend of the two channels. Played thus — monaurally — the new records probably will differ from the best of the present type only in a slightly lowered level of volume and a slight proportional rise in surface noise.

To make them yield stereo sound, you will need a stereo pickup cartridge (lots of these, both ceramic and magnetic, are in the making right now), a second amplifier, and a second speaker — or a whole new phonograph incorporating dual-channel sound reproduction. Many makes of the latter will appear when stereo discs come on the market.

As is obvious from the foregoing, to get stereo sound will cost you money. But you needn't get it if you don't want to. The question is, *do* you want it, and, if so, how soon?



The answer, in any final sense, must naturally be formed in your own mind, and as a result of listening. However, some suggestions toward an answer certainly can be made in advance. The factors likeliest to be important in your decision are these: the nature of your listening room, your conditioning as a listener, and, last, your musical tastes.

Sundry perfervidly stereophiliac friends of mine assert tirelessly — not to say tediously — that in *any* room, no matter how acoustically admirable, stereo will make good sound even better. Yes, no doubt. However, there is also no doubt that the bigger and better your listening room, the less stereo can do to improve the sound you get therein. A sizable room, especially if it is not unduly modern, functional, or rectilinear, can add a very effective space-coloration to music from a

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STERN DOUBLE

Isaac Ster[illegible] hails from San Franc[illegible] ade his Carnegie Ha[illegible] but on January 12, 1943—th[illegible] st and only major violin[illegible] have been entirely Ame[illegible]-trained. Since then, [illegible] y box-office personnel ha[illegible] been proudly posting the S[illegible] signs every time he pick[illegible] his 250-year-old [illegible]rnerius violin. Equally at h[illegible] in Baroque, Classical, Ro[illegible]ntic and Modern work[illegible] Stern, who is of Russian o[illegible], has a particular aff[illegible]ity for modern Russian mus[illegible] His warm, succulent to[illegible] and ear-dazzling technique are just what is needed to bring to life such scores as the two Prokofiev concertos. His performances of them reveal him at his faultless best

PROKOFIEV: Concerto No. 1 in D Major for Violin and Orchestra —Isaac Stern, violinist— The New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor; Concerto No. 2 in G Minor for Violin and Orchestra— The New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein, conductor.
ML 5243 $3.98

WALTZ PROS

Tchaikovsky and Strauss! You may wonder what kind of combination this is or what the poet of the Lonely Heart has in common with the Waltz King of the Vienna of Franz Josef. Just this—in three-quarter time these two men are the champs. Strauss is the unchallenged expert in the ballroom, while Tchaikovsky has fashioned a host of the most delicate and danceable ballet waltzes in the world. Intermingled, and sumptuously served up by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, their waltzes serve as a perfect foil for each other. Ormandy and his men evoke both the glitter and brilliance of old Vienna and the sylphlike grace of a Russian ballerina.

THE WONDERFUL WALTZES OF TCHAIKOVSKY AND STRAUSS. Waltz from Swan Lake Ballet, Emperor Waltz, Waltz from Serenade for Strings, Waltz from Sleeping Beauty Ballet, Blue Danube, Waltz of the Flowers, Roses from the South. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.
ML 5238 $3.98

19th-CENTURY PUBLICITY STUNT

Devotees of the piano music of Beethoven have been noticeably happier of late. The reason— a treasury of new recordings by Rudolf Serkin, whose Beethoven interpretations are undisputed cornerstones of recorded piano literature. His latest undertaking: a set of variations by Beethoven on a theme of Diabelli. In 1823, the story goes, an upstart composer-publisher named Diabelli went looking for a set of variations. Theme in hand, he approached Beethoven, Schubert, even the 11-year-old Franz Liszt. The venture smacked of a publicity stunt to promote the Diabelli publishing house. But the prettiness of the waltz tune apparently stuck in Beethoven's mind and tempted him. When he sat down to it, he turned out a grand total of thirty-three variations—more than Diabelli asked for or wanted. With reason they have been called the greatest set of variations ever created for the piano.

BEETHOVEN: Variations on a Theme by Diabelli—Rudolf Serkin, pianist.
ML 5246 $3.98

BLUES-OPERA

The exciting new music by Harold Arlen is a suite of 17 selections, each drawn from a larger work, "Blues-Opera," whose world premiere is scheduled to represent American music at the World's Fair in Brussels this spring. A look at the score shortly after the opera was completed so fired Andre Kostelanetz' admiration for its freshness and lyricism and authentically American vigor that he urged an orchestral suite be made from it. Arlen was agreeable and together they selected the music for this suite. Thus, not only do we have Mr. K. to thank for an extremely engaging performance of this music with the New York Philharmonic, but also for starting the ball rolling. And once again we have evidence of Kostelanetz' enthusiasm for the outstanding music of our time.

HAROLD ARLEN: Blues-Opera. Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra.
CL 1099 $3.98

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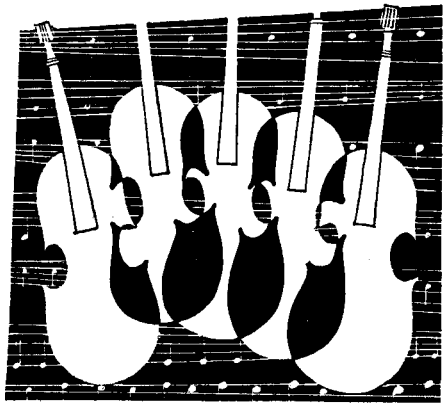
single loudspeaker. The result won't sound exactly like what one might hear in a concert hall, but I am not at all sure that sometimes it is not, musically, just as good. It depends on what you listen for in music.



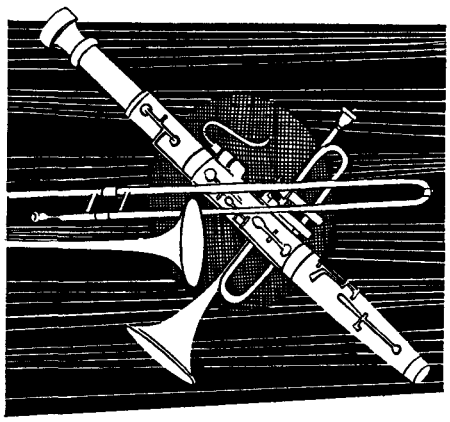
Most listening rooms today, however, are not spacious, and they are rectilinear and reflective. In them, a single source of sound calls immediate attention to itself, and holds it. There is a machine jangling over yonder by the wall, and that is that. If we can abstract from its selfish stridor some essence of Beethoven or Gershwin, good for us and our powers of abstraction. It is not always easy.

In such circumstances, stereo can be a true boon. The apparent sound source shifts to where no appliance is visible (a substantial psychological easement) and the tight, recognizable resonances of the room abate, at least in part. Further, one of the two great useful properties of stereo here may make its effect: a transfer to your cramped quarters of some of the spatial qualities of the recording hall. Note that I use the word "may." The transformation does not always happen. Don't sign any checks until you have conducted a test by ear.

Here let us take cognizance of certain very worthy twentieth-century music lovers. Not all of us learned about Wagner and Mozart in Symphony Hall or the Metropolitan Opera House. A great many made acquaintance with Siegmund and Figaro by radio and record: a box in the room with us, that sang. An acquaintance of mine, taken to hear the "Jupiter" Symphony in Carnegie Hall, Beecham conducting, said she could not judge the performance because it was too hard to take in. It was too *spread out*, and too distracting.

This is not necessarily a wrong or an inferior approach to the hearing of music; sometimes I think that the people with this training are those that hear the most in the music they listen to. But whether they do or not, they are there. And to them a spread-out simulacrum of an orchestra is most certainly nothing to spend money on. If you are of this persuasion, ignore stereo.

Unless, or course, you are also a sound-purist. The forthcoming records, as I have indicated, will be tailored primarily for stereo listening. How good they will sound on non-stereo equipment is hinted at by the word "compatible," always an adjective to stir suspicion. I think for the nonce some attention will be devoted by manufacturers to making the compatibility real, and keeping the sound clean for the non-stereo listener. But after a year's production, who knows? Eventually, you may want to make the



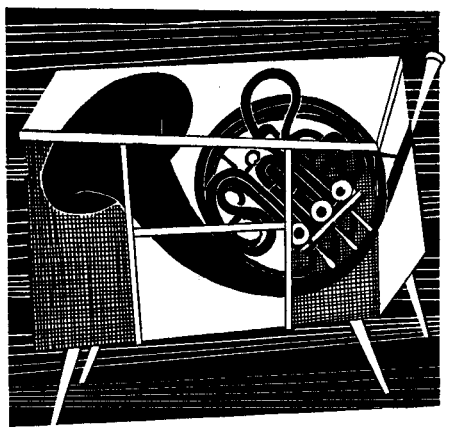
change. (And if you *don't* want an extended musical vista at the end of your listening room, never mind. You can always put your two speakers close together and get tonal clarity without obtrusive stereophony.)

This brings us to the third factor bearing upon the desirability of musical 3-D. Namely, the kind of music you listen to and what you listen for in it.

I have a friend who is a very knowledgeable music lover indeed, and he says quite flatly that he has come to the conclusion that *no Brahms whatever* benefits from stereo (or, for that matter, from being heard live rather than in reproduction, providing the reproduction is not sodden with distortion). I think he may be right — or at least very nearly right; I have the feeling that he was not taking into consideration the German Requiem or the *Liebeslieder* Waltzes. But my own experience leads me to conclude that there are certain types of music that do, and others that don't, benefit from stereo reproduction. They are quite easily distinguishable by a simple process of your own mind, providing you apply it carefully, and only to music you are familiar with. Toward music you don't know, you should extend a second chance.

Perhaps I can make this clear by an extreme example. I first heard Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* on a record, and a pretty trifling thing I thought it, to have been brought forth in 1935 by our latter-day Beethoven. Then I heard it in actual performance and was enchanted, quite swayed away from my earlier notion. The point is, Bartók wrote it to be heard in a concert hall; indeed, to be *seen* upon a stage. As a matter of fact, I believe he even charted the placement of the instruments, and it is clear that he visualized the movements of the players, as if he were a choreographer. Without the directional and spatial effect, the music is not — to me — very impressive. With it, it is.

Explore in another direction. Today, in church or in concert, the choral works of Bach and Handel come to us in a confusion of sweet sounds, a mellifluous mixture. I think those magnificent craftsmen so shaped them that they would. But there is in them also another possibility: that if they are sung in a modest neat surrounding, they take on another property. Apart from their loveliness heard when blended, they have a sort of musically dialectical content apparent only when their voices can be heard separately. The directional quality of stereo



reproduction is able to convey this.

As a general thing, I think the value of stereo in musical listening is most evident in music of the Baroque period and that of modern times,

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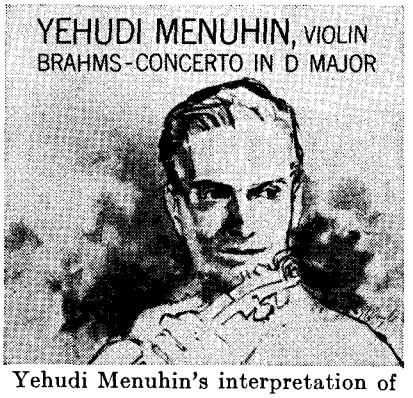
the new classics:

Leopold Stokowski's mastery of orchestral strings has never been so apparent as in these selections by Bach, Borodin, Rachmaninoff and others. PAO8415



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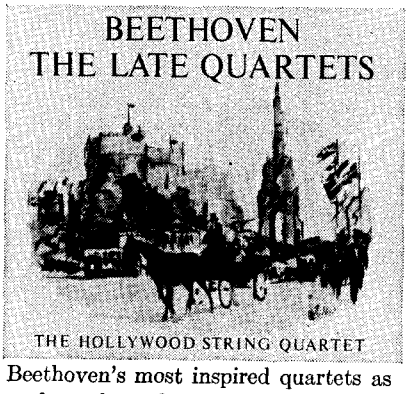

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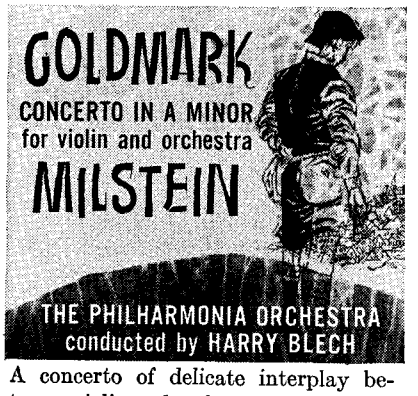

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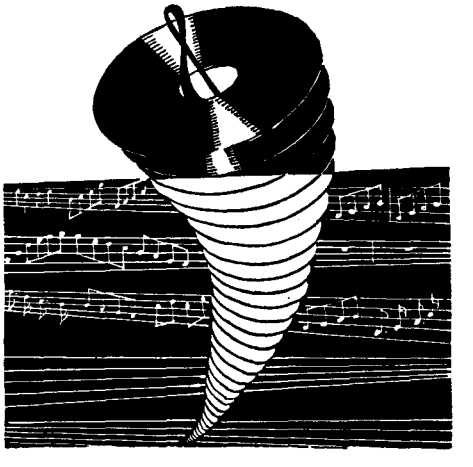
from the Impressionists onward, and in music that is not (what is called) absolute.

In *Die Walküre* it helps to have Brünnhilde, Siegmund, and Wotan dispersed about the stage as they sing; it clarifies what is going on. In *Till Eulenspiegel* the delight is enhanced when the whims and humors bounce from one to another section of the orchestra. In *La Mer* there is sense in the moving surge and shifting glint from one instrumental choir to another; that is part of what Debussy intended.

However, among the composers whom many of us regard as *the* composers, the music makers who speak to us with the most purpose and concern — the philosopher-musicians J. C. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Mahler, Dvořák, Tchaikovsky, Sibelius, and Vaughan Williams — the spatial effect in musical production has been of very small interest. In a way, it is thinkable that they had in mind a mode of conveyance something like the one-channel phonograph. They do not seem to have thought of the dispersed orchestra as a means to affect listeners (except in some unimportant rare cases, like Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony); it is likelier that they thought of it as an inconvenience. They conceived of the sound they made as a unity — complex, perhaps, but linear. They were not trying to be hypnotic, like the Baroque or Impressionist composers, whose desire was to divide and thus rule our attention, but to be logically and emotionally convincing.

In other words, the good Beethovenian will continue, for some time, to find his best satisfaction in Toscanini and Artur Schnabel, however unstereophonic their recordings may be.



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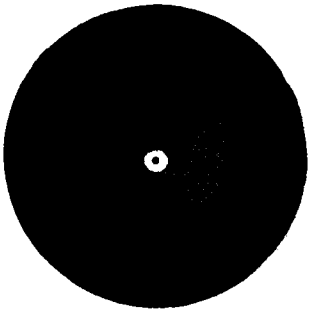


Record Reviews

Bach: Partitas No. 5 and No. 6
Glenn Gould, piano; Columbia ML-5186: 12"
Gould continues to impress as a Bach pianist; his darting touch gives a piano almost the crispness of a harpsichord, and he invests Bach's fast movements with a sort of dance feeling which few other pianists bring out (Landowska does). The partitas here are not quite so good as were his *Goldberg Variations*, but I think they are the best the catalogue offers, and the sound is bright, new, and convincing.

Bales: The Union
Richard Bales conducting soloists, Cantata Choir of the Lutheran Church of the Reformation; National Gallery Orchestra; Raymond Massey, narrator; Columbia DL-244: 12"
Bales's second, or Northern, Civil War cantata has been produced by Goddard Lieberson even more sumptuously than was *The Confederacy*. It has sixty pages of photographs and text, including essays by Bruce Catton, Allan Nevins, and Clifford Dowdy; the celebrated Mr. Massey to recite the "Gettysburg Address"; and a real Manassas cannon, which sounds a little catarrhal. Just the same, it is plain that Bales, an unreconstructed Virginian, has less affection for the North's war music than he showed for the South's. There is rather too much of Lincoln's death to suit me, since it results in *The Battle Hymn of the Republic's* being crowded briefly into a medley, and the complete omission of *John Brown's Body*. On the other hand, there is a delightful arrangement of *Just Before the Battle, Mother*, and, in general, lively inventiveness in musical settings. The fi is higher than was that on *The Confederacy*, too.

Barber: Symphony No. 1; Overture to The School for Scandal; Adagio for Strings; Essay for Orchestra
Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50148: 12"
Mercury here has compressed on two sides what used to occupy three, managed at the same time to *improve* the fidelity substantially, and given us a treasury of Barber's sanely modern and eloquent music.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 5, "Emperor"
Clifford Curzon, piano; Hans Knappertsbusch conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1757: 12"
Here is no match for the same people's marvelous Fourth Concerto, but it is nevertheless one of the three best "Emperors." The others are the Rubinstein-Krips (RCA Victor) and the Gilels-Ludwig (Angel). Curzon's emperor is best described as gentlemanly, without the muscularity of Rubinstein's or the regality of Gilels'. On the other hand, the Vienna outplays the other orchestras. London's sound is clean but not very strong.

Chopin: Piano Music
Vladimir Horowitz, piano; RCA Victor LM-2137: 12"
Mr. Horowitz, playing two scherzos, four nocturnes — all familiar ones — and the Barcarolle, Op. 60, shows here that his almost incredible skill has not waned during his sabbatical away from concert halls. Yet his virtuosity seems unsympathetically applied to Chopin, as if he were trying to hammer the romance out of the long-dead Pole. The reproduction is in keeping, bright rather than mellow.

Wagner: Die Walküre: Act II (excerpt); Act III (complete)
Georg Solti conducting Kirsten Flagstad, Set Svanholm, Otto Edelmann; other soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London A-4225: two 12"
You forget you are hearing a woman of sixty; you forget you are hearing a woman at all: you are hearing a demigoddess do treason against her all-powerful sire, *der Heervater* Wotan, to save a woman and child. And chills go up and down your spine, because the greatest Brünnhilde of our times — still is. Everyone else concerned is splendid, too, but this is Flagstad's album. The second-act excerpt is Brünnhilde's appearance to Siegmund, to tell him why and how he must die.

press comment

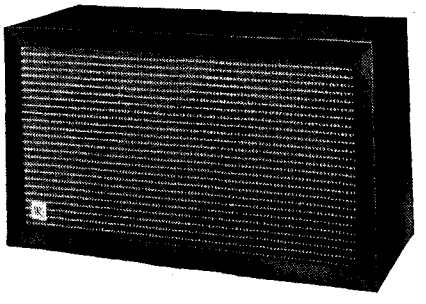
Atlantic (John M. Conly)
"The AR-1W woofer gives the cleanest bass response I ever have heard."

AUDIO (Edward Tatnall Canby)
"...the highs impressed me immediately as very lovely, smooth, unprepossessing, musical (for music) and unusually natural. No super-hi-fi screech and scratch... As to the lows... I was no end impressed, from the first time I ran my finger over a pickup stylus and got that hearty, wall-shaking thump that betokens real bottom bass to the time when I had played records and tapes on the speaker for some months on end."

*The Audio League Report**
"Speaker systems that will develop much less than 30% distortion at 30 cycles are few and far between. Our standard reference speaker system,† the best we've ever seen, has about 5% distortion at 30 cycles."
Vol. I No. 9, Oct., '55. Authorized quotation #30. For the complete technical and subjective report on the AR-1 consult Vol. I No. 11, The Audio League Report, Pleasantville, N. Y.
†*The AR-1W*

The Saturday Review (R. S. Lanier)
"...goes down into the low, low bass with exemplary smoothness and low distortion. It is startling to hear the fundamentals of low organ notes come out, pure and undefiled, from a box that is two feet long and about a foot high."

High Fidelity (Roy Allison)
"...a woofer that works exceptionally well because of its small size, not in spite of it... I have heard clean extended bass like this only from enclosures that were at least six or seven times its size."



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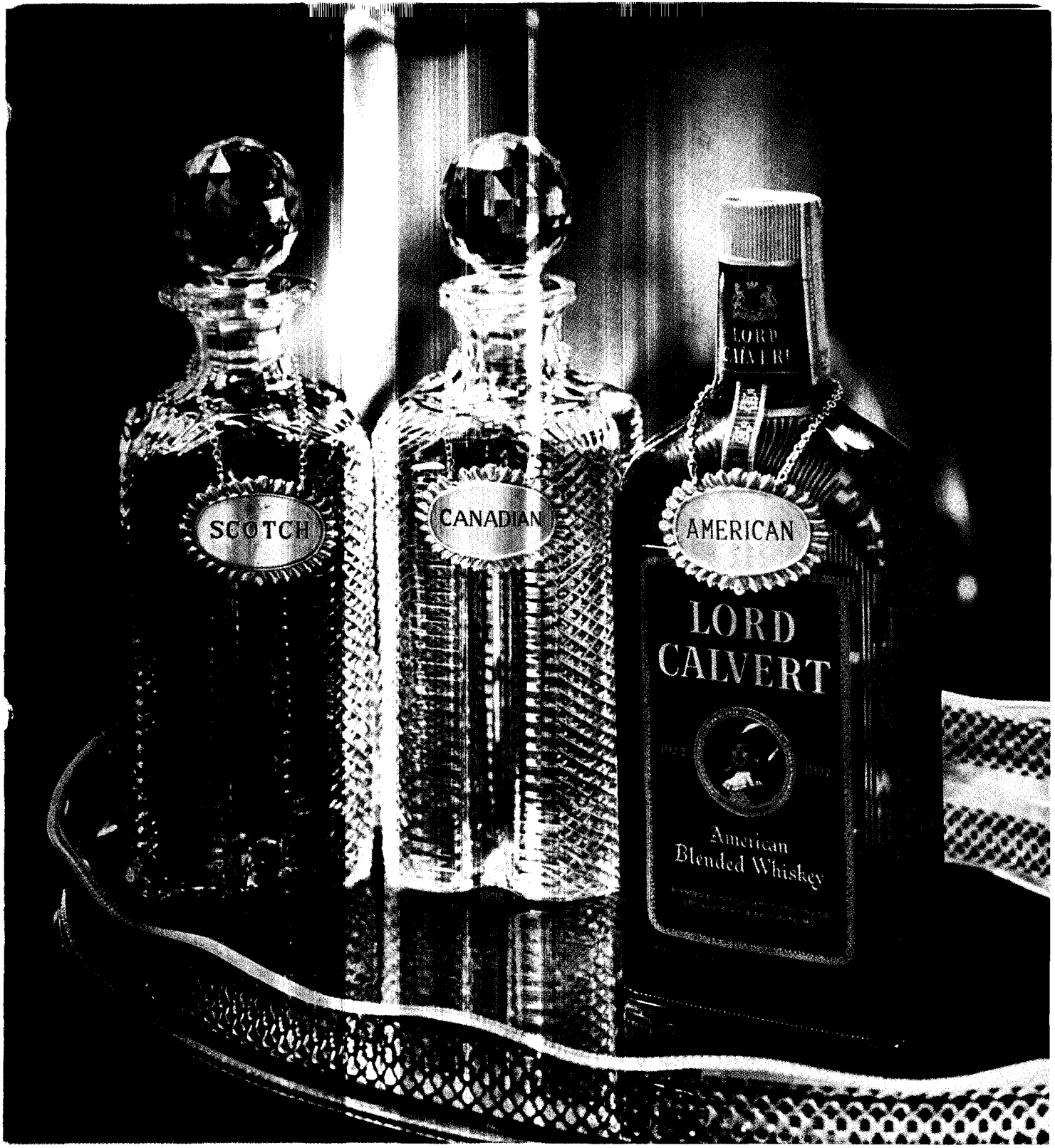

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